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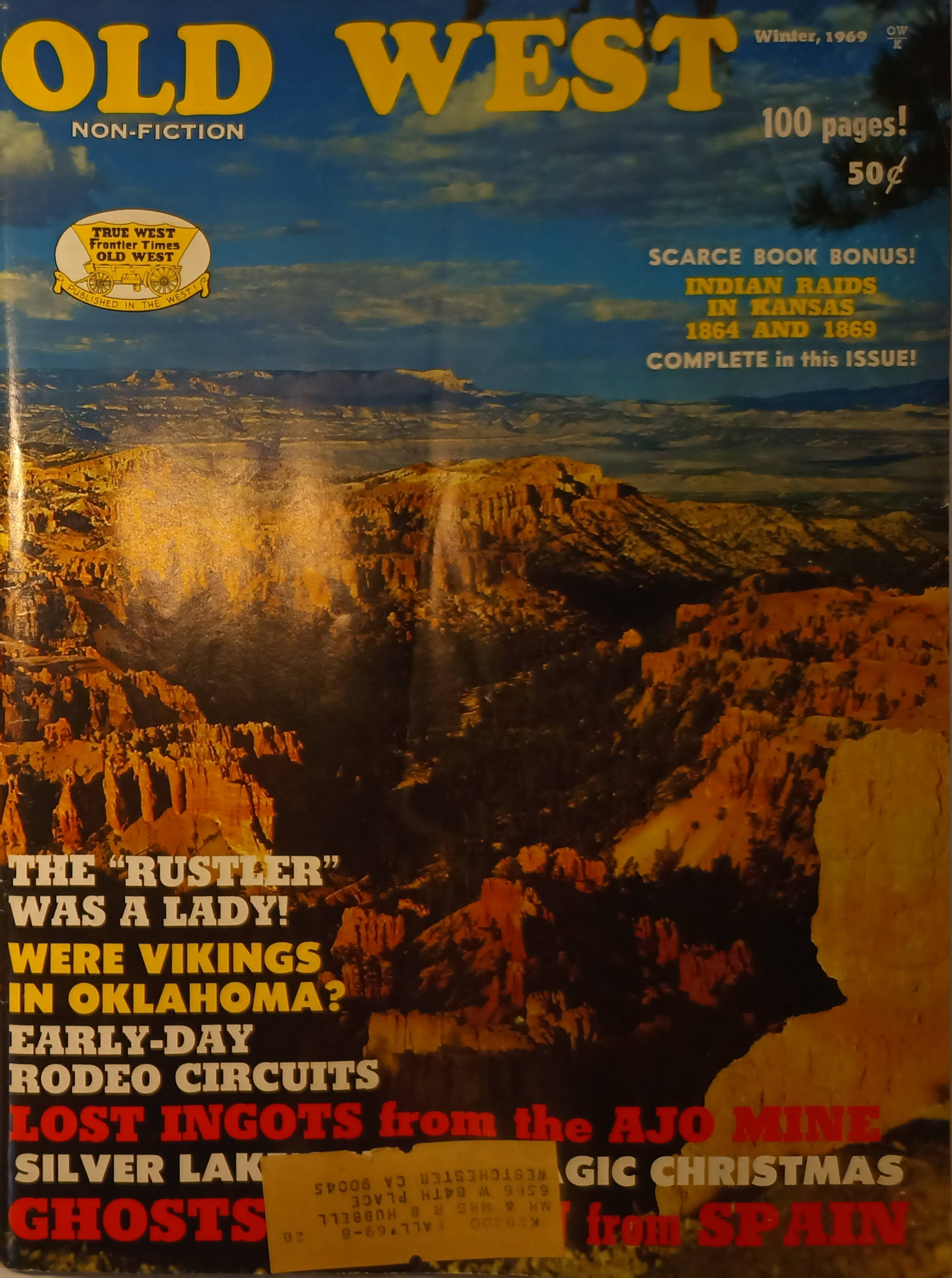

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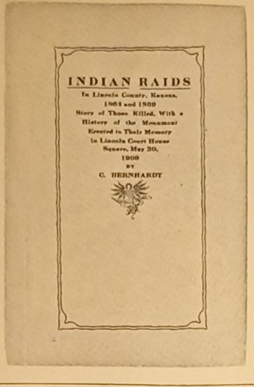

SCARCE BOOK BONUS!

Reprinted COMPLETE in this Issue!

"INDIAN RAIDS IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KANSAS 1864 AND 1869"

By Christian Bernhardt

BEGINS on PAGE 76!

Published in 1910—long out-of-print!

WINTER, 1969 VOL. 6, NO. 2 WHOLE NO. 22

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On the Cover: *Bryce Canyon, Utah*, Photograph by Lester Tinker

"Queen of the Rustlers"? *Turn to page 24!*

Sixty years ago,
this General almost had
our writer executed!
See page 2!

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2506 Peace on Earth by Clark Bronson – May the Peace of Christmas bring Happiness to You All through the New Year.

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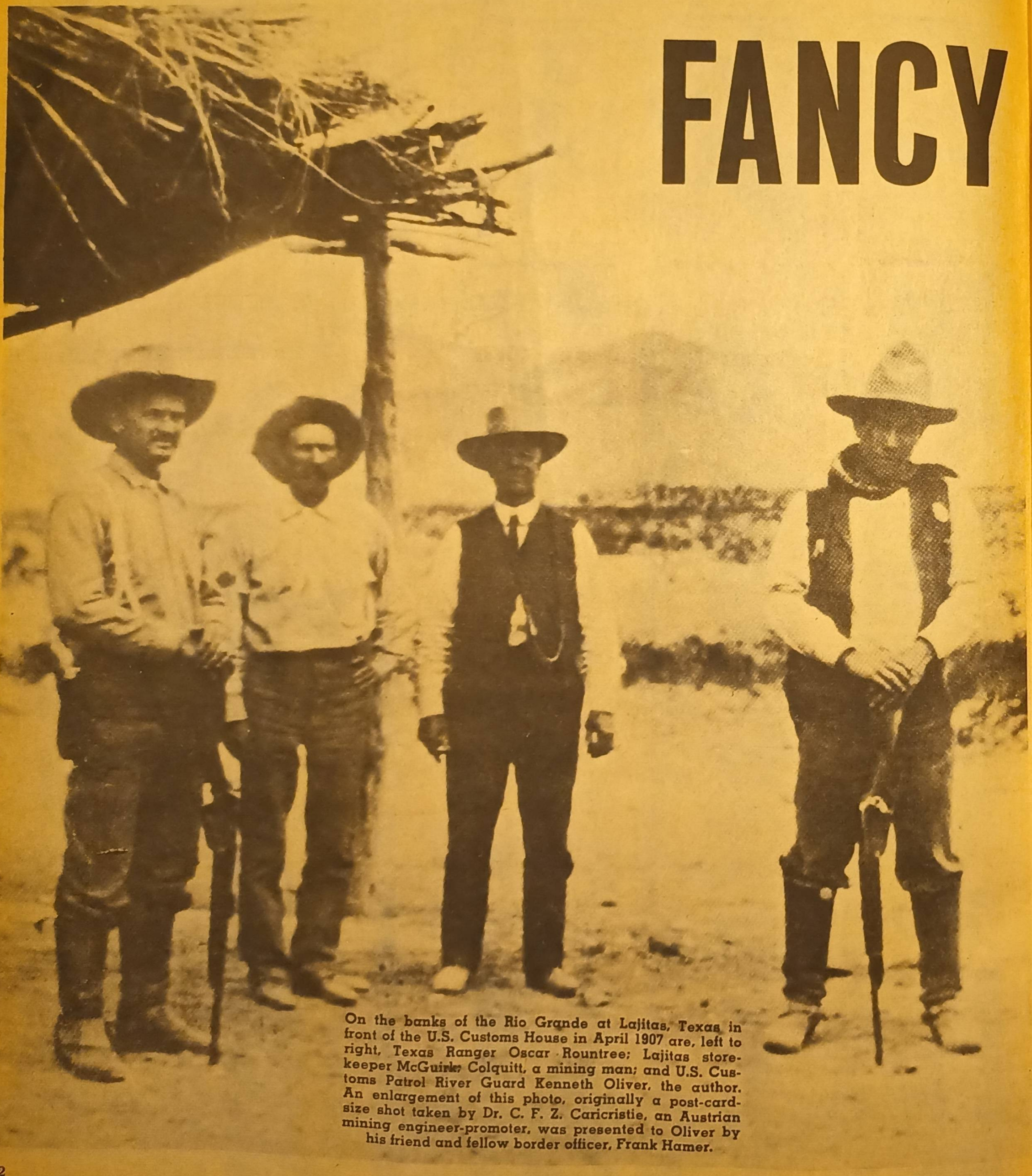
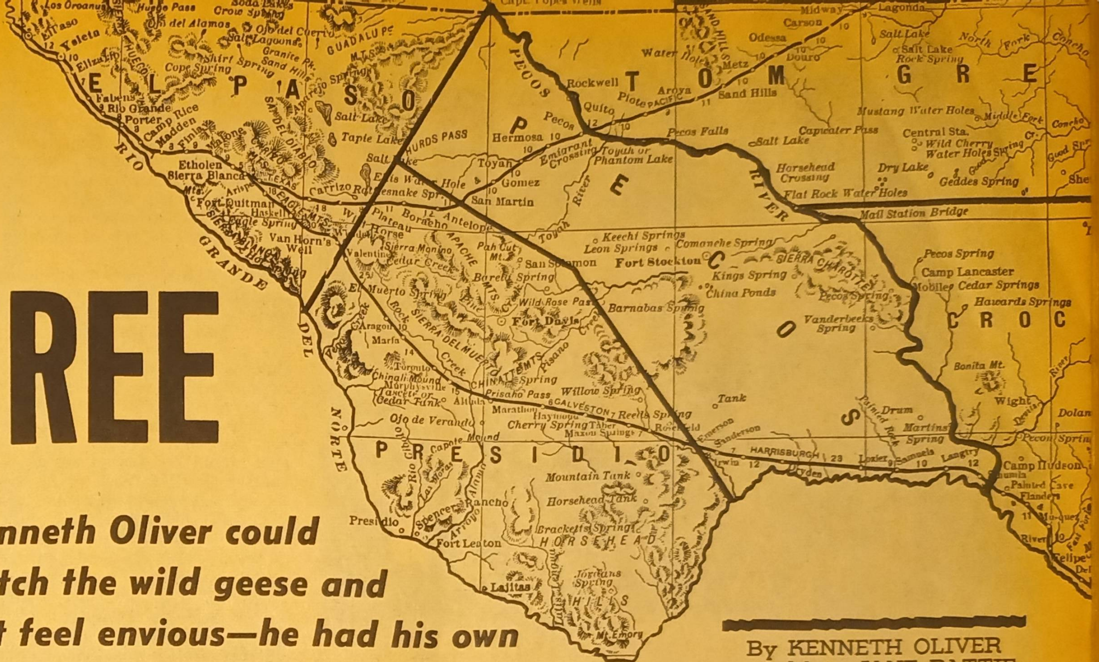


On the banks of the Rio Grande at Lajitas, Texas in front of the U.S. Customs House in April 1907 are, left to right, Texas Ranger Oscar Rountree; Lajitas storekeeper McGuirk; Colquitt, a mining man; and U.S. Customs Patrol River Guard Kenneth Oliver, the author. An enlargement of this photo, originally a post-card-size shot taken by Dr. C. F. Z. Caricristie, an Austrian mining engineer-promoter, was presented to Oliver by his friend and fellow border officer, Frank Hamer.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Wild Cherry Water Holes
Mustang Water Holes
Sand Hills
Salt Lake
Van Horn's Well
Eagle Spring
Marfa
Leon Springs
Toyah
Pecos Falls
Flat Rock Water Holes

Kenneth Oliver could watch the wild geese and not feel envious—he had his own flyway all over the great Southwest!

By KENNETH OLIVER
as told to JANE PATTIE

Photos Courtesy Author

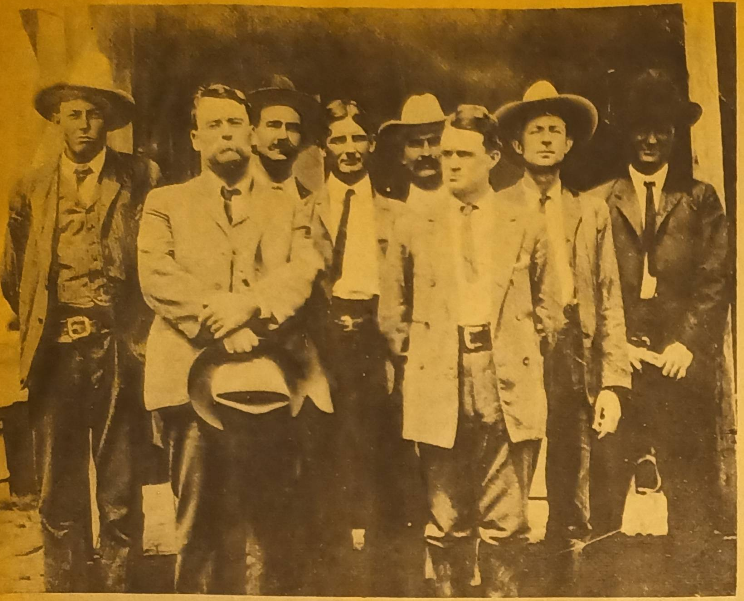
Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Author's Note: There are a few old-timers left who saw the last of the Old West—that era which is fast becoming legendary in this space age. One such Westerner is Kenneth Oliver, now of Midland, Texas, who was born in Wisconsin in 1879. As a young man his trail led over much of the West and Mexico. He was a drifter until he found his niche in the cattle industry. He rubbed shoulders with Pat Garrett, Pancho Villa and Frank Hamer. No single adventure of his made history but his varied life as a miner, lawman and cowboy cut a wide swath through the kaleidoscope of Western history and bears telling.

LIKE MANY a boy before and since, when I reached my teens I got itchy feet. I didn't travel far geographically on my first move—just to Chicago to work in the stockyards—but the first step is always a big one. I stayed there for about a year, but I really didn't like city life and wanted to move on.

I met a fellow who had had a friend living at the little mining camp of Lead, just out of Deadwood, South Dakota and he said, "I'll be glad to buy you a ticket to go out to Dakota and help that burro get a mine. I think it will pay." This offer of a grubstake was too good to turn down, so I went out on the train. I had no trouble finding the man, but after three months we still hadn't found any gold, so I pulled up stakes and drifted toward Wyoming.

Texas Rangers Frank A. Hamer, left, and R. M. Hudson photographed by Noah M. Rose the day after the pair killed Ed Putman, alias Sibley, at Del Rio, Texas, December 1, 1906. Above, Oliver's Big Bend country in an 1884 map.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Oliver's companions in the Texas Rangers, Company C, Frontier Battalion at Alpine, Texas in 1907 are, from left, Frank A. Hamer, Captain J. H. Rogers, Goff White, M. A. Bailey, John L. Dibrell, R. M. Hudson, W. N. Howell, and Monroe Upton.

A job had been promised me as a cowboy on the Double Diamond Ranch, sixty miles from what is now Yellowstone Park. I took the train down to the nearest town and then got into a stagecoach and rode for thirty-six hours. The horses and drivers were changed periodically but the poor passengers didn't get any relief.

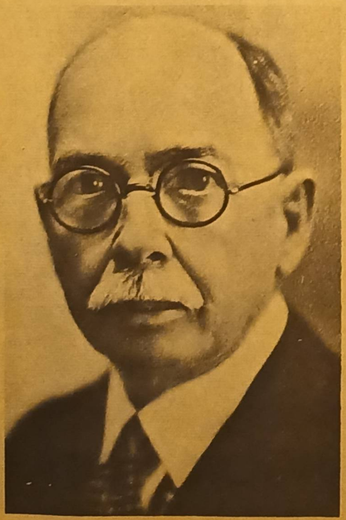
The ranch was near the Wind River Indian Reservation. I hadn't been there long when I was sent to Dubois to buy provisions. I was pretty green about everything, especially fording creeks. It was April and the snow was melting. I was on my way back to the ranch when I drove off into Bear Creek. Since I had crossed it on my way to Dubois, heavy rains had fallen upriver and with the melting snows, the creek was on the rise. High water was around me before I knew it. I knew the horses could swim out, so I got out of the wagon into waist-deep, icy water and unhitched the team. I made it back to the bank with the horses and hollered for help to a nester who lived nearby. He was a cowpuncher who had built himself a little spread. He came to my rescue and we lashed the wagon so it wouldn't be swept downstream. It was getting dark, so I spent the night with him and dried out my clothes. The river went down during the night, and I went back to the ranch at daylight, but I thought to myself, "I ain't no river forder! I'll just move on!"

At Grants Pass, Oregon, I got a job in a placer mine. We extracted gold by washing the gravel into sluice boxes with a hose that shot a tremendous pressure of water. The sluice box is an open trough with riffles in the bottom to catch the gold. We worked in gummed boots since we were in the water so much. I scratched myself and got *gum boot poisoning*, which caused me to have from thirteen to sixteen boils on my neck at one time, and that ended my placer mining experience!

The first job to turn up was night porter at the Hotel Josephine in Grants Pass. Unfortunately the bartender soon got sick and they put me behind the bar. Well, I knew about the front side of a bar, but I didn't know much about the back. There were quite a few Englishmen who owned mines in the area and came into the bar often. One old bird came in and wanted some kind of fancy cocktail. I just set the bottles all out and told him to help himself—I couldn't do it! When the bartender recovered, I went back to my old job of cleaning up at night.

Luke Dowe, Texas Ranger, sheriff, and U.S. Customs officer.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Those were the days when there weren't any nickels or dimes, very few quarters, and no paper money. We used mostly silver dollars. When I was cleaning out the spittoons at night, I'd find money that had been dropped in them, and I couldn't afford to be very choosy about where my money was coming from.

There were a lot of traveling salesmen who came to town then. Traveling men would be gone from their headquarters in New York or St. Louis for six or eight months at a time. They carried their goods in trunks. One day I heard a salesman talking to some people in the lobby of the hotel.

"I wish to hell I was back in El Paso, Texas, where the sun always shines. Up here it rains so much that a man can get webbed feet!"

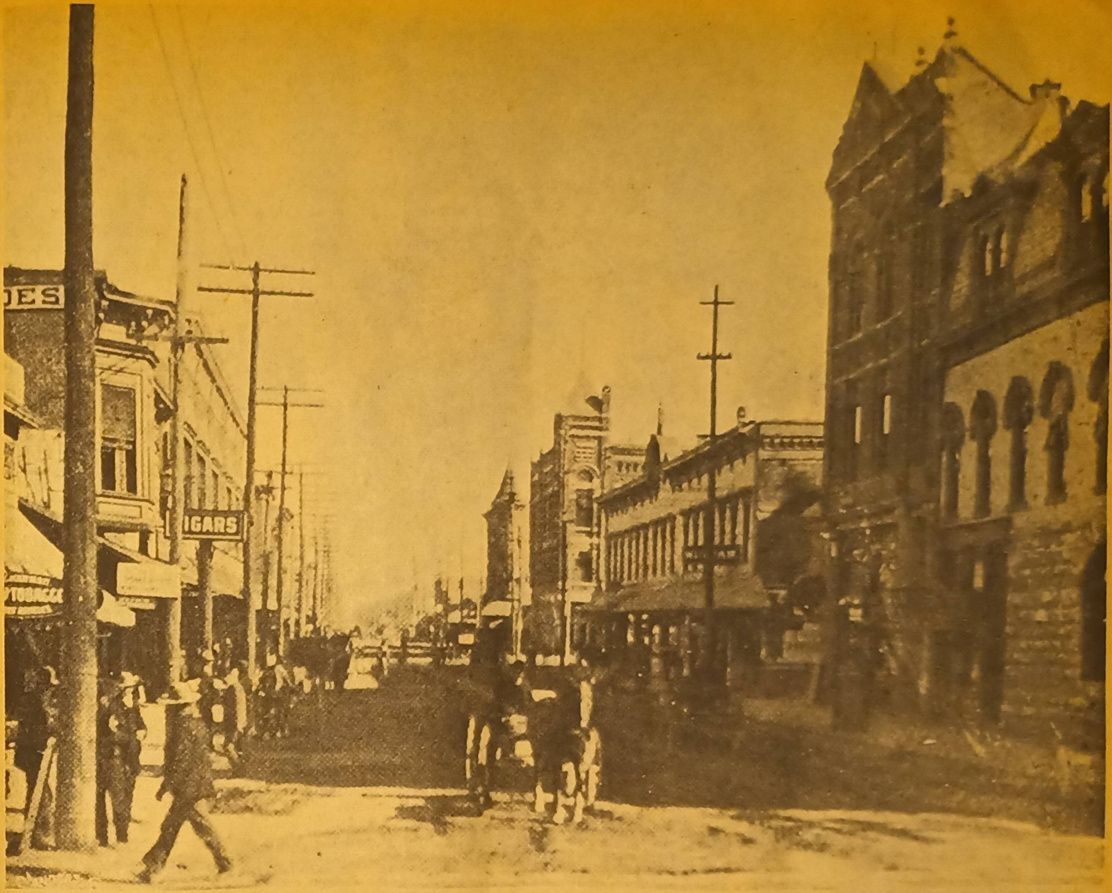
I had thought that myself, and all I needed to leave that country was a destination. I hocked my Winchester and put that money with the little I'd saved, and bought a ticket on the train to El Paso. But if it hadn't been for a bunch of soldiers on the train who fed me, I'd have starved to death before I ever got there.

I ARRIVED in El Paso and then took the train up to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where my cousin lived. He was quite a lad! He wasn't any cowboy. He was just a wild fellow. I don't think he even knew which end of a cow ate grass, but he was a good horseman. One time I saw him make his horse sit down on the cow-catcher of a passenger train which had stopped in Las Cruces. The train couldn't leave until my cousin was persuaded to move off the cow-catcher. He was killed several years later in Albuquerque in another stunt with a horse. Running at full speed down the street, he was thrown and killed when the horse caught his shoe in the streetcar tracks.

I reached Las Cruces in 1901, with fifteen cents to my name. I told Maurice Fruedenthall, who owned the hotel there, that I was broke.

He said, "That's all right. You can pay me back later when you get a job."

So I had a good room and a good meal. Someone said that the new constable up at Organ, New Mexico, fifteen miles away, was looking for a deputy, so I headed up there. Old man Scott, the stage driver, was a booze hound. He'd just get his horses going in the right direction and he'd go to sleep. Well, he took me out to Organ for nothing. Pat Garrett had just been defeated that year by Felipe Lucero as constable of Dona Ana County. Jose and Felipe Lucero were brothers. One would hold office for two or four years, then the other would be elected.



Courtesy El Paso Chamber of Commerce

El Paso, Texas about 1907.

Felipe hired me. My duties mainly were to help break up any trouble in the red light district. A saloon there caught fire one night and the owner, who was well liquored up, got up on the roof with a six-shooter in each hand and began banging away. That seemed to be his fire alarm and it worked, because the whole town came to see what the trouble was. Then Felipe sent me up in the mountains to work with Bill McKey. It was said he had been a U. S. marshal in Kansas before coming to New Mexico.

I made my living working at a lead and silver mine, but I was deputy constable on the side. The lessor of the mine, Bennett Stevenson, told me about the Spaniards who had begun it. The interesting feature of that mine was that it was worked by the early Spaniards who laboriously drilled holes in the walls and filled them with lime and then drove wooden plugs into the lime. There was no dynamite available for blasting and the swelling of the lime and plugs cracked the mountain. The "elevator" to get in and out of the mine was a big log with notches on it. The men had walked up and down that with the ore on their backs. To some extent they still operated like this when I worked there, but they used dynamite.

My one experience as a dynamiter there was that I couldn't run fast enough after I got the fuse going! The old miner who was with me said, "Take it easy, lad." We got in an offset in the tunnel while the charge went off, but I didn't go for that underground work. I liked sunshine, so I ran the air-powered hoist, which was nothing but a big bucket that was specially made for bringing ore out of the mine.

When I was in Las Cruces, I got a good look at Pat Garrett not long after he had been defeated. He was in a bar and did quite a lot of loud talking. He had let liquor get the best of him. I didn't care for him and I don't think that many did. He was overbearing. You take any man like that and let him get a snootful of liquor and he's dangerous.

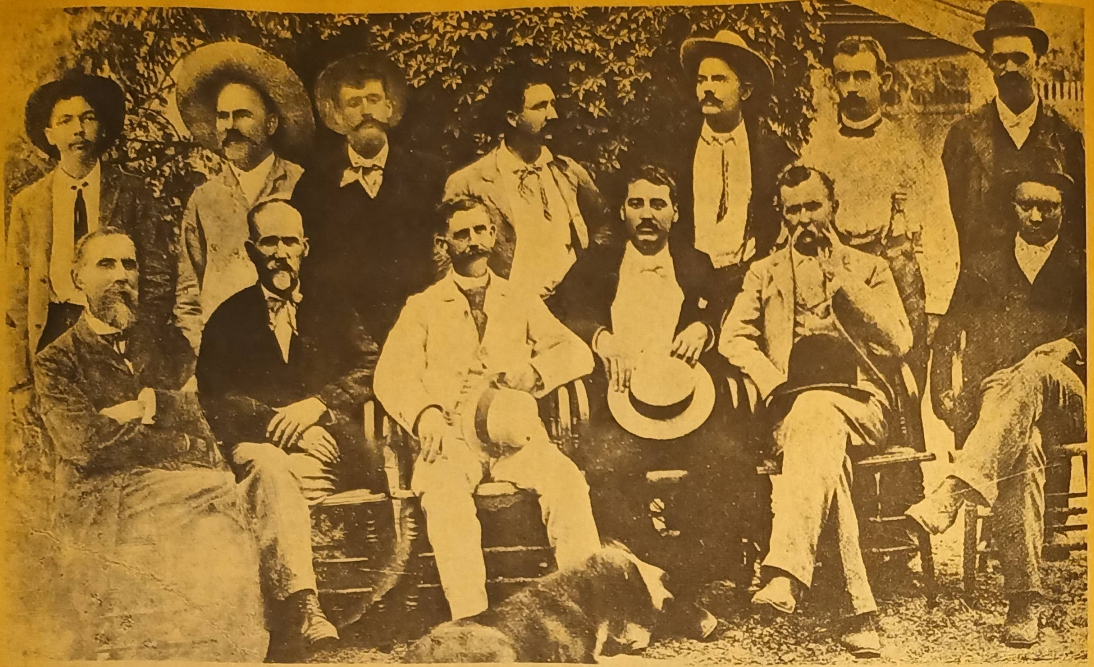
I knew Wayne Brazil, the man who was accused of killing him in 1908. Almost overnight, there was $50,000 in bail raised among the cattlemen. I had worked cattle with Wayne out of Organ. He was just a big old good-natured cowpuncher and a nice fellow. In my opinion he just took the rap for the killing, but don't any of us know for sure. It was said that a fellow named Jim Miller actually did it.

I had been a lawman for almost a year when McKey told me of a job down in Mexico. He knew a man who was running the Adarga Mines near Jiménez. The man wanted a *commisario*, a man to take care of the mine's commissary. By that time I had learned a little Spanish and I confidently said, "Oh sure, I can speak the language like a native!" I went down there and got the job, but it only lasted two or three months. The owner wanted me to cheat the people. Five cents worth of lard was a little square of greased newspaper. And those poor women would come in to buy calico and he cheated them on that. It was disgusting.

"You don't act like a merchant," the owner remarked to me.

"Well," I said, "there's a difference between a merchant and a highwayman." He got hostile and so did I, and I told him to go to hell and I left. I wasn't any angel, but I sure wasn't a thief!

My next job was night guard at a silver refinery in Durango. It paid pretty well but there were drawbacks. One night



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

U.S. Customs force at Eagle Pass, Texas in November 1892. Front row from left: E. F. Schuhardt, inspector; C. W. Hartup, special deputy collector; Francis A. Vaughan, collector; Ben Heckleman, inspector; B. W. Varnell, assayer and inspector; a Negro porter. Back row from left: Luke Dowe, inspector; Tom Terrell, mounted inspector; Trinidad San Miguel, mounted inspector; Frank Chapman, inspector with whom the author served in 1906 at Lajitas and whose murderers Oliver rounded up for trial; R. W. Dowe, mounted inspector; George W. Vaughan, clerk; and an unidentified messenger.

when I was loaded up on tequila and riding on the engine of the train, one of the boys told me to see if I could hit the switch by the tracks with my six-shooter. I opened up on it, but I was too drunk to even aim. When I got off the train some police were there, and it's a wonder they didn't grab me. Anyway, that was the end of that job. I just walked off and left it.

After several even shorter jobs, I went from Sonora to Macozari and got a job as night engineer at a power plant that supplied a mine. I didn't know anything about that, either. The men there liked me because I talked a little Spanish and they told me what to do. It's a wonder I wasn't electrocuted! The motor burned wood, and I had an oil can with a long snout to oil the fly wheel, but I didn't even know how to do that. I didn't know anything! So I finally got fired.

I DRIFTED BACK to Texas about 1903 and got a job punching cows for the big Taft outfit at Refugio. They raised calves and shipped them to the Catarina outfit near Encinal where they matured the steers. At Refugio we'd often have to hold a herd until ten or eleven o'clock in the morning waiting for the fog to lift to see where we were going. I've never seen country like that!

I went on one trip to New Orleans with five carloads of Taft cows and calves. I had a stockman's pass back on the train. A couple of Texas Rangers I knew got on somewhere along the line. They mentioned a good job was open with the Customs Department guarding the Rio Grande against smugglers from Mexico, so I drew my wages from the Taft outfit and went to Eagle Pass. The Customs people paid $100 a month which was pretty good wages. You had to have your own horse but they fed him. You furnished your own gun and ammunition and gear.

While I was waiting in Eagle Pass to get on with Customs, a fellow named Crawford with Wells Fargo Company asked me, "How'd you like to earn $10 a day?" That was better than I was doing just sitting around, so I signed up. My job was riding the train as shotgun messenger going three ways out of Eagle Pass, guarding money shipped in and silver bullion shipped out of Mexico by Wells Fargo.

On one trip, when the train pulled into Eagle Pass, I was standing at the baggage car door with my six-shooter on my hip and a sawed-off shotgun in my hands. There were quite a few Indians standing around the station who had come down from Oklahoma and were going to Coahuila in Mexico. A number of white people had followed them down, trying to get them to sign over their land rights. When I dropped out of that baggage car, there was quite a flurry.

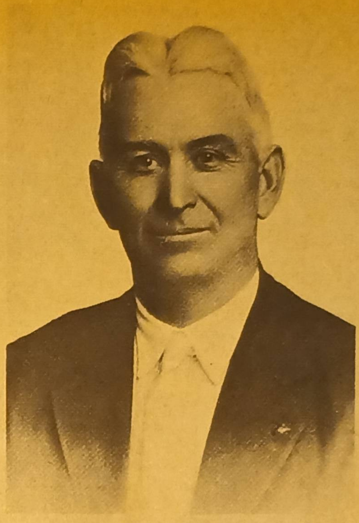
All of a sudden, one of the Indians jumped on a pony and started quirting him on both sides as he disappeared up the street. One of the Oklahoma men laughed and said to me, "You know, you are the spitting image of Bill Grace, the sheriff of Pottawatomie County. That fellow thought you were after him and pulled out!" I was glad he pulled out instead of shooting!

My run south was from Eagle Pass down to Mexico City or Torreon or Sombrerete or places like that. We went down with money in little kegs—$500,000 to the keg. When we got to Mexico City we'd put that keg in a two-horse Wells Fargo wagon. I sat in the wagon and we went to the bank. We parked out in front of the bank with people going on this side and that of the wagon, and the fellows would just carry the money in. I was thinking the other day of how times have changed. Now gunmen even get money out of armored cars, and down there, there was nobody in sight with a gun but me and I never had any trouble.

My run going east out of Eagle Pass was to Rosenberg, Texas, just northwest of Galveston. From there, another man was supposed to take over and go up to Kansas City and then to Chicago. Well, on one trip, the guard wasn't at Rosenberg, so they asked me if I'd go on with the shipment. We got to Kansas City and, by jinks, there wasn't anyone there either, so I went clear on to Chicago! I just had on light clothes and I almost froze to death. There were so many coffins with bodies of people who had been killed in that San Francisco earthquake that there was hardly room in the express car for anyone to ride. It was a rule that I would not take off my six-shooter belt or lay my gun down and under no circumstances was *I* to lie down.

The messenger said to me on that long run, "Go ahead and get some sleep. I'll wake you up before we pull into the next station." Otherwise, I'd have been bug-eyed for sure!

I stayed with Wells Fargo just for three or four months until my job finally came through as a river guard with the U. S. Customs Department's mounted patrol. The Mexicans called us *cola pesado*, heavy tails, since we wore six-shooters. I was sent to Lajitas in the Big Bend country of Texas to ride with Frank Chapman. Before I got there, he and Ed Lindsey, a retired Texas Ranger, had arrested two bank thieves, Maucerino and Pancho Alvarado, and had thrown them in jail at Terlingua at the mines. They had broken out and vowed vengeance. About that time, Bob Dowe had sent me down there as a partner of Chapman. I was just a youngster, and Chapman was a much older man than I.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

John L. Dibrell, Company C Texas Ranger.

THAT WAS A STRANGE, wild country. The road from Boquillas to the Mariposa mines dragged its dusty length across a rough, broken country where jagged piles of rock jutted up through the quivering heat waves. From the fringes of cactus at the base of the rocks, great lizards would stare as you passed. A man could ride through thirty miles of burning sand before he reached water at the Mariposa mines in the midst of a low pile of dull-colored rocks. But when the hot Texas sun dropped behind the sawtooth range across the river in Mexico, a change would come over the land. The Mariposa hills looked less menacing and the desert lay quiet and afraid as the night crept in. This was the home of the coyote and the mountain lion. Time meant nothing. And it looks today like it did in 1906 when I went there for the first time.

Frank Chapman had a Mexican wife and he and his family lived at Lajitas. I hadn't been there long when his wife wanted a new chicken house, so he and I went up to Marfa in a wagon with a team and got the lumber. We hadn't been back long when an old nester came in with a story of smuggled horses. I can see now that it was a frame-up, though the man was probably innocent. But he said that an old woman told him that there were two or three Mexicans up in his country who had brought a bunch of horses across the river.

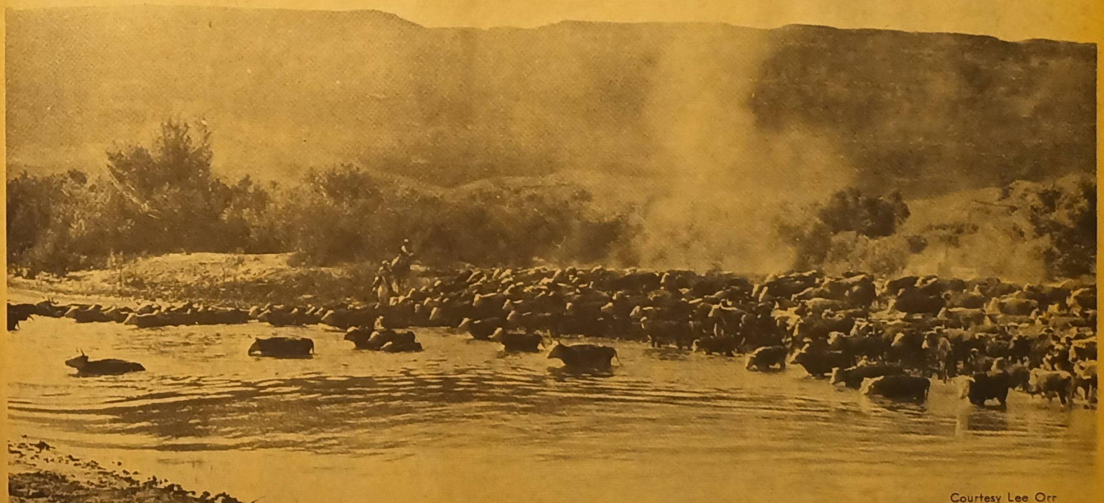
He said, "I can show you where to go, but I won't go with you. I don't want them to know I told you!"

Before the nester had come, Frank had had a drink or two. Also he rode a skittish horse and the horse had jerked away from him and caused him to have a badly sprained ankle. So when the old fellow told about the horses, Frank said to me, "Kid, you'll have to go and get them. I can't ride."

There was nothing to do but go by myself. I spent the night at the nester's cabin. The next day, I found no Mexicans and only one old horse that I roped and led back to Lajitas. When I rode down the mountain into town, there was a big mob of people standing around. It turned out they were attending a funeral service for my partner.

I tied my horse and went to look for old man Donaldson. Deputy Collector Donaldson was the only other American in Lajitas. He was not a young man and knew nothing of life on the border or the use of firearms. He had only recently received his appointment through Civil Service and had been sent to Lajitas against his wishes. He told me of the happenings that led up to the killing of Chapman the night before.

THERE HAD BEEN a dance at one of the *cantinas*. During the early part of the evening, he and Chapman had sat



Courtesy Lee Orr

Driving cattle across the Rio Grande below Presidio. Oliver ramrodded many such drives although the stock he drove from Mexico into Texas most likely weren't white-faced beauties like these!

Western Publications Photo

General and Mrs. Pancho Villa in a rare photo in January 1914. Below, Villa's troops near the border.

together in the adobe shack that we used for the Customs House, idly talking and listening to the Mexican music. Chapman spoke of going down to the dance later to look the crowd over, but Donaldson advised against it, saying that he would be running a risk in going alone. Chapman promised to take no unnecessary chances and said that he was first going home to play with his three children for awhile.

Chapman had dozed off at home when about 4:30 in the morning he was aroused by some shots and cries coming from the direction of the *cantina*. He got up and put on his six-shooter. Taking his sawed-off shotgun, he started down to investigate. As he passed the Customs House, Donaldson, who had also been awakened by the shots, called out, "Is that you, Chapman?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I'm going to see what all this row is about." Donaldson, without even stopping to pick up a weapon, hurried after him.

When Chapman got to a point about ten yards from the door of the building where the dance was being held, Donaldson saw a man run out from behind the corner of another house which was just even with Chapman and on his left. Donaldson called to Chapman, and just as he did, Frank saw the man. He whirled and started to raise his shotgun, but it was too late. As he turned, the Mexican fired and a bullet hit Chapman in the chest and came out under his left shoulder blade. He dropped his gun and crumpled to the ground just as Donaldson got to him. Frank died in the old man's arms. Several Mexicans came out of the dance hall and with their help, Donaldson carried the body to the Customs House and laid it on the bed.

Donaldson had caught one of the men involved in the shooting. Bless his heart, he had put a rope around the man's neck and tied him to a fence. The man could have gotten away easily, but he didn't try. I guess he thought it a good joke and he had nothing to worry about. Four other men who were involved in Frank's death had remained in town, knowing that they had nothing to fear from Donaldson.

A crude coffin had been knocked together out of the lumber that we had brought back for the chicken house, and that was what Frank was being buried in when I came into town. Donaldson quickly pointed out the men involved in the shooting and I arrested them. Even though they knew that they had nothing to fear from Donaldson, they could tell that I wouldn't hesitate to shoot if they gave me any trouble. I marched them to the Customs House which was only a *jacal*, but there was no jail in Lajitas. Perhaps they thought that since I was the only officer for many miles around, if they just waited long enough they would get a chance to escape.

I sent a Mexican 15 miles up to the mines to telephone the sheriff at Alpine which was another 125 miles away. Due to politics, the sheriff didn't like Customs men or the Rangers, and I wasn't sure I could depend on him for help now that I needed him. However, there were some Rangers in camp at a ranch between Lajitas and Alpine, and when they heard the phone call, they listened in. As soon as they learned of the trouble, they saddled their horses and rode all night and came to help. I was tickled to death to see them when they arrived about four o'clock in the morning. (I knew what time it was because I was sure getting sleepy!)

By the following morning, we had made fourteen arrests in all. Our prisoners were chained by the ankles to the wheels of a wagon in front of the Customs House. After we had rounded up all the men who were involved in the killing, we loaded them in a wagon and the Rangers took them to Alpine.

Western Publications Photo

Rios Etc.
MEXICAN DRAWNWORK AND SOUVENIRS.
LA FRANCESA J. LEVY-Hnos
IMPORTACION DIRECTA DE EUROPA
POST CARDS. MEXICAN CIGARS CURIOS.
FREE BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Juarez, Mexico occupied by Mexican revolutionaries, 1913.

At the trial, the prosecuting attorney asked me if I would interpret because he didn't trust either the deputy or the sheriff. I didn't think much of them either, because they had not come to Lajitas in answer to my call for help. Elections were to be held in a week, and they could not afford to lose votes by making a lot of arrests just because a river guard had been killed.

Due to the determination of the prosecuting attorney, three of the prisoners admitted that they were behind the house with the man who killed Chapman at the time the man ran out and fired the shot. It was also proven that all of the fourteen had been present when the murder was planned. The shots and cries had been purposely given to attract Chapman's attention, in hopes he would come down to investigate so he could be shot. Yet despite these fatal admissions staring them in the face, the jury refused to find anything against any of the men and they were promptly freed.

A week later when the polls opened at the Mariposa mines and in every other part of the county, the sheriff's men were in charge. Although at strict variance with the law, every one of them was armed. During the day, a man who did not even live in the county went in to vote. I stepped into the booth to challenge his ballot. The judge refused to listen to the challenge and the man voted. Obviously with such tactics as these, the sheriff was re-elected.

ABOUT A MONTH later Bob Dowe, the chief of my division with headquarters at Eagle Pass, sent word that charges had been preferred against me for carrying a six-shooter at the polls on election day. These charges had been signed, so the letter said, by the sheriff, the election judge, and several of the sheriff's men. This letter was to constitute Dowe's order for me to proceed to Alpine, the county seat, where he would meet me on a certain date. The chief had also notified the signers of the charges to be there to substantiate them, and Deputy Collector Donaldson was to be present to testify in my behalf.

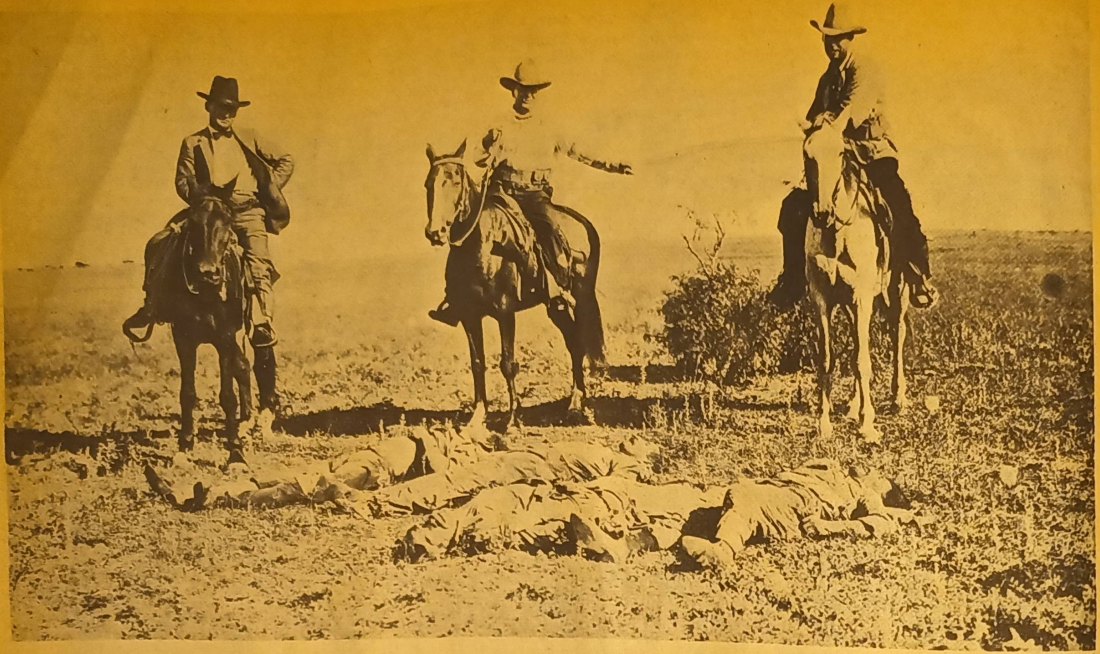
On the date set, Donaldson and I drove into town where we met Chief Dowe who had come by train the night before. Of the six men who had preferred charges, the sheriff was the only one who stayed in town to face the chief and his investigation, and that was just because the sheriff had been unable to leave due to business. The others had all skipped in quite a hurry. The sheriff's testimony, when he was finally cornered and forced to give it, was to the effect that he regretted the fact that charges had been preferred against me for he had always considered me a very efficient officer and a perfect gentleman. He was sure that the affair at the polls had just been a mistake of judgment.

"In fact," he concluded, "the Customs Service is fortunate to have so splendid an officer in its ranks!"

Then Dowe told the sheriff what he thought of the whole affair and it wasn't very flattering to the "lawman" and his regime. I was not dropped from the service—thanks to the Chief and his report to Washington, in which he denounced the charges as merely persecution of one of his men by a crowd of unscrupulous politicians.

UNTIL FRANK was killed, we operated out of Lajitas. Every now and then Donaldson would get a letter addressed to the "Customs Collector at Lajitas" with a wanted poster from some sheriff saying "Look out for so-and-so who is left-handed" or "cross-eyed"—both are dangerous. "He is wanted for murder" or "wanted for robbery." Sheriffs plastered the whole border with those posters, so we knew what we were up against. When we met a gunman, we watched his eyes, not his hands. His eyes would tell you what his hands were going to do.

After Chapman's murder I was attached to the Texas Rangers and stayed with them for seven or eight months. I rode with Company C whose captain was J. H. Rogers, a very fine old gentleman. He was a very religious man and suggested that the fellows go to church every time we got into town. Captain Rogers was a quiet and fearless officer. A number of outstanding men were in that company: R. M. Hudson, John Di-



Western Publications Photo

Unidentified riders—possibly Texas Rangers or U.S. Customs officers—with bodies of four dead Mexican soldiers. One of the riders is a "Capt. Fox" according to a notation on the photo.

brell, Oscar Rountree, Frank Hamer. They were all fighting men of high calibre.

Those Rangers took me in with open arms. As a federal officer I could do things that they couldn't do, and as state officers they could do things that I couldn't do, so we worked together very well. I was simply a government officer, not a policeman or anything like that. It was a very satisfactory arrangement. Company C had a house in Alpine and that's where I stayed too when we were in town. Wallace Howell, Oscar Rountree, Frank Hamer and I knew that river country and patrolled it. I watched the river to keep down the smuggling and the Rangers worked to keep down outlawry. Many people living in that country worked with the smugglers and would help them when they brought horses and cattle, tequila or marijuana across the Rio Grande.

One time I happened to be in Marfa and Hudson said, "Kid, come on with us up to Valentine and let's play a little strike music. They're having trouble up there on the railroad and three of us can put the lid on it right quick!" So the two Rangers and I headed up to the town of Valentine and we buffaloed the whole bunch of them. We cut up that crowd like a piece of pie!

Mexican revolutionary army camp near Juarez in 1913.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Hudson was a fiery little devil and he made a talk: "There are only three of us and maybe 100 of you fellows, but we'll take a lot of you birds with us if you give us any trouble!" There wasn't a shot fired. A bunch of "scabs" were running the train and Hudson told them, "We're not for this side or for that side. We're just for the law, and we're going to enforce it!" They believed him. The Rangers were a bad bunch to cross and they knew it.

Another time, Luke Dowe got together a bunch of lawmen to stop some outlaws who were figuring on passing a herd of stolen cattle across the border to Texas from Mexico. This was in 1906 and I happened to be in at the mines when they phoned me, so I went along. I didn't have time to get my gear at Lajitas. It was November and still hot there at the mines, so I just had on a light shirt and pants. But the canyon country where we went was high and it got cold that night. I almost froze!

We stopped at a camp where a fellow named Stillwell lived, but he wasn't there. I borrowed a pair of pants from his cabin, but Stillwell was twice as tall as I am and half as skinny. I had to use some baling wire to hold up the trousers after I pulled them on over my other pants.

There were twelve of us altogether—river guards, deputy sheriffs and Rangers. Anyone who was considered a good shot was taken along. Luke Dowe was ramrodding the outfit and we made camp right down close to the Rio Grande.

He said, "I believe I'll just look across the river and see what's doing." He crawled down a one-way animal trail through the *carrizo* toward the water. It wasn't but a minute until he came backing out, looking awfully sheepish.

"Luke, what's the matter?" we asked.

"I just came face to face with a panther! I don't know who was the most surprised, he or I, but we both backed away!"

The rustlers never showed, so we split up. Wallace Howell and I and one other Ranger headed over toward the Glass Mountains. When night came, we hobbled our horses and made camp near old George Orr's dugout, but we slept in the open. We camped just below a ridge and during the night we heard some horses running up on the ridge. Our horses were hobbled but we pulled on our boots and got our Winchesters and went up to check on things. We found one of our horses with his hobbles undone on one side. It rained that night and washed out the trail, so we couldn't follow whoever was trying to steal our mounts.

AT LAST I got tired of carrying a six-shooter for a living and took a job with a cow outfit in Chihuahua. I went down to Santo Domingo as administrator of the ranch, which was owned by the Fuller brothers of California who owned a moving company there. A number of big ranches in Mexico were owned by Americans then. I was to relieve Bill Short, who was a very feeble old man but who refused to quit and leave the ranch when I got there, so I couldn't do much good.

When I arrived I discovered that the few horses on the ranch were no good and Terrazas's men were stealing all of their cattle. They called Terrazas *General.* As I was to learn later, he was a very likable old man, a little fellow with eyes like an eagle. His word was good. I later bought a lot of cattle from him and when he said a thing, he did it.

When I didn't have any luck with that job at the Santo Domingo, I quit and went to buying and selling Mexican cattle for myself, a profession which was to prove both dangerous and profitable!

Despite the trouble brewing south of the border in the early 1900s, Mexican cattle were in great demand in the United States.

My base of operations was El Paso, Texas. From there I could travel south into Mexico, buy cattle and deliver them in El Paso. The revolution started in the center of the country, and the states of Sonora and Chihuahua were peaceful for a long time before they blew wide open. We were permitted to bring cattle out of Mexico, but we had trouble getting cars because the government was using all available rolling stock for shipping their soldiers.

By 1910, the rumbles of the revolution were beginning to be felt in northern Mexico. I remember one incident at a station about 100 miles south of Juarez. When the train jolted to a stop at Estación Guzman in the late afternoon of November 18, 1910, I stepped off onto the depot platform and was greeted by a very affable station agent. He announced that his name was Pancho Zorrillo and that Don Cruz was expecting me to go right over to the house a few hundred yards from the depot. As I started over, Don Cruz came out to meet me. We exchanged *abrazos* and chit-chat and then I was escorted in to meet his charming wife Doña Lupe.

Don Cruz explained that he and his wife had come down from El Paso only a couple of days before and had not had time to put things in apple pie order for which he apologized and said, "You know how servants are unless one keeps right after them."

After supper we visited for awhile and then he explained that the next morning a *vaquero* from the ranch where the steers were, would come with a horse and take me to the ranch so I could work the cattle that I was to receive. They would then be shipped to a man whom I shall call Jones who had contracted them delivered in El Paso.

When I was shown to the room that I was to occupy that night, one look at it told me what to expect. But I assured my host that I would be quite comfortable and, with that, he wished me *buenas noches* and departed.

The only furniture in the room was a sway-backed bed and a moth-eaten lion's hide on the floor. The bedding was a henskin outfit and there wasn't enough of it to wad a shotgun. I put the lion hide, moths and all, on the bed and with all my clothes on, crawled into it and somehow managed to stay alive until daylight.

I failed to see any signs of life in the house the next morning, so I headed over to a small adobe shack not far from the depot where an old crone had a fire going and was cooking breakfast for Pancho, who was station agent and *telegrafista.* Pancho explained that the people in the house never got up early and he invited me to share his meal. Old Juana soon had a wonderful breakfast of *frijoles, chili, tortillas* and coffee.

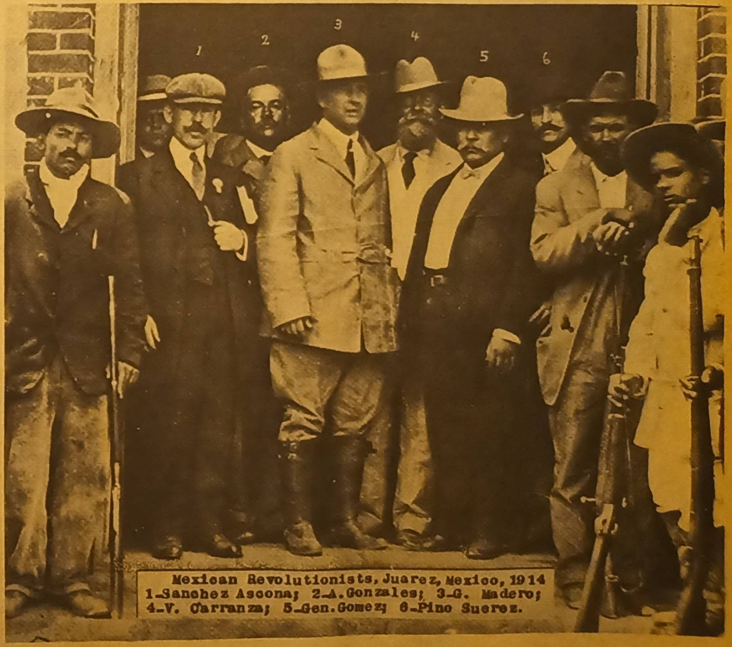
Before long a *vaquero* showed up leading a horse for me and we pulled out for the ranch where the steers were. It was only a short ride and the steers were gathered in a small pasture. After some verbal sparring with the owner and his father-in-law about the cut, I shaped the herd to my satisfaction. It was getting late so I left for Estación Guzman and found the afternoon train had brought a New Mexico Mexican who was looking for a few loads of fat cows. I told him I had not seen any butcher cows but that the owner would be over in the morning and he could talk to him. Pancho told me that the cars for the steers would arrive the next day on the north-bound train.

AS WE SAT in the depot, a telegraph message came from the bank in El Paso to the effect that Mr. Jones had no funds. That was far from cheerful news to me, and I wondered what would happen when the owner of the steers got the message. However, about an hour later, another telegram came which made me forget everything else. It was from Ciudad Juarez and read, "A group of *bandidos* left here few hours ago headed for your ranch intent on robbing." Then the line went dead and there was no way of knowing who sent the message or of verifying the news.

I was looking over Pancho's shoulder as the telegram came in. He was so scared he could hardly write, and when the line went dead he grabbed the incomplete

(Continued on page 38)

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library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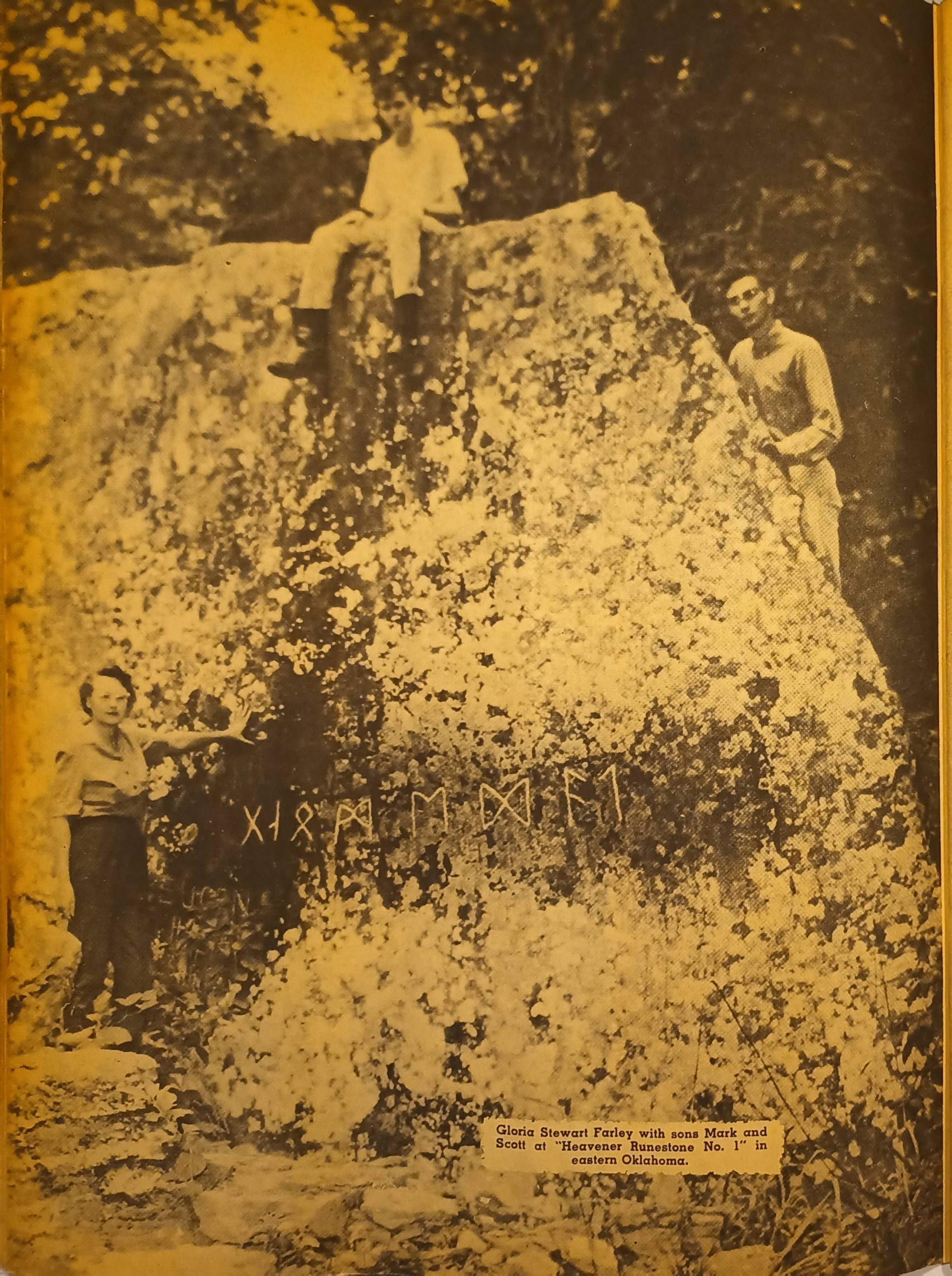
Mexican Revolutionists, Juarez, Mexico, 1914
1-Sanchez Ascona; 2-A.Gonzales; 3-G. Madero;
4-V. Carranza; 5-Gen.Gomez; 6-Pino Suerez.



Gloria Stewart Farley with sons Mark and Scott at "Heavener Runestone No. 1" in eastern Oklahoma.

RUNESTONES and TOMBSTONES

By BERNICE and JACK McGEE

Gloria Farley Photos Courtesy Authors

THE WORLD has suddenly become very much aware of Poteau Mountain and the thousand-year-old mystery she has so tolerantly preserved in one of her secluded canyons.

Poteau begins its upward bulge in southeastern Oklahoma. For a short ten miles the wooded heights roll skyward to the Arkansas border where its eastward journey is extended another forty miles. However, the "sudden awareness" is old-hat to Oklahomans who have the business-end of the mountain sloping down into their own backyards, especially the residents of Heavener who have suspected something all along.

Two miles northeast of Heavener, centered in a green-tangled canyon, is a squared 10x12-foot slab of rock geologically referred to as crystalline sandstone, Savannah Formation, of the Pennsylvania Period. Native to the Poteau Mountain area, the stone is incredibly adamant, rating 7 or 8 on the Mohs hardness scale (on which the diamond is rated 10).

Only sixteen inches thick, the massive block sits squarely on end, resembling a stone-age billboard. Adding to the billboard illusion are eight large symbols boldly carved across its broad, lichen-covered face. Each character is neatly incised one-fourth to three-sixteenths of an inch deep and varying from six to nine inches in height.

Heavener suddenly found itself in the limelight on September 19, 1967. At a news conference held in Los Angeles, California, Viking historian Dr. Ole G. Landsverk announced that he and his colleague, Alf Monge, had co-authored a book entitled, *Norse Medieval Cryptography in Runic Carvings* which offered positive proof that Norsemen had successfully explored America's Southwest 500 years before the voyage of Christopher Columbus and had left their marks to prove it! Such proof exists on the Oklahoma side of Poteau Mountain, he said. Heavener's mystery-inscription, at last, was solved.

The hulking stone has not always enjoyed the impressive title of "Heavener Runestone No. 1." Its struggle for proper recognition has been a slow, tedious and technical task for those people who believed in the stone and what it could mean to world, American, and Oklahoma history.

Strangely enough, the stone's existence was relatively unknown until the 1950s, due to its seclusion high in the densely wooded, dead-end canyon. First known sighting of the "big stone" is told by Choctaw Indians; the story being handed down through the family of Henry Hontubby. Between the years of 1832 and 1839 the Five Civilized Tribes were being ruthlessly forced from their homes in the South and driven into Oklahoma and Kansas Territories over the infamous "Trail of Tears." Along with the Cherokee, Creek, Seminole and Chickasaw, the Choctaws began the exodus from their native Mississippi and somehow, when reaching Oklahoma Territory, discovered the oddly-carved rock. For the legend of a "rock" to have endured one and a third centuries, the tribe was undoubtedly impressed by the stone's aura of mystery.

Heavener was founded in 1894, and the first pioneer settlers who accidentally stumbled across the inscriptions were obviously as captivated by the baffling stones as had been the Choctaws. Heavener Runestones No. 2 and No. 3 were recently relocated by pioneer residents who drew upon their memories of the 1890s.

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE that when first discovered, curiosity about the inscriptions' puzzling origin would soon die by man's ignorance of an unknown script from a long-dead alphabet. Who could have known the eight symbols were "runes" from a 9th Century alphabet carved by Viking hands 956 years ago?

Had it not been for one Heavener resident, the runestone might have remained entombed in the darkly-tangled corridor, known only to a few passing wayfarers. Had it not been for a thoughtful father, an unexpected day's outing, and two children's tenacious memories, the runestone might have retained forever the misnomer of "Indian Rock," the name given it by the few local people who knew of its existence.

In the autumn of 1928 an exciting day

Were Vikings in Oklahoma? Their calling cards exist...

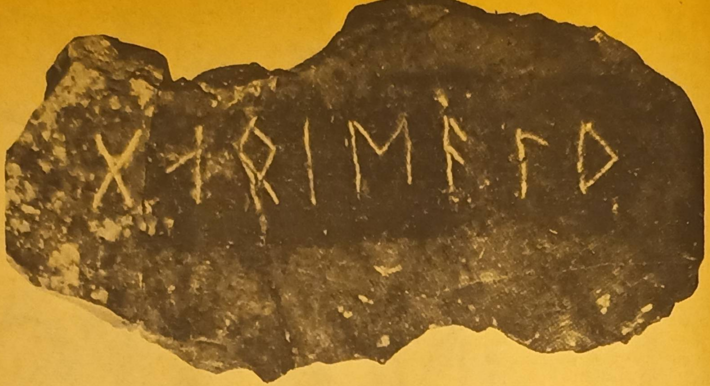
had been planned for young Gloria Stewart and her girlhood chum, Rosemary Kemmerer. Carl F. Kemmerer had promised his daughter and Gloria a hike on Poteau Mountain. He wanted them to see an odd and massive stone whose inscription had haunted him since he first discovered it on a 1913 hunting trip. Having hunted Poteau's ridges and ravines for many years, he was a safe guide where less competent trackers would have found themselves lost.

Following Rosemary's father into the mountain's wilderness, young Gloria Stewart was unaware the trail she was helping break that day would be the path to her destiny—a path she would continue to walk until this very day—most of the way alone.

Three hours from Heavener the hikers found themselves dwarfed beneath a towering gray monument. The length reached north and south, the inscribed face looking westward. A rock platform or dais was butted against the upright stone; matched in color and size, the two pieces looked like a ponderous bookend.

In June 1967, we interviewed the now-adult Gloria. Her thoughts quietly retraced the backroad of memory to her first impression of what she believed to be Indian Rock. She smiled as if the flashbacks were still fond remembrances.

"I had envisioned a bronzed warrior standing on the platform, his muscular arms raised chest-high as he chiseled the now-forgotten message." Both girls were caught up in the "big-stone" magic spell, and its symbols remained indelibly branded in their minds.


"Poteau Runestone No. 1."

Some years later, Rosemary showed Gloria a Sunday School paper bearing pictures of "Scandinavian Runes." They immediately recognized the symbols they had seen on Poteau Mountain. With a little study of the ancient alphabets, Gloria no longer believed that Indian Rock had been hammered beneath the fist of an Indian. She began to suspect the inscription had been carved by hands as white as her own, by ancient man who gazed at his work through the bluest of eyes. Her suspicions would be unbelievably hard to prove.

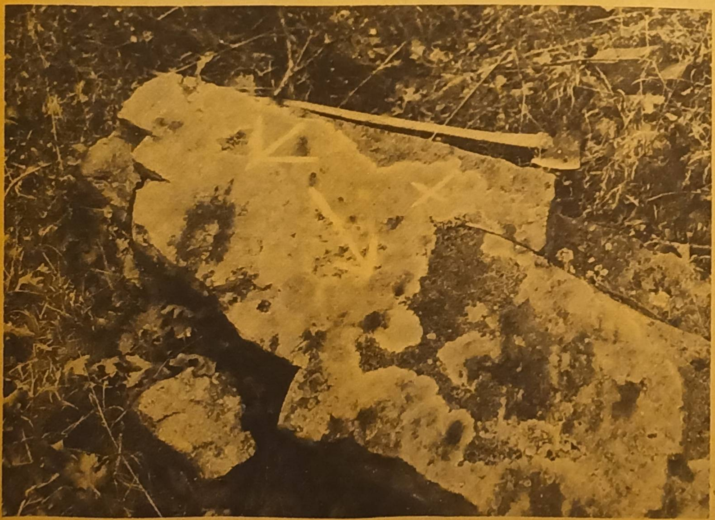
THE NEXT FEW years saw Gloria Stewart mature into a young woman, become Mrs. Ray Farley, and leave her hometown of Heavener. The couple moved to Washington Court House, Ohio where Gloria continued her study of Scandinavian history. It was in Ohio that Gloria read of the famous rune-bearing Kensington Stone, found near Kensington, Minnesota in August 1898.

Partially translated by C. J. Breda, professor of Scandinavian Languages at the University of Minnesota, the stone later was completely translated by Hjalmar R. Holand, a Norwegian student studying the history of Scandinavian immigration. The Kensington Stone runes told this piteous story: "8 Goths [Swedes] and 22 Norwegians on exploration-journey from Winland [Vinland] of west we had camp by 2 skerries. One day's journey north from this stone we were and fished one day. After we came home found 10 men red with blood and dead. Ave Maria. Save us from evil. Have 10 men we have at the sea to look after our ships 14 days journey from this island. Year 1362."

Gloria Farley wrote the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., offering them information about the possibility of an Oklahoma Runestone. She was told that the same information had been submitted by her childhood mountain guide, Carl Kemmerer, but suggested that while the inscription had been made by someone using Scandinavian grammar as a guide, it was probable that the runes were not made in ancient times.

Gloria was not discouraged. She knew the average pioneer moving into Indian Territory lacked education in the fundamentals of writing and reading even the English language and couldn't possibly have known the archaic alphabet of the 3rd and 9th centuries. And remember, the Choctaws recorded the "big stone" in their legends of the 1830s.

In Ohio Gloria bided her time researching all phases of the Viking era beginning about A. D. 787, ending A.D. 1075. Of vital importance was the study of alphabetical evolutions leading up to the "runes" of Scandinavia. During the 2nd century, the Goths derived a series of alphabetic characters which had originated with the Phoenicians, were borrowed by the Greeks, passed on to the Etruscans and Romans, and finally sped northward to the Teutonic countries where they became known as runes. Each race adapted the alphabetic characters to suit its native tongue. By the 3rd century, Teutonic runes evolved into a workable media of communication by using a 24-rune alphabet called the "Continental Futhork." The word "Futhork" was derived from the combined first six letters of the alphabet: "F-U-TH-O-R-K," comparable to our "A-B-C-D-E-F." By the 9th century, the Scandinavian Futhork consisted of a simple 16-rune series. Once seen, runes are instantly recognizable and are not likely to be confused with Indian petroglyphs.


"Heavener Runestone No. 3."

RAY AND GLORIA FARLEY returned to Heavener in 1950, ready to begin the formidable task of proving Vikings had roamed across Oklahoma. Gloria had not seen the stone since she was sixteen. The Farleys waited until February 1951 to search for the runestone, for to reach it meant hiking through the snake-infested underbrush of Poteau's ravines and ridges.

A girl's memory would be their only map and her sense of direction their only compass. Remembering the stone was in the uppermost end of a canyon which dead-ended in the shape of a horseshoe, Gloria and her husband worked their way to a topmost point on Poteau Mountain. Hiking along its spiny ridge, she at last looked down into what she believed to be the runesite canyon.

Gloria recalled for us the moment of discovery. "Ray and I slipped and slid all the way down the steep-sided canyon. Like two kids we scooted downhill on a blanket of winter leaves. At the canyon bottom we found ourselves standing within range of the runestone's commanding presence. It hadn't changed! It was still untouched by vandals' hands and was just as awesome as it had seemed through the eyes of a child.

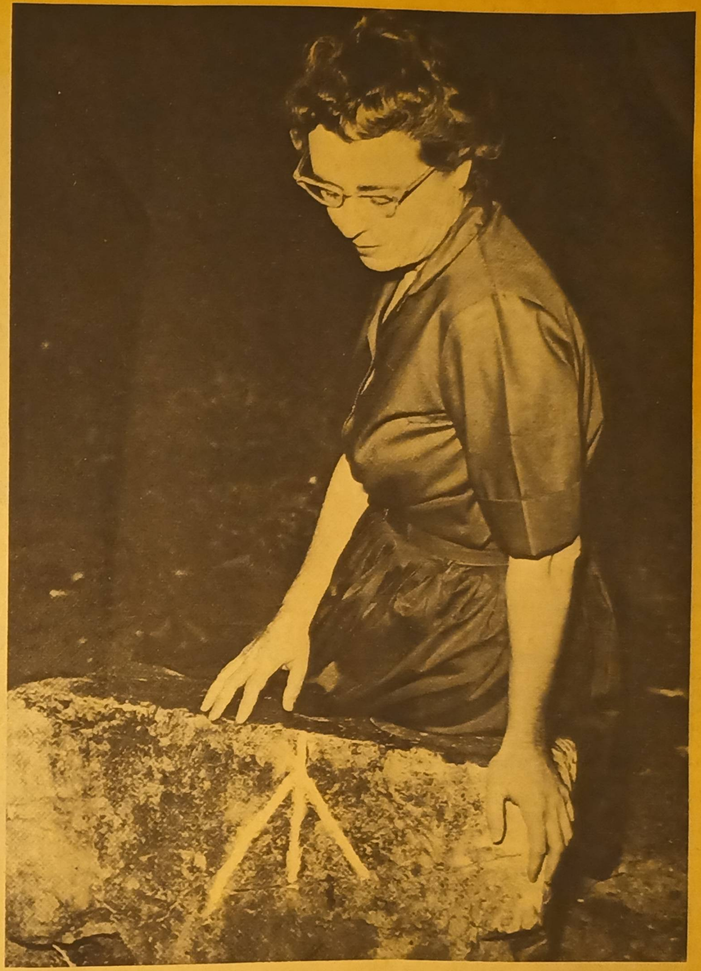
"There was evidence of one trespasser. A treasure hunter, evidently thinking the eight symbols told of some long-lost treasure, had dynamited the connecting platform at the runestone's base. But we were lucky. The stone with its precious runes was unharmed!"

Now that she was back in familiar surroundings, Gloria began interviewing the old-timers. On crutches and in wheelchairs, they were anxious to tell of other stones they had seen during the early days. Those described ranged from round boulders to standing monuments, some having single runes while others had several rows of carvings. Luther Capps had first seen the "big-stone" in 1898 and reported seeing the same type inscriptions scattered throughout the mountain. Taped interviews and signed statements from pioneer residents strengthened Gloria's Viking argument with the discovery of *two* more runestones.

Ed Baker remembered an inscribed rock he had used as a child to help boost himself over a fence. In 1954 he successfully relocated what is now "Heavener Runestone No. 2." It bears a single turkey-track symbol identifying the runic letter "R." At its base is a small horizontal slash later identified by Landsverk and Monge as a "bind-rune."

Ed Baker's stone was located on Morris Creek, exactly one-and-a-half miles northwest of the "big-stone." The creek is still navigable under certain weather conditions. Fed by waters from Poteau Mountain, it in turn feeds the tributary waters into nearby Poteau River. After fifty years, Ed Baker's boosting-rock was in its original position and had not suffered any damage.

About 1914 Wes Thomas had seen a carved boulder, higher in elevation and back deeper into the mountain. In 1959 he retraced his steps to rediscover "Heavener Runestone No. 3." Three runes are carved across the rounded boulder—not in a line but in a triangular position. An "x" (A), and a turkey-track (R), were incised above an "arrow" (T). Again, the stone was exactly one-and-a-half miles from the large runestone, but in a southeast direction.

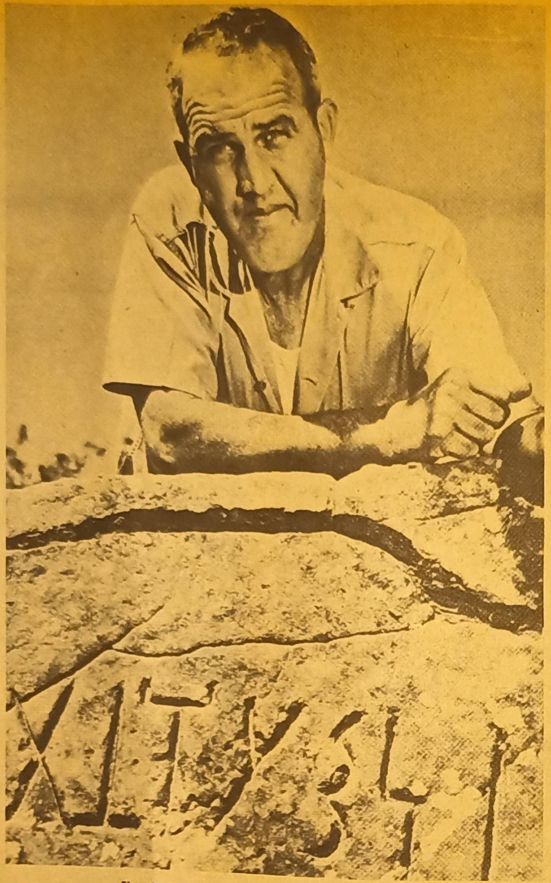

Gloria Farley and "Heavener Runestone No. 2."

To date, Gloria Farley has the description of more than seventy reported rune-sites as yet unauthenticated, but most locations are recorded for future searches. Discovery of three runestones convinced her that Heavener had been near or even within the realm of a Viking colony or settlement. Her conviction laid the foundation for experts who would soon come to push on or beyond the painful limits placed on dedicated amateurs.

NOW THAT THE mountain-writings had been established as runes, verification from trained experts was needed. A barrage of correspondence was sent to scholars here and abroad, but the idea of Vikings pushing into Oklahoma seemed preposterous. From far-away desks, premature judgments were being made without actually seeing the runestones. At first some experts could not and would not accept the runes as genuine. Others shrugged them off as the work of a prankster trying to perpetrate a hoax on the entire world. Some just didn't want to get involved.

At her continued invitation, one courageous author-historian made the trip to Heavener. Frederick J. Pohl, author of *The Lost Discovery*, was unashamedly intrigued and delighted by the possibility of Vikings exploring the southern half of America. His books had already presented positive proof of Viking settlements on Cape Cod, possibly Leif Eriksson's "Vinland."

After examining the Heavener Runestones, Pohl visited the local cemeteries to compare the weathered runes against the oldest weather-eroded epitaphs chiseled into headstones of the same harder-than-granite Savannah sandstone. Later



Jim Shipley and the "Tulsa Runestone."

in his books *The Viking Explorers* and *Atlantic Crossings Before Columbus,* Frederick Pohl discussed the runestones and estimated the runes had been carved 1,000 to 1,500 years ago! He was later proved more than accurate.

With Pohl's recognition of the runestones, plus the untiring efforts of Gloria Farley, more and more scholars became interested. A geologist came to Heavener in an effort to determine whether the slim square had broken loose from the cliffs above and had fallen into such an unnatural position or had been hoisted and chocked into the erect position by a massed effort of Viking strength. The theory accepted by geologists is that it had fallen naturally.

The biggest problem was yet to come. What did the inscription say? What message was crying out to be understood? When was it carved, and by whom? Several translations had been made; now that the language had been established, it should have been an easy task, but there were complications. Two of the eight runes were from the 9th century Scandinavian 16-rune Futhork. The remaining six were from the 3rd Century Continental 24-rune Futhork. Reading the stone from left to right, the second and eighth runes were the two obstacles to overcome.

Several translations were appropriate. The eight runes spell "Gnomedal": "Dal" meaning valley, "Gnome" meaning mountain spirit. It was suggested the word might have meant "Gnomom," a column erected to find the meridian altitude of the sun. Since the large runestone is on edge to the sun, the translation of "Sun-Dial Valley" was possible.

It wasn't until Monge and Landsverk pitted their combined skills against the cryptic message that an almost foolproof answer has come. The mixed alphabet hadn't been an accident or poor spelling but served a definite purpose and gave a clue as to whom the amorphous rune-maker might have been.

Working together, the team of Landsverk and Monge created an unbeatable combination. Ole G. Landsverk of Norwegian descent is considered by some to be one of this country's leading historians of Norse Culture. Norwegian born Alf Monge served as chief cryptologist for the United States Ninth Army Corps Area (1937-40) and is recognized for successfully breaking one of the Japanese codes.

Dr. Landsverk states that Monge's breaking the runic code is little less than a miracle. The code system was based on the Roman Church ecclesiastical calendar used by Christian Norsemen. The purpose of Norse cryptograms was to give an exact date, then confirm this date by reference to the Norse Church Calendar in as many ways as possible in order that the date would not be misunderstood once the cryptopuzzle was solved.

Benedictine monks and priests concerned with Catholicism in Scandinavia created the game of concealing exact dates and years in runic inscriptions by using a number code from the 532-year "perpetual calendar." This particular cryptology was a lost art for more than 500 years. To the Benedictine monks, it was like a chess game.

Based on Monge's theory, the Heavener Runestone No. 1 bears the secret date of "November 11, 1012." This date is confirmed eight different ways. Heavener Runestone No. 2 is secretly dated "December 25, 1015" (date of the Norse New Year) and Heavener Runestone No. 3 is dated "December 30, 1022."

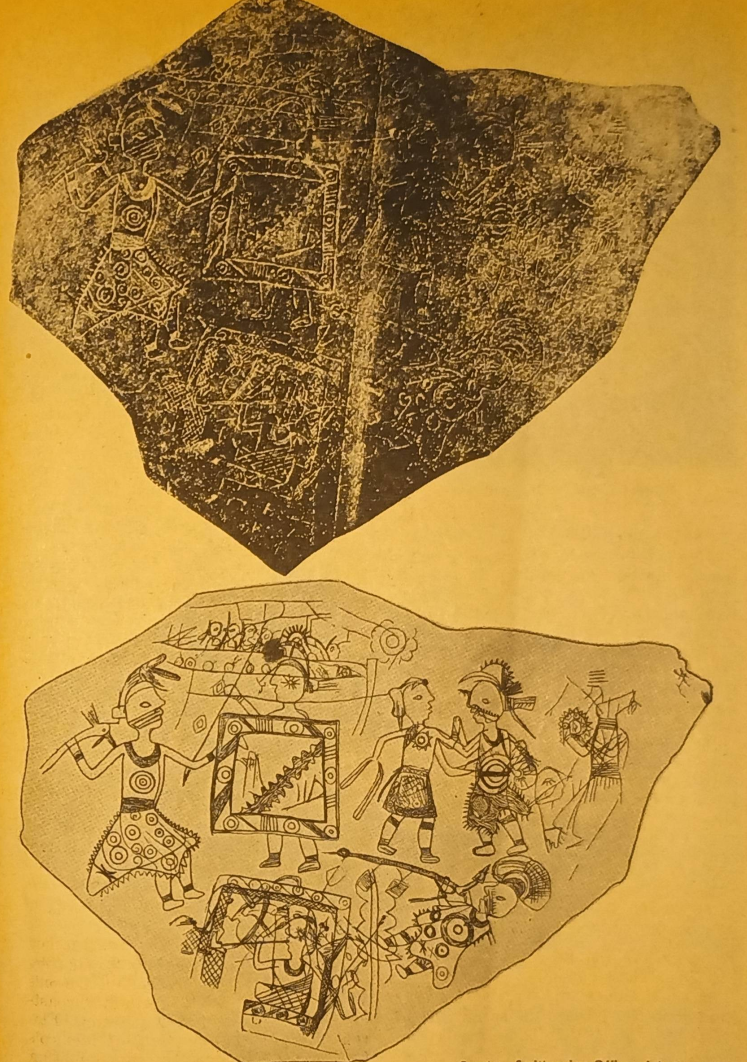
The ten-year time span indicates a group of Norse colonizers rather than a band of roving explorers. Punctuated by the fact of cryptopuzzles, the colonizers or explorers must have been accompanied by someone with rare and specialized knowledge of creating them—Benedictine monks.

"Norse Medieval Cryptography in Runic Carvings" fully explains Alf Monge's method of decoding not only the Oklahoma runestones but others, ranging from Greenland to New England. A runestone near Byfield, Massachusetts bears the oldest American date, "November 24, 1009." Monge also found the Kensington Stone had a message hidden within a message identifying the rune-master as "Harrek," and the rune-carver as Tollik."

FOR THE VIKINGS to have reached Oklahoma, Gloria Farley insists they sailed their ships from Leif Eriksson's Vinland, following the Atlantic coastline southward; circumnavigating Florida, then sailing the Gulf of Mexico's tropical shoreline until the tempting mouth of the Mississippi River appeared.

The wide Mississippi offered a means of probing the interior land-regions where, as they would discover, a vast network of tributaries invited explorations to the east and west. It is interesting to speculate the reasons why one or more shiploads of Viking colonists would find themselves bobbing up and down outside a murky passageway into an unknown continent and why they would even consider leaving the safety of an open sea to enter a waterway threading its way through a wilderness occupied on both sides by Indians.

The Icelandic and Greenland Sagas, in relating Vinland's discovery, told of the Norsemen in permanent conflict with inhospitable Vinland natives whom the Norse called "Skraelings." Surely this group of Mississippi River Vikings were aware of danger from Indians when accepting the challenge of inland exploring.



Courtesy Smithsonian Office of Anthropology

Sumner County, Tennessee's Thruston Tablet photographed (top) and sketched.

There is a possible answer to these "whys."

Few people know Leif Eriksson as a missionary and think of him only as a sea-going explorer. He was both. And, when thinking of North America's discovery, even fewer give credit where it belongs. The school rhyme teaching "In 1492, Columbus sailed the the ocean blue" should have continued, "five-hundred years *after* the Viking crews!"

In A. D. 999, during a voyage to Norway from his Greenland home, Leif Eriksson was converted to Chistianity by King Olaf Trygguason, the first Christian King and Patron Saint of Norway. Under the influence of King Olaf, Leif was instructed to return to Greenland as the first official missionary of the Catholic faith. Attempts to convert the Greenland colonists caused a serious rift between Leif and his father, Erik the Red, who still held with the paganistic Viking gods, Odin, Thor and Frey.

In 1003, Leif turned his eyes to the unexplored west in search of the "Three New Lands," as seen in 986 by Bjarni Herjulfsson when his ship was blown off course during a voyage from Iceland to Greenland. He found the three land-bodies, naming them Helluland (Newfoundland), Markland (Nova Scotia), and Vinland. (Some historians speculate "Vinland" was the North American coast but are unable to agree on its exact location. Some deem it as far south as Virginia, others as far north as Nova Scotia.) The sagas describe later voyages bound for Vinland laden with 160 men and women colonists, supplies and livestock to sustain themselves while establishing settlements in the new world, while the Benedictine monks probably accompanied the colonists, providing food for the soul.

It was possibly one or more of these colonizing ships which stood ready to meet all risks in order to establish a settlement in this land to the south. The climate was as warm as the grass was eternally green, and the water was as sweet as the wild berries for which "Wineland" was named.

For a moment, consider what life was like in this hemisphere 1,000 years ago. The Southwestern Indian culture was still clinging to the sides of its cliff-dwellings; their crude aboriginal tools were still of bone, wood, shell and stone. Farther south, the Toltecs of Mexico were practicing human sacrifice, unaware that in another 200 years a destitute nomadic tribe would drift down from the north to build the Aztec empire. In Europe, the Marco Polos and Ghengis Khans would not be heard from until two centuries after the Vikings had begun their hazardous trip up the Mississippi and rivers beyond.

The world from which they had just come was an advanced civilization. The seas had been mastered centuries before; the people had long been skilled in metal-forging: herds of cattle, sheep and horses were bred for food and farming. But perhaps their most important skill was that of communicating by writing. With an alphabet, men had learned not only to communicate with one another but to record and preserve history, a most precious gift to the future! Had the Indians possessed such a gift, we could now share the eloquent legends which undoubtedly followed their first glimpse of a beautiful Viking ship gliding full-sail up America's network of rivers.

The Vikings' double-ended cargo ships were much like their sister-ships, the longboats, but were more durably built than the sleek and decorative ships we picture slipping in and out of the Scandinavian fiords. The tougher 100-foot *Knorr* was capable of carrying twenty to forty tons of cargo and designed to withstand the pounding, choppy North Sea. Maneuvered by a side-steering-oar, the winds were caught in a square sail from a single mast, or the vessel could be rowed by as many as twenty oars to a side.

The *Knorr* carried two smaller boats lashed fore and aft of the mother-ship. Looking much like the large *Knorr*, they were scaled-down replicas, twenty-five to thirty feet long and guided by sail or oar. They were seaworthy, carrying nine to ten persons comfortably or up to twenty in an emergency. Their shallow draft allowed them to enter the smallest river or creek. While Leif only scouted for land, the first colonization voyages were made in these 100-foot crafts.

To reach Oklahoma's Poteau Mountain by boat, the Northmen would have had to leave the Mississippi on the west-bearing Arkansas River, sailing past the present cities of Pine Bluff, Little Rock and Fort Smith, Arkansas. Here, the

Poteau River merges with the Arkansas and leisurely winds and twists its way southward past the Oklahoma towns of Poteau, Howe, and Heavener to its source on Poteau Mountain, the route followed by us when investigating the reports of Oklahoma runestones.

A POST CARD had traveled thousands of miles, passing through many hands before reaching us in September 1966. Its sender was Mrs. A. B. Christopher of Howe, Oklahoma. The card's original recipient was Buck Rains of Lake Isabella, California, who lent it to Walter Armantrout of Torrance, California, who had borrowed it for our benefit. It was a picture post card of Heavener's large runestone. At first we chuckled at the idea of Vikings in Oklahoma. Chuckles turned into curiosity and after nineteen months of research, we aren't laughing any more.

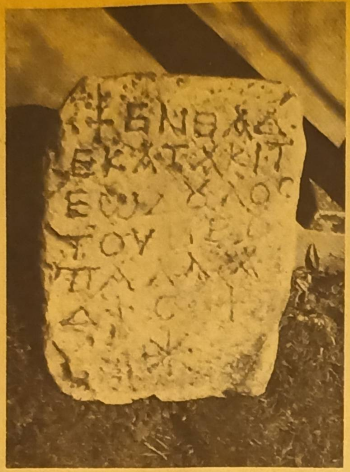
The post card began a fast correspondence with A. B. and Georgia Christopher, both offsprings of Indian Territory pioneers. The Christophers own 290 acres of land, taking in part of Poteau Mountain's north side. They sent us what little they could find written on the subject of Heavener's runestones, introduced us to Gloria Farley's writings, and helped plan our first trip into the mountain.

We had wondered why a band of Norsemen would pick Poteau Mountain to leave the only proof of southern exploration? What attracted them there and what inspired them to erect the rune-bearing monolith?

Prepared to tackle the mountain, one snake-infested bush at a time, we were almost disappointed to find a road under construction. It seemed Gloria Farley had succeeded in her wish to protect the runestones by placing them under the state's supervision. Preparations already had begun for the newly-established Heavener Runestone State Park, and we found a fresh-scraped, unpaved road had been gouged from the steep side of Poteau Mountain. Still in its roughest form, the road wound up and around till leveling off in front of the caretaker's home.

A well planned footpath began near the home and the trail dipped in gradual descent as we were drawn into a tunnel of green. Redbud, dogwood, hickory, pine and oak trees shaded the path which was landscaped by mountain shrubs, and flowering trumpet vine and wild rose. At times the trail followed the rim of sandstone bluffs where a small stream of clear spring water trickled across our path from its source higher up the mountain. With the strategy of a Japanese gardener, large stepping stones had been artistically placed for a crossing.

Halfway down the trail came the unexpected sound of splashing water and far below, partially obscured by heavy foliage, we caught our first glimpse of the runestone. At trail's end, we stood dwarfed on the deep, cool floor of a natural amphitheater. Black and tan walls dotted with blotches and bands of spring greenery wrapped around us in a semicircle. Although we had expected to be overwhelmed by our first sight of the runestone, we were totally unprepared for the rune-site. It was magnificent!



Cripple Creek's Greek Stone.

The runestone was the unquestionable master quietly dominating the canyon floor. Behind it a waterfall cascaded from the sandstone bluffs spilling into a large blue-green pool. It emits a chain of smaller pools which dot the canyon floor at downhill intervals. Water was everywhere. The two-toned bluffs over which we had just walked a few minutes before roofed the tremendous grottos lining one side of the canyon. Spring-fed water seeped from the bluff's outer edges to form a curtain of droplets from ceiling to floor. The only sounds audible in the glen were from dancing waters. The sounds ranged from the gush and splash of falls meeting pool to the soft tinkling of drops from hidden springs.

A delicate balance had been struck by all of nature. Dampness and mists from surrounding waters were caught in the bowl-like theater, creating a rain forest. Without realizing it, we found ourselves whispering. The experience was occult, disturbing and humbling and gave a clue to the Choctaws' long-lived legend, Gloria's devotion, and pioneers' memories. Seeing the innocent retreat housing the runestone unclouded the mystery as to why the Vikings chose this glen in which to camp. It offered a comfortable waystop of fortressed walls, sheltering caves and fresh water. The mountain provided game, fuel and timber for more permanent shelters if needed. Together, the glen and the mountain provided sanctuary in the wilderness.

LANDSVERK and Monge indicate the Vikings thrived in the Poteaus for a ten-year period, perhaps longer. If their deductions are correct, the metalwise Norsemen would have had ample time to find the Poteau Mountain deposits of lead and coal. Samples of "Vinland" coal were taken back to Norway by Thornfinn Karlsefni during the first colonization voyages in 1003-05. The samples are of the same type found in Rhode Island and were on exhibit in Copenhagen during the summer of 1967, along with Karlsefni's Vinland collection of flint and quartzite arrowheads.

The site of an ancient smelter has been reported on Poteau Mountain. So far, no one has given professional help in checking it for age and origin. Until that time comes, the site will remain an untouched secret. The presence of lead, coal and smelter could tell of the Viking struggle to sustain their metalcraft in the new world. The smelter could pinpoint one of the missing settlements which were undoubtedly built if the ten-year estimate is correct. No one has made an extensive search for their archaeological remains.

New developments are coming to light each day but there aren't enough people to help with research. Gloria Farley has handled most of it herself but cannot devote the time necessary to check out all seventy of the rumored runestones, ancient trail-systems, smelters and bones.

At one time an ancient trail wound through Poteau Mountain, marked by the Futhork "R," but known to local old-timers as the "Turkey-Track Trail." The Morris Creek Runestone was part of that trail and may be a lone survivor. Some of the turkey-track trail was destroyed in the 1920s. At that time the turkey foot was thought to be walking toward treasure, and as the trail was located by treasure hunters, the stones were either turned over or destroyed. The trail was said to have crossed over three mountains. One of these, Cavanal Hill, is fourteen miles northwest of Poteau Mountain. Cavanal Hill is the world's highest hill, 1,999 feet high. It falls one foot short of being a mountain but is designated as such on Oklahoma maps.

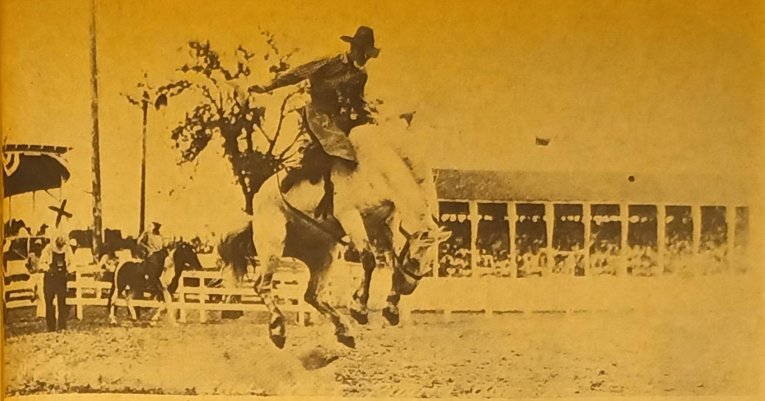
Thomas Scott, Georgia Christopher's father, once farmed near Cavanal's base and told of seeing turkey-tracks on its southwest side. Last year Cavanal Mountain gave up more than turkey-tracks.

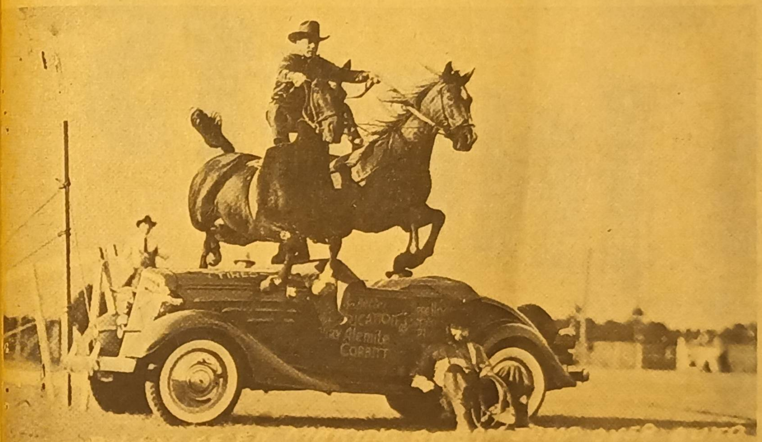
On Tuesday, September 19, 1967, two twelve-year-old boys from the nearby town of Poteau accidentally discovered another runestone while looking for arrowheads on the freshly bulldozed ground of Terry Hill, a Cavanal Mountain foothill. As if it knew that someone had finally cracked the coded Norse cryptographs, the runestone was discovered on the *same date* the Landsverk Los Angeles news conference was held. For two days the boys worked to chisel away the portion of rock inscribed with seven separate runes. The stone cracked in two pieces while being removed from the rocky ledge, but after gluing it back together, the boys took their well-kept secret to Margaret Blake, their junior high school science teacher. Gloria Farley was immediately contacted. She photographed the runestone and took latex impressions of the runes, sending the information to the experts from whom she had received previous help. The boys did a dangerous thing by moving the stone but are commended for taking it to someone with adult authority. It was a miracle the stone hadn't shattered beneath the inexperienced hands of the small stone-masons. The stone measured approximately 15 x 7 inches, the runes standing 1½ inches tall.

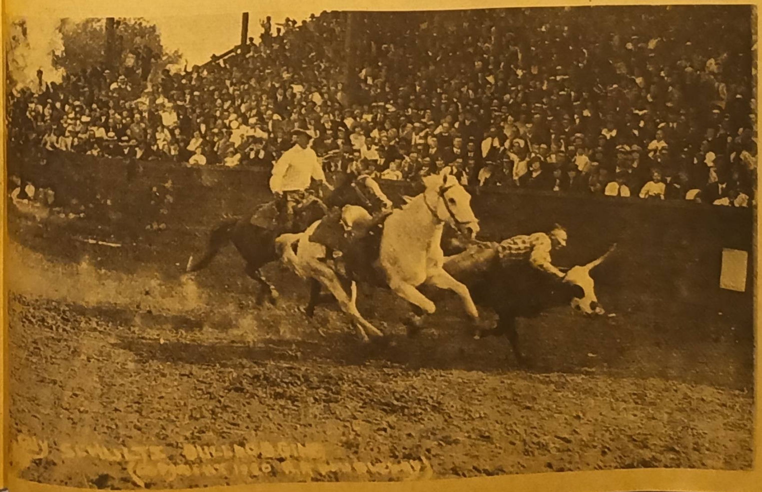
The following December, while search-

(Continued on page 60)

EARLY-DAY RODEO CIRCUITS







Early-day rodeos offered plenty of thrills including (from top) Earl West riding a bronc at Sidney, Iowa's 1936 championship rodeo, Billy Keen making a Roman jump over an auto, and Guy Schultz bulldogging. Rodeo's own indomitable photographer, R. R. Doubleday, is busy snapping 'em beneath the "X" at left in top photo.

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author

FOR YEARS I have wanted to share my memories of the men and women who paved the way for the rodeos of today and tell of our experiences on the early-day rodeo circuits, the way we traveled among the very few rodeos in the early 1900s, the way we lived and passed the time. It was a hard life, but a very exciting one. We were a clan and stuck together. Rodeo cowards never lasted—the weak dropped out along the way.

You could count the number of rodeos on your fingers, and we traveled during only three months—July, August and September. Our main circuit included Dewey, Oklahoma; Garden City, Kansas; Magdalena, Tucumcari, and Las Vegas, New Mexico; Pawhuska and 101 Ranch (Bliss), Oklahoma; Gordon, Nebraska; Belle Fourche and Deadwood, South Dakota; Silver Creek, Nebraska; Interior, White River, and Buffalo, South Dakota; and Kearney, Nebraska.

We traveled wagon railroads to the contests and competed for small purses of $25, $50, $75, and $100 a day when money was offered. Most of it was a three-day average only and so we were riding for $300, $200, and $100. We paid a small fee which was not added to the purse. Only one judge was used and his discretion was final. Of course, some did not like this.

They were few and they were small—but the performers had a summer's excitement and applause to remember all winter long

We rode bucking horses until they threw up their heads and tails and started to run—not the eight seconds as they do today. And we loaned our gear, saddles, and other equipment to our competitors. We helped each other and even went as far as to help pay the fees of those who did not have the money. Each of us knew the names of all the other contestants, and that is a far cry from today.

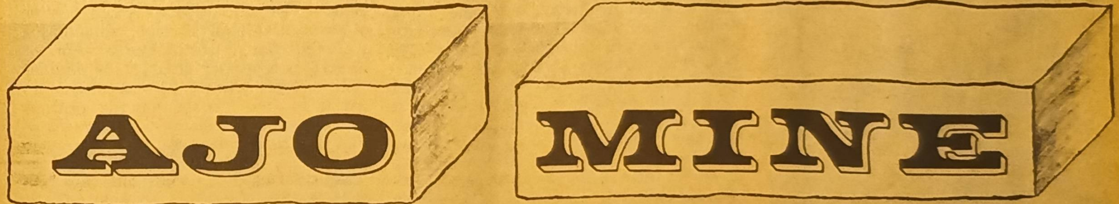
We mixed with each other and we mixed with local people. We often stayed in the local people's homes and ate at their tables, and most of the time they would not accept one dime. Yes, a

(Continued on page 58)

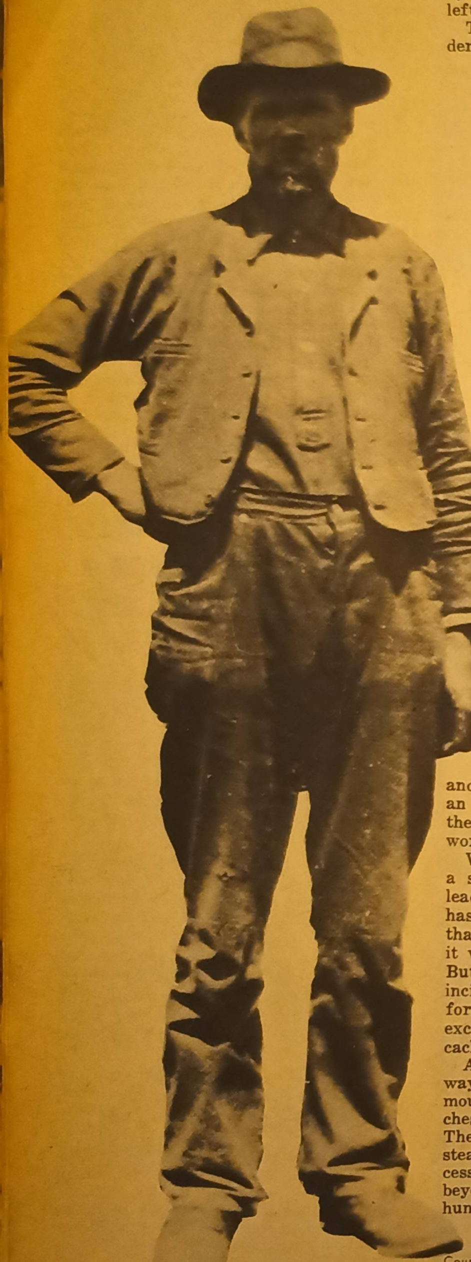
By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

LOST INGOTS from the AJO MINE



The bandits burned themselves out trying to elude the Apaches on one side and a fast-riding posse on the other. As one of them said, "We ain't gonna make it!"



Courtesy McCormick Family

George McCormick, first professional treasure hunter to search for the bandits' golden loot, began looking in the 1890s.

THE STAGE bound for Gila Bend, Arizona rolled west behind eight teams and a jerkline driver one April night in 1879. When deep river-bottom sand clutched the wheels and slowed the vehicle to a crawl, four riders with drawn guns appeared on the right side, outlined by starlight. Three more rose up on the left. None of the bandits was masked.

The leader, about twenty-three, ordered the guard, "Throw down the stuff and don't ask me what. You know!" When an iron chest and a wooden case fell to the ground he clipped out one more word, "Git!"

Without a shot being fired, thus began a singular and bloody series of events leading to a lost golden treasure which has been steeped in such great secrecy that even today the few who know about it whisper from one side of the mouth. But every fact in the strange case, every incident can be documented. All this information rests on public records—except where the loot was actually cached.

After the stage had wheeled on its way down the Gila River the riders dismounted to break open the locked iron chest and smash apart the wooden box. The contents of both stunned them. Instead of mere "eating money," the successful strike proved to be something beyond their wildest hopes. Broke and hungry, the several men had planned the impromptu robbery after they saw the stagecoach approaching. Not one of them had mentioned or considered robbing the few passengers aboard.

The iron chest contained more than $125,000 in minted gold. The wooden case was filled with twenty-two brick-shaped golden ingots. Each had been stamped with the word "AJO" when cast. It was a shipment from that old southern Arizona mining town. The bandits calculated the bricks to be worth $150,000.

"They melt down this stuff and ship it to California every few days," an older man informed their young leader, Henry Tice. "We take another and we're all rich like some blasted king!"

Six feet tall and sandy complexioned, Tice was a cowboy by profession. With his two partners he had been making his way out of the territory seeking means of making a living, when they had encountered the other four.

His close friends in the group were Tom James, thirty years old, broad-beamed and an ex-bandit from California's Mother Lode country. The other was "Guppy" O'Riley, past middle age. He had prospected throughout the Far West in his time with very little success. With Tice they opposed a second holdup as being too risky. Take what they had, be thankful, and streak for tall timber. Such a great loss was sure to bring a small army of possemen after them. But the suddenly gold-hungry other four had out-voted them when the matter concluded.

TIGHTENING their belts the bandits rode on west that night. The following dusk they robbed another westbound stage entering Stanwix Station. This swag, from two more iron chests, consisted of $140,000 in gold coin and $60,000 in currency—big shin plasters.

After the robbery the stage station employes were forced to cook them a big meal. Having only one pack mule they took two others with saddles and panniers from the corral to pack the loot. Also taken from Stanwix were food supplies, three cans of black powder, caps and fuse. O'Riley jokingly declared that once clear of the region they could make their way to safety by posing as prospectors headed for the goldfields. Up to this point the gang had not bothered planning a getaway. Apparently they were still stunned by the windfall in loot.

They rode north deep into the desert wastelands that night. A rising sun next morning disclosed purple-hued mountains eastward. Higher elevations meant relief from the blazing desert. The bandits turned towards them. Five days later they were in timbered Tonto Basin.

Moving up Tonto Creek, Tice and his friends in the lead passed a family of peaceful Apaches camped in wickiups on the near side. It didn't occur to Tice that the four hardcases lagging behind would take time out to cause trouble. They needed most to put distance behind them.

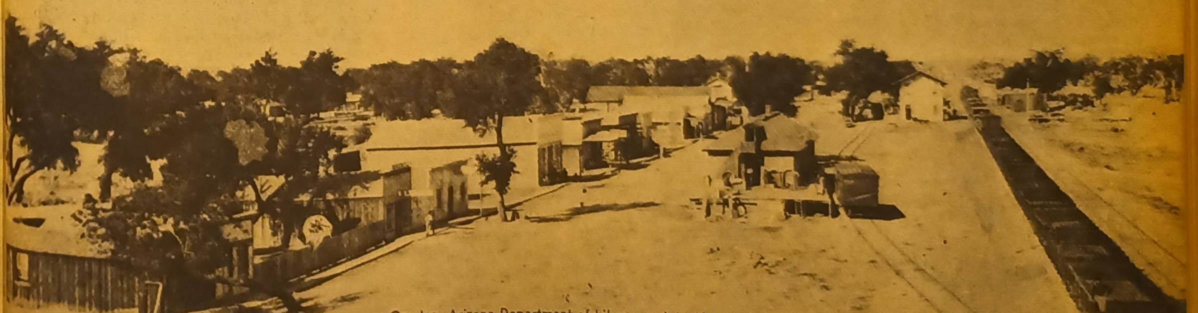
Tice and his two partners had passed into thicker timber when a crash of gunshots startled and filled them with quick apprehension. Tice wheeled to gallop past the pack mules. As he feared, the burly, whiskered men had wantonly fired into the camp. At least two men, two women, and three or four children were dead or badly wounded.

Whooping and yelling, one of the murderers shouted, "We sure made good 'Paches of them redskins!"

"You crazy fools!" Tice stormed. "Now we'll have the whole tribe coming after our hair!"

The outlaws' stock already was worn down from being pushed too hard. But concerned most over the attack on the Indians, Tice insisted they push on for the Mogollon Rim without delay. The great cliffs formed the southern side of the vast Coconino Plateau. Once up there in the maze of timber and canyons maybe they could slip away from the Apache reprisal which surely would be coming.

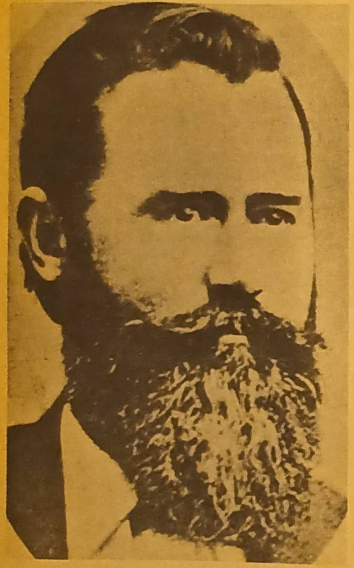
Crossing the Verde River below Fort Verde they rode up rugged West Clear Creek Canyon into the highlands. After two days of dishearteningly slow progress the center area of the plateau was reached. Riding north, when west of the fork they entered Willow Valley. The worsening condition of the stock forced them to hold up that night. In the gray dawn Tice's fears were realized. The vengeful Apaches hit them in considerable force. The white men managed to hold them off long enough to get saddled and packed. A running fight ensued out



Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives

Holbrook, Arizona, the railroad boom town where bandits Tice and O'Riley (and later Tice and James) sought shelter after the 1879 robberies. The gold was stashed about a twenty-four-hours' walk on foot from Holbrook.

Photos Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society



Gila Bend stage station owned by A. E. Decker and Thomas Childs on the overland mail route between Yuma and Tucson, Arizona. Left, King S. Woolsey who led the posse north.

of the valley. But the Apaches seemed to gain in numbers, springing out from every tree and bush. Just when it appeared the bandits would be forced into a stand-and-die fight, O'Riley found a pocket in the forest. Swiftly they plunged through the narrow south entrance. The place proved to be 150 yards long by about 50 wide. Unscalable walls protected three sides and it was now a question of holding off the Apaches, who had closed the narrow mouth.

MEANWHILE, far southward, other events assumed ominous shape. Stanwix Station was owned by the tough frontiersman, King S. Woolsey. After reaching Arizona in 1860 he had fought Indians and white outlaws, prospected successfully, and mined a long decade. He had then invested in gold claims and land. Among his properties was a ranch at Agua Caliente east of Yuma and a farm in the Salt River Valley near Phoenix.

Returning to Stanwix two days after the raid he was greatly incensed over the bold robbery of stages in his back yard. This affront to his well-known prowess he determined to punish to the fullest extent.

Collecting a posse of five white men he also included his long-time friend, Pima Indian Chief Juan Chiavria, to join him along with ten of his braves. After considerable difficulty in tracking the bandits across the desert, they experienced even more hazards in Tonto Basin until breaking out on the plateau. Then almost at once Chief Chiavria's men found Apache tracks in great numbers moving ahead of them. Knowing they were greatly outnumbered, Woolsey still pushed on determinedly, arriving at the rear of the Indians who had the seven white men under siege.

Before Woolsey's arrival, during the first night, two of the bandits had managed to escape. Soon after forting up, it became apparent to Tice and the others that their grub and ammunition would not last long. If all tried to make a breakout they were certain to be overcome in open country. Searching the rims carefully, Tice found a possible exit to the north with the help of a little trail making. Practically none of the gang wanted to attempt it.

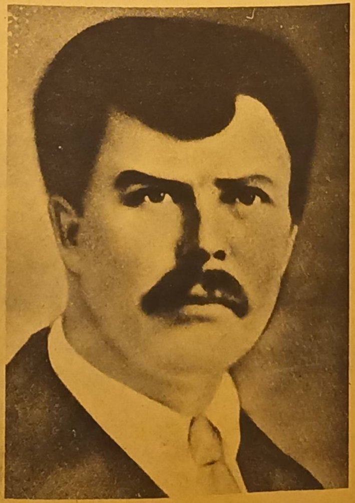
Finally, following considerable argument, it was decided that Tice and O'Riley, mounted on the two strongest horses, would make the dash for help. When the animals gave out they would have to walk. If they got through, it was thought they should be back in three days, but it was almost dawn of the second day before they stumbled on foot into Berado Frayde's trading post at Horsehead Crossing. Their horses had been abandoned the first day.

The post stood on the Little Colorado River below its junction with the Rio Puerco. The genial Spaniard revived the exhausted men with generous servings of whiskey. Nevertheless, it took them another twenty-four hours to reach a condition of going on. He told them a shack town (later named Holbrook) had sprung up three miles to the north ahead of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad building through northern Arizona.

On good horses and saddles—bought from Frayde with Stanwix robbery currency—Tice and O'Riley headed for the settlement. Supplies and ammunition were purchased but obtaining help for alleged prospectors besieged by Indians was entirely out of the question. All available men worked for the railroad contractors at high wages. Before dawn of the fifth day Tice and O'Riley started back alone, fearful that by this time the Apaches had overcome their five confederates.

Peter Brogdon, who befriended the bandits in Holbrook and to whom the dying James told of the gold, hunted the cache for ten years.

Courtesy Warren and Lee Pierce

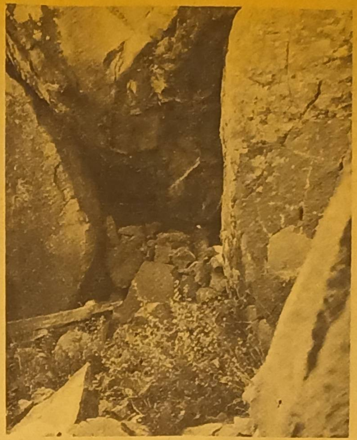


VERY EARLY that same morning the cornered bandits had given up all hope of relief. For the past two days they had been living on horsemeat. Barely enough cartridges were left to load their weapons. Under these desperate conditions they were forced to try escaping. The only bright note for them was the improved condition of their stock. Widening the trail used by Tice and O'Riley they moved out before the Apaches could hurl a final charge.

But unknown to them, Woolsey had chosen that same early hour to close in on the Indians with his force. Onslaught from the rear caused the wily Apaches to slip away to each side before they could be blocked in. As they fanned out north, they discovered the bandits' getaway trail and took it.

With the Apaches gone, Woolsey led his men into the pocket where their mutual quarry had been. That the bandits were not there surprised him, but he soon located their means of exit. Fresh sign up and on the plateau told him that he now was after five culprits and not seven. He reached a quick decision that two had either been killed somewhere or had left the gang before being jumped by the Indians.

The fleeing five pointed at an odd-shaped mountain (Buck), which the absent pair had intended to use as a landmark while returning. On approaching it they swung east, and were overjoyed to meet Tice and O'Riley coming back. A brief halt was made while the famished men wolfed down some food. During this delay the Apaches stunned them by coming up and opening fire at long distance.



The hole in the base of the cliff mysteriously blown in six years ago is in the area where most hunters believe the loot lies hidden.

The white men took flight, retracing Tice and O'Riley's tracks. For perhaps two hours they gained on the Apaches and even dared hope the chase had been called off. On reaching a cliff whose walls contained cave-like holes at the base, they paused to rest awhile before proceeding. Almost immediately the Apaches were on them again. They seemed to come right up from the ground and darted among the rocks on the level terrain. In this close skirmish two bandits, three horses, and two of the mules were killed. Nothing remained for the others to do but seek refuge in the holes. By holding off the Apaches until after sundown they might possibly escape during the night.

A second onslaught materialized, but was turned back with many casualties among the Indians. The holes were like miniature forts in which the white men could not be reached. During the respite Tice predicted hollowly, "We ain't gonna make it!"

SADDLES and panniers were stripped. The remaining provisions, the black powder, and the golden loot were taken into the holes where the ammunition was distributed. While the Apaches, watching the lowering sun, made a determined assault from the open space before the cliffs, Woolsey caught up a second time. The crash of gunfire indicated that the outlaws were besieged again. This time they would not get away. His force was dismounted. They spread and skulked in afoot, crawling the last few yards to get behind the Apaches.

Jumped from the rear unexpectedly once more, the Indians gave up their plans for vengeance and carried away their dead. In much the same way as before, they merely melted into the underbrush.

Silence settled over the scene. Taking his time, sure of the ending now, Wool-

(Continued on page 55)

Courtesy McCormick Family

Jacob Waltz, right, of Lost Dutchman Mine fame at George McCormick's camp north of Mogollon Rim in 1890 while the two were searching for the treasure. The unidentified man at left probably was a prospector paying a call.

QUEEN ANN OF BROWN'S HOLE

The "rustler" was a lady!

By CHARLES KELLY

Photos Courtesy Author

A LONE TRAPPER by the name of Baptiste Brown working down Green River in the early 1820s entered a beautiful valley entirely surrounded by mountains. Such a formation was called a "hole." Brown stayed too long in this secluded valley, eventually was snowed in, and remained for the winter. Later other trappers spent some time in the valley but it was always known as Brown's Hole.

The place was a wonderful winter camp, full of wild game and inhabited only by a friendly group of Shoshone Indians. The surrounding mountains protected the place from freezing blasts in winter while buffalo grass supported deer and antelope throughout the cold season.

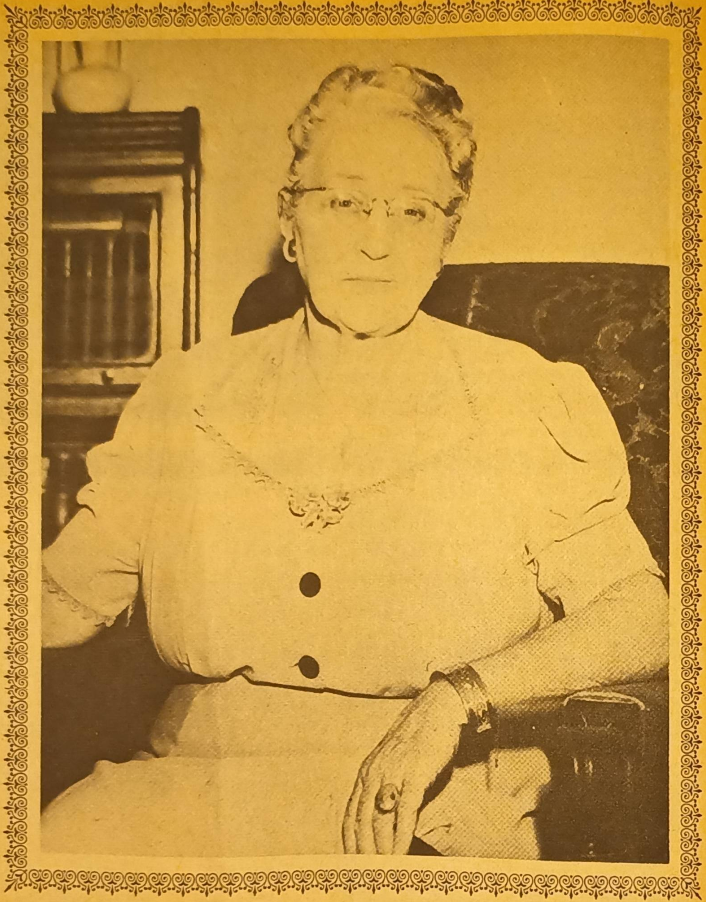
This peaceful state of affairs continued until about the time of the Civil War when Sam Bassett, an army scout, discovered the place and realized its possibilities for settlement. He wrote his nephew, Herbert Bassett, back in Pennsylvania that he had discovered an ideal place for a cattle ranch, unclaimed and unoccupied, with a wonderful climate for wintering cattle.

Herbert was intrigued with his uncle's description and soon came west with his wife, a young lady from Virginia. Locating on what he considered the ideal spot for a home, Herbert built a large log cabin, brought in some cattle, and started raising his family of two daughters and three sons. In time other settlers arrived until the hidden valley was home to a number of families, all interested in raising cattle. For the most part the settlers were congenial and in the beginning there was no difficulty. There was room for all.

Eventually the surrounding country, too, was entirely occupied by cattlemen and as their herds increased it became necessary to find good wintering grounds where cattle could spend the long months without supervision and where snow did not drift deep enough to prevent their feeding on the nutritious grasses. When the big operators tried to move into Brown's Hole with their immense herds, the local settlers who had small ranches resented the intrusion, and from then on war was declared. By the time this condition became serious, Ann Bassett had become champion of the settlers' cause and made a great reputation for herself by defying the large cattle interests.

Ann was a real cowgirl with a small herd of her own, while her sister, Josie, who was two years older, was a homebody. Josie helped her mother with domestic duties while Ann rode the range looking after her own cattle and trying to keep out any encroachers.

As time went on, a number of cattle rustlers showed up in Brown's Hole, using it as a base of operations for raiding the herds of the big operators outside. These rustlers were safe because law officers never entered Brown's Hole, principally because it was located in parts of three states—Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming. When any officer attempted to arrest a man, the outlaw could easily elude him by riding from one state to another in a very short time. Settlers in the Hole never paid any taxes, had no improvements provided by county or state (not even a school), and had no post office for many years.



Ann Bassett Willis, "Queen of the Rustlers" of Brown's Hole, and the old Bassett ranch house (above, opposite page).

IN THE EARLY 1890s when cattle rustlers who made the Hole their headquarters grew very active, their raids became a topic of frequent notice by various newspapers, and all residents of the Hole were suspected of cattle thievery. It was guilt by association.

At this period, Ann Bassett, as recognized leader of the settlers, was often referred to as "Queen of the Rustlers." The strongest accusations were made by the editor of the newspaper *Steamboat* located in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

It was the custom of the country for those in need of beef to kill any animal they found on the range, after which they were supposed to report the killing to the owner at their convenience. It seems that Ann and her first husband, Hi Bernard, while visiting a distant ranch on Diamond Mountain, had killed a steer for beef but delayed reporting it to Ora Haley, the owner. Haley had Ann arrested and the trial was held in Steamboat Springs, where the editor of the local paper went all out to brand the girl as "Queen of the Brown's Hole Rustlers." At first, things looked bad for Ann. She was apparently guilty of killing Haley's steer. But she had a clever lawyer: when he put Haley on the witness stand the lawyer asked one embarrassing question which ended the hearing.

"I understand, Mr. Haley, that you are the owner of quite a large number of cattle."

"That is correct," Haley answered.

"How many cattle do you own at this time?" the lawyer asked.

"I don't know for certain but I would say in the neighborhood of 40,000 head."

"Would you look at this report of the county assessor? What does it say about the number of cattle you declared for tax purposes?"

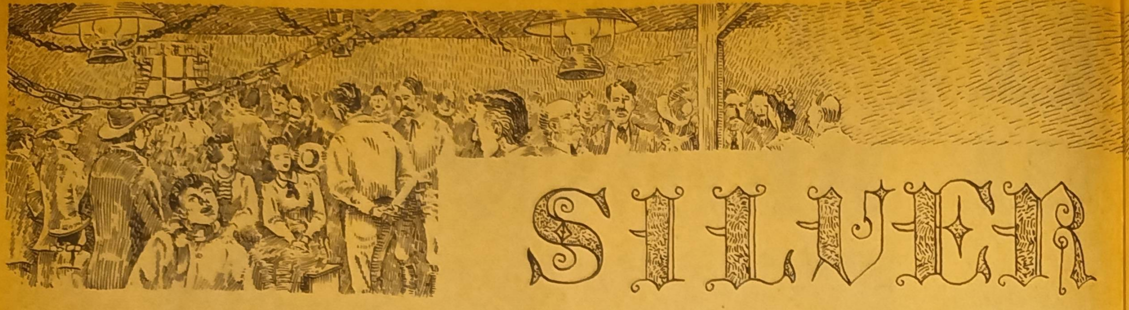
Haley's face turned red. "It says I own 4,000 head," he finally answered.

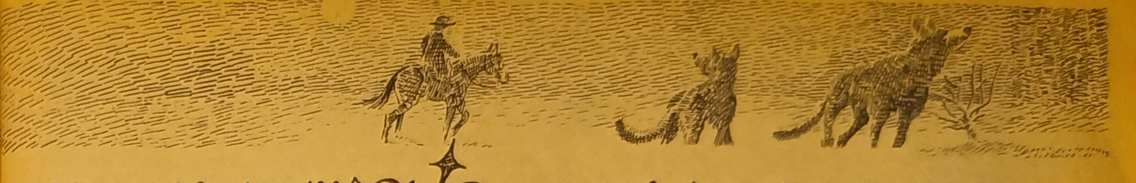
"Dismissed," the lawyer replied, and that ended the trial of Ann Bassett, Lady Rustler.

While all this was going on in Brown's Hole, Ann's sister Josie was having personal troubles of her own. She was very much enamored of a handsome outlaw by the name of Elzy Lay who had recently come to the Hole. But Elzy was absent for long periods of time on outlaw business with his pal, Butch Cassidy, and when Josie decided to get married she picked Jim McKnight, a minor cattle rustler operating out of Brown's Hole. They were not married very long until Josie tired of him, mostly because of his drinking. She was so angry with him on one occasion that she tried to poison him at a Sunday dinner held at the Bassett ranch, which was a gathering place for all residents of the valley. Josie put arsenic in her husband's glass of milk. When a young mother carelessly reached for the glass intended for McKnight, Josie knocked the glass from her hand. Later Josie shot Jim in the

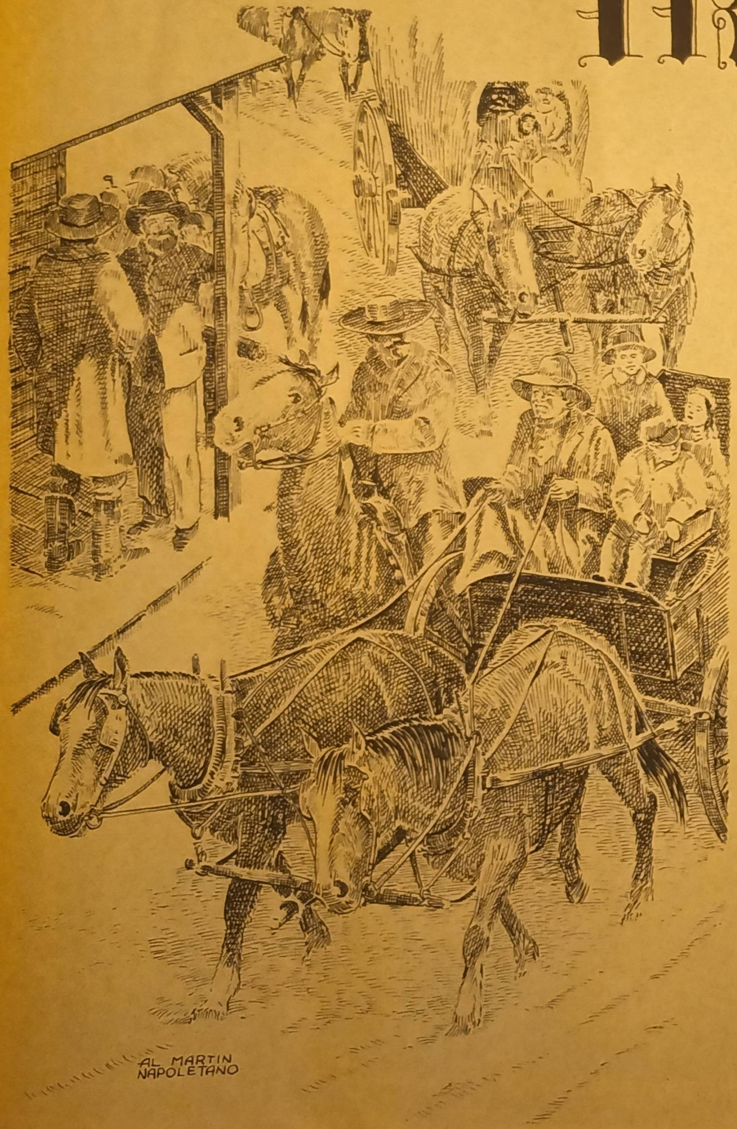
(Continued on page 74)

Josie Bassett Morris, Ann's sister, at age 90 at her home she built herself.





SILVER LAKE'S MOST TRAGIC CHRISTMAS



By G. SELLERS

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

When it was all over, an entire community knelt at the foot of Sorrow. Not a single family had been left intact . . .

IT WAS the day before Christmas, 1894 at Silver Lake, Oregon. The weather was normal for that time of the year—plenty of crusty snow on the ground and a stinging, east wind. This south-central portion of the state was not the lush, green, timber country with abundant water which has come to typify Oregon, but a semi-desert region of incredible distances. It was a place where icy winter winds swept across dry lake beds and battered against giant escarpments reaching for the sky. And to relieve the monotony of sage brush and sunbleached grass, the good Lord had sprinkled a few gray-green junipers.

The first settlers, noting the juniper shade, the rank marsh grass and tule which filled the swales and basins of once existing lakes, called it "cattle country." And by the last decade of the century it was living up to its name.

Then homesteaders came, following on the heels of cattlemen and cowboys just as the lean coyotes follow the migrations of jackrabbits. Homestead shacks dotted every available place thought fit to be farmed and, sad to say, some were not. In most cases the homesteader's wealth didn't visibly increase with the years, but his family did. By 1894 the community of Silver Lake comprised over 200 people, counting children. The boundaries of the community were as far as a man was willing to ride horseback through the sweltering heat or freezing cold, or the miles he was willing to haul his wife and family in an open buckboard over roads that were nothing more than twin trails through sagebrush.

This day in spite of the zero weather, there was a pleasant, excited glow of anticipation in almost every house in the community. Not even the Fourth of July excelled the pleasures of the traditional Christmas Eve gathering at Silver Lake. Homesteaders, ranchers and cowboys had looked forward to the event all fall and now there was a bustle of preparation.

In the bunkhouses, razors scraped over whiskers that hadn't been cut since roundup, and cowboys took long delayed baths in small wooden tubs. Shivering with legs drawn against chest and chin, they swore each drop of water was an icicle. And if they lacked a tub, their next resort was a washpan with a scrap of wadded underwear serving for a washcloth. Then their toilet was completed by a liberal application of bay rum, poured on with the hope of overpowering other sundry odors.

The same expectancy existed at the homesteads. Not even the bitter cold wind keening at the corners and rattling the clapboards could diminish it. The younger children were constantly in their mothers' way and there was a babble of questions: "Will there be a Christmas tree? Is Santa Claus going to come and bring me some candy?" And demanding even more attention were the older girls who fussed with ribbons for their hair and critically eyed made-over clothes and who expected a little soot from the kitchen stove and grease from the lard bucket to transform worn shoes into gleaming patent leather.

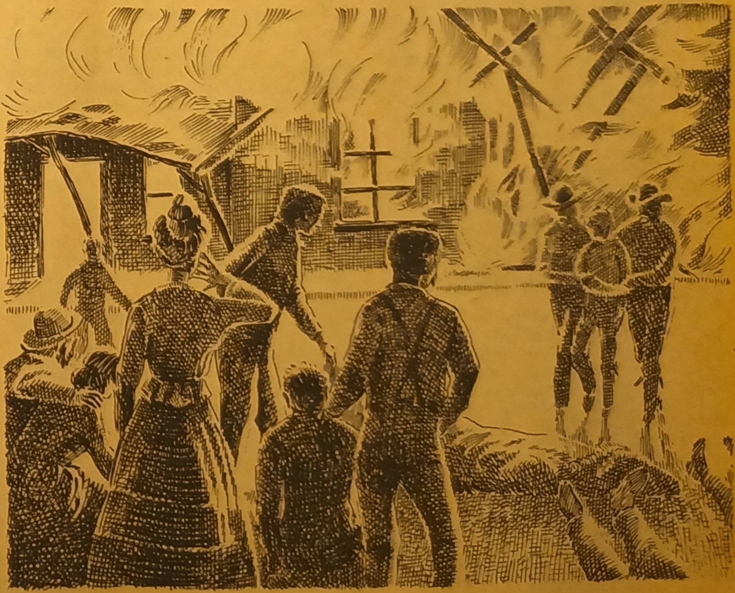
There were very few gifts to be wrapped. Perhaps a pair of mittens or socks knit late at night or a little sack of sugar candy to be placed under the Christmas tree. Just about everyone realized the greatest gift they could hope to receive was the Christmas Eve party itself.

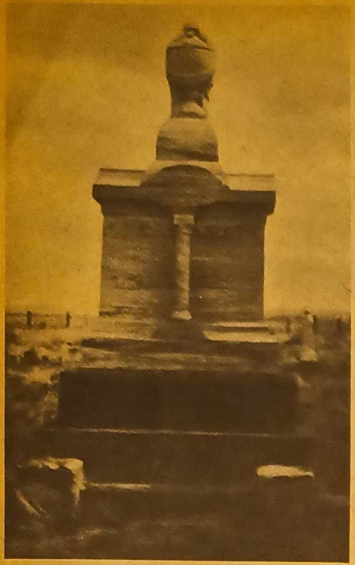
ALL DAY cowboys had drifted into Silver Lake. They stabled their horses at the livery barn, then warmed their feet at the big stove in Chrisman's store and their insides with a drink at the saloon. By late afternoon the town contained a startling array of conveyances—buckboards, one or two sparkling buggies, bobsleds and even big wagons with high spring seats.

Children bundled in their elders' overcoats and further burdened with patchwork quilts were usually so immobilized they had to be lifted to the crusted snow. From there they lumbered along the walk to the store, a foot or more of coat-tail dragging in their wake. Women who chopped wood, carried water and killed rattlesnakes without batting an eye now waited primly for their husbands' helping hands to assist them over the high wheels of the buckboard.

With his family unloaded, the homesteader lifted the lantern from its position by the dashboard, where it had been used during the long ride to keep their feet warm, and blew it out. After the horses were cared for, each man hurried to get out of the weather. Most of them went to the store because a scarcity of pocket money allowed them very little warming at the bar. And they were eager to talk to fellow farmers.

It was rumored that people were thinking of planting rye instead of wheat that coming spring. As one man said, "There ought to be somethin' we could grow on this soil besides sagebrush!" The steady hum of conversation changed to a clamor of greeting as each person took his place





Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Monument erected at the common grave of victims of the Silver Lake fire.

in the crowd circling the stove. Then with backsides almost sizzling and the pungent odor of hot clothing mingling with the smell of fresh ground coffee, cheese and spices on the grocery shelves the men rocked on their heels and talked. The children chased one another up and down the narrow aisles of the store, sometimes dislocating mechandise and receiving a well-earned reprimand from their parents.

As the crowd continued to increase, groups of people ascended the narrow stairway which led to the big hall over the store. This hall was used for all Silver Lake social gatherings and was viewed as a place of elegance and charm especially by the young people. It was a large room long enough to accommodate rather vigorously moving quadrille sets. Two huge, swinging kerosene lamps were suspended from the ceiling and their yellow light was reflected by the ornate, medallioned wallpaper. Someone had made colored paper chains to decorate the Christmas tree standing in one corner. That accomplished, they had taken surplus garlands and draped them indiscriminately along the walls and across the ceiling.

People soon crowded the benches along the walls and new ones were improvised and set up. This dismayed several little boys who had already preempted the floor for sliding. With shouts and squeals they were making the most of the paraffin left on the boards from last summer's dance.

Quick to occupy the newly established benches was a small group of girls, only recently admitted to young womanhood by the badge of lengthened skirts. The benches, which were nothing more than a plank supported at both ends by chunks of wood, rocked perilously as the girls shifted their bodies in convulsed efforts to stifle their giggles.

The hall was filling rapidly now and though a large group continued to ring the heating stove downstairs, they were mostly men earnestly discussing their homesteads or ranchers complaining about cattle prices. Very soon the only floor space free of benches was at the far end of the hall where the evening's entertainment was to take place. Children who were to give recitations were rounded up by anxious mothers. People were settling on the benches with an air of expectation and the room hummed pleasantly with the sound of their voices. The evening was just as wonderful as they had anticipated and everyone was enjoying each precious minute.

SMALL GROUPS still moved in and out, determined to miss nothing going on in either hall or store. One man in an effort to reach the doorway jauntily mounted an improvised bench to speed his crossing of the hall. He was moving along the teetering plank much as one walks a rail, with arms spread up and outward for balance. The concerned looks coming his way were giving him much enjoyment, especially those from the young ladies.

Suddenly, the uneven chunk supporting the plank slipped. As he lost his balance, the man's arms flailed the air frantically. One hand struck the huge kerosene lamp that hung directly over him. It careened from the hook and simultaneously man and lamp crashed to the floor. Kerosene splashed in all directions, much of it soaking the fallen man's clothing. The broken lamp chimney splintered, and particles of glass flew everywhere.

A horrified gasp rose from the crowd and for an instant no one moved. Then the owner of the building, Francis Chrisman, leaped forward and grabbed up the flaming lamp. He started to run for the window but found his way blocked by a surge of excited people. They were attempting to reach the man on the floor whose clothing had turned into a torch.

"For God's sake!" Chrisman screamed, "get out of my way!"

Already his hands and sleeves were engulfed in orange flames. Seeing his predicament, friends attempted to beat the fire from his shirt. Chrisman cried out a warning but it was too late. The lamp was knocked from his hands and once more sent crashing to the floor. This time it rolled toward the wall, a trail of fire marking its path. Instantly the wallpaper was afire and in seconds was a solid sheet of flame.

Terrified children began running everywhere. "Help! Help!" screamed a hysterical woman, covering her face with her hands as she collapsed to the floor. The entire crowd turned like a herd of frightened sheep and tried to run for the doorway. Some stumbled and fell over benches and their prone bodies were trampled on as other people were helplessly propelled forward by those who pushed and struggled at the rear. Smoke was filling the hall, burning the eyes and throats, and the heat was intense. Some people tried to help others—people who lifted children in their arms and carried them forward. Others wild with fear, thought only of their own escape from the burning building.

Those at the head of the crowd pushed through the doorway and started down the narrow stairs. Then another terrible thing happened. It was as if a door had suddenly been slammed shut and bolted before them. The stairway was completely filled with people coming up from the store below, men who were determined to reach the hall and rescue their families at any cost.

Warren Duncan was somewhere near the rear of the crowd upstairs when their exit was blocked on the stairs. All around him people were shouting and pushing but it was impossible to move forward. Realizing what must be happening, Duncan kicked out a window and grabbing a woman and child shoved them outside to the roof of a small porch. "Jump! Jump!" he yelled. "It's your only chance!" Others followed them and the number of lives he saved will never be known. Then all too soon, the porch collapsed in flames and that exit also was closed.

It was a nightmare of horror for those trapped on the stairs. By this time the smoke was so intense, suffocation became a second peril. "Go back! Go back!" they shouted at those struggling to ascend the stairs. "You're too late to help 'em up there! For God's sake, let us get out of here!" Men struggled and fists flew. There were curses as well as prayers.

At last the frantic men coming up the stairway understood the impossibility of moving against the mass of bodies attempting to descend. And they turned back, clearing their followers out of the way as they went.

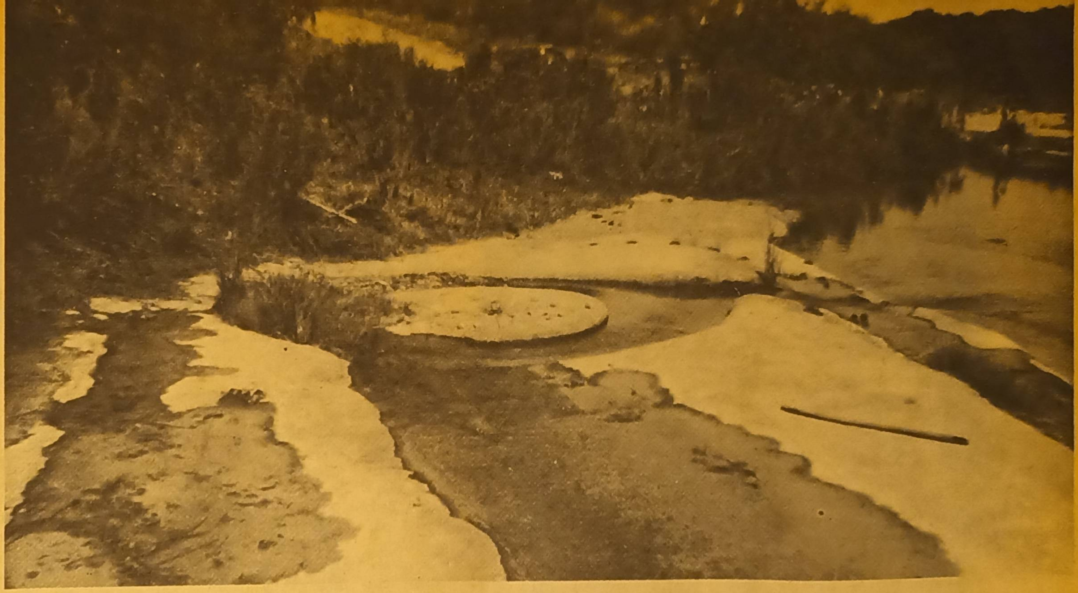
Now there was an exit from the burning hall but precious minutes had been lost and the terrible toll touched every family in Silver Lake. Burning rafters and portions of the roof were beginning to collapse. The roar of the flames overcame all other sounds, even those of mortal agony. The wonder is that anyone inside the building lived to tell the story.

ED O'FARRELL was among those who escaped. As soon as the freezing night air cleared his lungs of the acrid smoke and he saw the terrible number of casualties around him, he realized the task which faced someone. Without hesitation, he delegated himself. Only the blazing framework of the building remained now, its orange glow casting grotesque shadows of men trying to help the injured and identify and count the dead. Everywhere there was the smell of burned human flesh. O'Farrell felt his stomach heave with nausea.

"I've been looking for you," O'Farrell said, when he finally located Duncan. "Wanted to tell you I'm goin' for help. We got to get a doctor here!"

Duncan, his face scarcely recognizable because of blisters and soot, paused in his work. There was a frank relief in his red-rimmed eyes at sight of O'Farrell but

(Continued on page 48)



Spanish arrastre on Walnut Creek, Llano County, Texas.

In the Southwest
every creek, every cave, every little canyon
still extends its arms
in welcome to the

By TERRY LEIFESTE

Photo Courtesy Author

GHOSTS of the MEN from SPAIN

CRYSTAL WATERS of Walnut Creek today ripple softly around the base of an old Spanish ore mill which once may have been a center of activity for a Spanish silver mine near Llano, Texas. Did the Spaniards find the silver they were looking for? If there were no pockets of silver, then where did the Spanish miners get the silver ore they sent to Mexico? Investigations of a University of Texas geologist, Roderick Patten, have answered some questions, raised others, and unveiled a story of ambition and intrigue that is not purely legend.

Patten has been doing research for the last eight years on early Spanish activity in the Llano area. With his interest whetted initially by the accounts of J. Frank Dobie, Patten went on to read 19th century history books, dig through old archives, and sift information from geological reports. His study of Spanish records in the *Archivo General de la Nacion* of Mexico City uncovered much about mining activity in the region of this mill.

In late 1749, the Spaniards and the Lipan-Apaches formed a peace treaty which alleviated some of the dangers of exploring the region northwest of San Antonio. While trading in that village in 1753, the Indians volunteered to show the Spaniards deposits of earthy red hematite in a hill in the region that is now Llano County. The Spaniards were interested in hematite, *almagre* to them, because in northern Mexico they had found silver in a similar rock formation. This hill of hematite which the Spaniards called *Cerro del Almagre* is located in what is now known as the Riley Mountains.

In 1755, the Spanish Governor of Texas sent Lieutenant Governor Bernardo Miranda y Flores from Los Adaes (present-day Robeline, Louisiana), then the capital of Texas, to San Antonio to organize an expedition to inspect the *Cerro del Almagre* mineral deposits. Miranda had spent some time in the mining camps of northeast Mexico, so he had some experience with mining. Upon arriving in San Antonio, Miranda contacted several civilians who knew the Llano area. In February 1756 he started on the nine-day journey to the *Cerro del Almagre*.

Once there, Miranda and his party spent a week opening a shaft which became known as *Los Almagres*. He then returned to San Antonio to write a report to the Governor in which he suggested establishing an ore mill four miles east of *Los Almagres* on what is now Honey Creek. He also sent three pounds of *Los Almagres* ore to Mexico City where it tested ten ounces of silver to the hundred pounds of ore. Five of the

(Continued on page 52)

Last Days of the PARK REINSMEN

By DEL JENKINS
as told to
KATHRYN SAUNDERS

Photos Courtesy Author

WE WERE Mormon settlers in the Snake River Valley of southeastern Idaho near St. Anthony, and Pa was always on the lookout for moneymaking deals to stretch the ranch income.

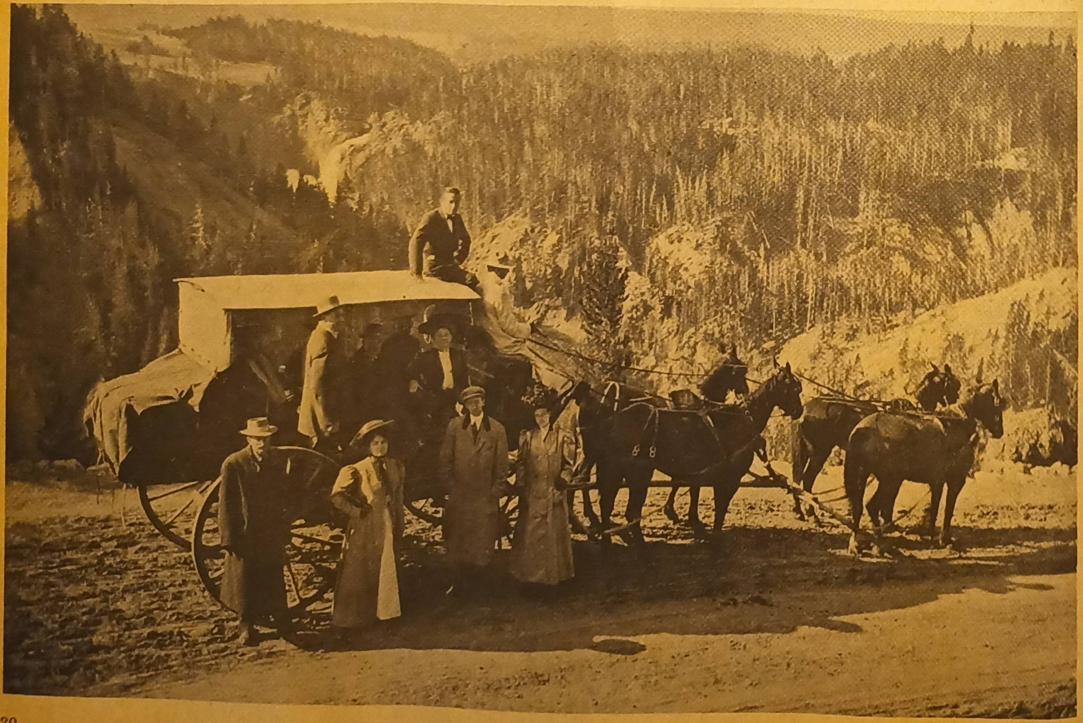
About the middle of July 1896, agents for the Transportation Company of Yellowstone National Park went scouring the country for men, teams and rigs as extra help for the rush. Both railroad and stage had offered special rates, and when the stage people got wind of the hordes buying rail tickets, they had to move fast. Pa had run government stage lines, had a couple of coaches left over, plenty of horses, and me—a teenager. But he didn't sign up with the agent.

We struck out directly for the park, Pa drivin' the little coach with two horses. I drove the big coach with four horses to get some experience and we led two extra horses behind each coach. It was a long, hard pull over the mountains. The only resemblance to a road was some dim wheel tracks where a few trees had been cut down and pulled out of the way. Some of the stumps were there in the wheel tracks and so were most of the boulders. With those old coaches rocking to and fro and bucking up and down with every rough spot, we were hard put to stay on the open front seats. But there was something about it that I liked. Five days of this and we were there.

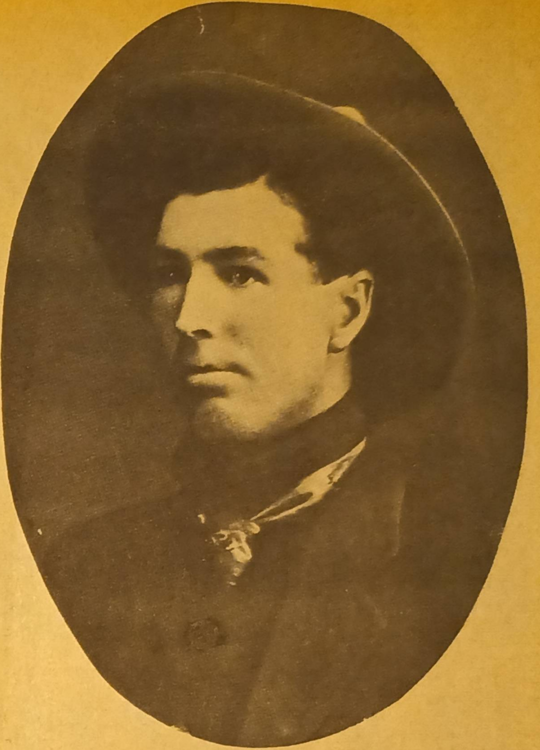
When we struck the tourist road through the park, here came the four-horse coaches! Shiny and beautiful! Yellow with red gears striped in black; harness polished and decorated with white rings. The first coach came rolling down the canyon as I was drivin' up, my horses on a walk. It was coming fast and I just had time to swing my team and rig out of the way. But I took a good look. Four sorrels, all up on the bits like they wanted to break and run. I could see by the way the driver held his reins, though, that they didn't have a chance.

Tourists yelled a greeting that scared the wits out of my gentle horses. They'd never seen or heard anything like that before! I had just got back on the road when here came another coach around the bend. Same greeting, tourists all yelling out the name of their state. Seven or eight more went by, horses all matched, drivers dressed in linen dusters, white kerchiefs around their necks; tourists all wearing dusters, shouting and waving. By the time the last one passed, my horses just picked up their ears a little and kept on going.

Stagecoach days in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, about 1899. Driving is Del Jenkins.



We pitched our tent just this side of Hotel Mammoth, along with some other helpers, to wait for the tourist trains. Legally I was too young to drive stage (not quite sixteen) but there was a tourist camping outfit doing business as Shaw & Powell Company, and they could use me. Pa would drive a coach for Transportation Company.



Del Jenkins at age 20.

THE SECOND DAY a Shaw & Powell messenger came to camp with orders for all to head out for Cinnabar and pick up the dude campers. Cinnabar was the terminal where rails left off and stages began, three miles north of the park boundary and ten miles from camp. We got to Cinnabar by midafternoon and pulled back to camp before dark with the biggest camping party ever to be hauled through Yellowstone Park.

Next morning we started out on a nine-day trip through the park with ninety-six tourists, besides the help. This was rugged camping, the same as roundups. It took seventy-two horses just to haul provisions, tents, bedding, baggage and feed grain, loaded in six-horse wagons. Tourists rode in four-horse coaches. When we camped and pitched tents for all these people and turned all the horses out, it took a ranch-sized clearing. And it required four men to pitch tents and make the beds.

Three men did the cooking and they didn't have any bakery bread, either! Everything was cooked or baked on campfires in whopping big kettles, frying pans and Dutch ovens. A big piece of tin, curved forward at the top and set up edgewise eighteen inches back of the hot coals, reflected heat onto the biscuits. They were baked and browned as good as any oven baked biscuit—and don't ask if they tasted good! There wasn't a dude in camp but thought those were the best he ever ate. Could be that the fresh air, mountain traveling and perfume of wild flowers and pines had something to do with it.

Even though we had no bath houses, community kitchens or anything else to accommodate campers, Mother Nature furnished one thing—plenty of warm water. When the men wanted a bath they hunted up a warm pool or stream, stripped down, and went in. Women did practically the same in a more discreet way. Evening time at camp, helpers would take a team, drag in some dry logs and build a bonfire some twenty feet long, and everybody would gather 'round till midnight, playing games, telling stories and singing. Somebody usually had a harmonica.

Taking your chances with a four-horse stage on such places as Corkscrew Hill—a five-day trip out and back—passengers never forgot it; neither did the drivers!

No men were in my coach, just seven women, some as young as eighteen and some middle-aged. Right off they started asking me questions about how old I was, where was I born and everything else a dude could think of asking a Westerner. And I was green enough to tell all. The second day out, after they had got all the answers, they printed a big sign on cardboard that read, "BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAMILY," and tacked it to the side of our coach. From then on everybody in camp had something to say to me as "Brigham Young" or "The Mormon Kid." I knew it was all in fun but I wished many a time that sign wasn't there (and, besides, my family was non-polygamous).

But those women treated me fine, sometimes too fine, for they had me embarrassed with their friendly flirting and jokes. It's a cinch they had more fun than I did.

AFTER THAT, the stage-driving bug always got me when tourist season rolled around in Yellowstone Park. I could make more money taking care of our big horse ranch on the Snake River near Parker, Idaho, and I loved those horses—but then I would miss all these friendly, interesting people visiting the park. By the end of the first day out on a five-day trip, a driver would be pretty well acquainted with his tourists

—if he was friendly. And you get friendly ridin' that lonesome old range.

By the summer of 1903, I had been driving for the Monida Stage Company for five years, since they had hired me at age eighteen when they were short of experienced drivers. In the meantime the railroad had built up to the boundary line of the park and a town would be built by the railroad station and they'd call it "West Yellowstone."

In my first coach team the season of 1903, there was a runaway horse, and before the trip ended I thought of a way to check a runaway horse. I'd run the check reins through the rings on the bit and back to the hames ring. It was a lucky thing I did, for the next trip we got into a couple of scrapes that I'll never forget and I doubt if any of those tourists ever forgot.

The first one happened as we were winding our way through a crooked mountain pass and came to an ideal spot for a holdup. Sure enough, a robber stepped out from behind a big rock, pointing his rifle at us. I tried to stop the team but the man scared the wits out of them with that black kerchief over his face, just his eyes showing. He moved in closer, leveled his gun at me and yelled, "Stop them horses and don't make a move or I'll kill ya!" The horses panicked, turned and made a break for the steep bank. I barely got them stopped in time, thanks to my new check reins! The gunman ordered the tourists out of the coach, searched them, took their money and jewelry, ordered them back in the coach, then told me to drive on and be quick about it.

I have read several accounts of this holdup. One says the robber held each coach after stopping it and had the dudes all dropping their money and jewelry on a blanket he'd spread out just a-purpose. What he actually did was hold up each coach as it came around the bend, then order the driver to speed up around the next bend.

Some of my tourists said they saw a second robber with a rifle farther back in the bushes, but it turned out that when this one was captured a year or so later, he had done the job by himself. The second gunman was probably a dummy planted there to scare us. That was a trick used by certain stage robbers.

Our robber turned out to be Ed Harrington, one of the most notorious gunmen of his time. Kirk Hopkins and I had seen him and talked to him a few years back when we camped at Park Island with some cattle and he was camping there. Neither Kirk nor I knew he was Ed Harrington but Kirk said, "That fellow ain't up to any good. I can tell by his actions." It turned out he'd been stayin' at this camp (under the name of Ed Trafton) by day and robbing stores and stealing horses by night, hiding them in the timber.

When the law finally got Harrington for the stage holdup, the newspapers ran a spread, saying he got around $40,000 and that most of the tourists he robbed were bankers and wealthy Easterners. Even if they were, I don't think they would have carried that much money on a stagecoach.

Leonard (left) and Del Jenkins in 1931, last of the four-horse coach drivers.

At one time Ed Harrington had a cabin on Jackson Lake in Teton County, and that cabin has been preserved just as it was when he lived in it. Anyway, we were still talking about the holdup when we came to Corkscrew Hill, one of the most dangerous spots in the park. The tourists didn't know there'd been several wrecks on it. Just where it got awful steep and crooked, that runaway horse kicked over the tug. When he felt the tug between his legs he panicked, and the other three suffered from "instant contagion." I pushed on the brake and pulled on the lines. The brake wasn't doing much. I couldn't pull steady on the lines or the coach would bump into the horses and there'd be the devil to pay. But there was that brink a few yards away, leading down the ravine, and here were all these tourists in my care. I got desperate and put all my heart and strength into some good, hard jerks. That skidded the horses to a slowdown and I got control enough to keep them in the road and pull to a stop.

There was a young active fellow on the coach and I asked him to get down and unhook the tug and get it out from between the horse's legs. I told him how so he wouldn't get kicked. I pulled the reins good and tight and held my breath till he got it done. On into the next station I couldn't think of anything but getting that brake fixed. That was the closest I ever came to having a wreck in all my years of staging in Yellowstone Park.

BEFORE getting into the tourist season of 1907, I ought to mention the first rodeo held in this part of the country. Cheyenne had held their first "Frontier Roundup" the year before, and the same thing had just started in Oregon called "Pendleton Roundup." Our Idaho Falls show was called "Riding Tournament" and was held July 4 and 5. This was strictly a bronc riding show with twenty riders, all having spent their young lives punching cattle and breaking broncs for a living.

Each man rode with his own saddle and a slick western outfit. They didn't have chutes and the rider didn't get by with eight seconds. He mounted the best way he could and stayed on till the bronc quit bucking, using his quirt all the time. I was one of the twenty riders and not one was thrown. Only two pulled leather for a few jumps. If you compare that with modern bronc riding, maybe you could call it the "Decline of the Rodeos."

Back home on the ranch, I picked out four good horses and hit out for Yellowstone Park to drive stage. The tourist business had increased every year and Monida Stage Company had grown to be the biggest one in the park; even the biggest in the world. As the tourist business was forcing the stage companies to enlarge, all other businesses had to enlarge. West Yellowstone had grown more than double every year since the railroad got there. Hotels had to add more rooms and Old Faithful even added a nice big plunge with warm water piped from one of the many hot sulphur springs.

But there was a fly in the ointment for the stage companies. A mean one. Poor drivers and drinking drivers. They couldn't get liquor in the park but they could get it at Gardiner, Montana, just across the line from Mammoth, the starting point of the five-day tourist trip around the park. And they could get it at West Yellowstone, across the line where we ended the first day's trip. So most of the drivers made this forty-eight mile stretch a horse killer. Twenty-one miles of it was hilly, and it made no difference, downhill or uphill, they made their horses keep up the fast pace. It took more than 600 head of horses on these five-day trips normally (a few would always get sick or sprain legs, etc.) but Manager Bob Duff said the situation had got so bad they were now using a hundred extra per day to relieve the ones that gave out on this one-day stretch.

Whenever conditions weren't just right to please these drinking drivers, they'd get balky and drink still more. Do you wonder why the stage companies didn't fire them? They tried it but their new drivers had a way of falling in with the majority. So they had to think up something else.

I had completed a five-day trip around the park when Bob Duff called me in to see Mr. Haynes, the president. They had a job lined up for me with double pay, cutting pace for all stages between those two stations, not only for Monida but for Transportation Company. They were having driver trouble too.

On this new job my day's schedule took me out of Mammoth, starting point at 7:30 every morning, arriving at Norris Junction (past the hilliest part) at noon with all other coaches following. At 1 p.m. I loaded up at the hotel and headed back for Mammoth, leading all coaches from the other direction. Transportation drivers followed our drivers and there

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FROM OUR 1928
Frontier
Times
SPECIAL!

SO THE DOCTOR TOOK A TRIP!

By G. S. SMITH

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth

MY DOCTOR and I have grown to be the best of friends. He is a gentleman whose hair is white, but who swings a wicked gold club and drives a sporting car that the best of the younger bloods might envy. Sometimes I pay him a social call, prefacing my visit with the request that he shall not "send this in on my bill." On one such occasion he told me the following story, which he gave me permission to use, if I would withhold his name. If any of my readers wish to verify it they will find [1928] the doctor on the sixteenth floor of the only skyscraper in a certain central Texas city.

"In the fall of 1878, my brother-in-law planned to drive a herd of cattle from our home in Jefferson, Texas to his ranch on the Red River in Cooke County. I had never been more than a few miles from home, but I had read many books of travel, especially stories of the 'Wild West,' and I was very eager to make the trip. I finally procured my mother's reluctant consent, and my brother-in-law, myself, two other riders, and a man and his wife who drove the chuckwagon, started on our journey.

"Our route took us through Upshur County, Pittsburg, Sulphur Springs, Old Kentucky Town, Whitesboro, and Gainesville—then a typical cowtown—and on to the ranch. After two days' traveling, the cattle had learned to trail behind the wagon, and as they gave us but little trouble, we dispensed with the two extra riders. In Hopkins County we suffered for water, going a day and a night before we found a small tank. We could not drink the water even then, as many dead cattle were bogged in the black mud surrounding the tank, but our famished cattle were not to be balked by any lack of sanitary precautions. We managed to get water at an occasional ranch or farm house.

"The most interesting sight to me on this outgoing trip was a cotton gin and grist mill in Grayson County whose motor power was produced by a number of blinded oxen which were kept walking up a big inclined wheel. The revolutions furnished the power necessary for the machinery.

"We delivered the cattle to the ranch without encountering anything particularly exciting. After a few days' visit there, I went to Gainesville where I bought a complete Wild West cowboy outfit. I was going to make the trip back home alone and I felt that I must be prepared for any emergency—and secretly, I hoped that many emergencies would arise. I already had with me an old pair of cap and ball dueling pistols that had belonged to my father, so I completed my equipment by the addition of a slicker, two blankets, a coffee pot, frying pan, tin cup, leather chaps, cowboy hat, a six-shooter and a pair of sox. I felt then that it was up to the gods to provide adventure for me.

"I was riding a fine mare, Maude, that I had owned and trained for several years. With my paraphernalia strapped behind my saddle, I set out to make the homeward trip as round-about as possible. I struck out, crossing Red River and going about 150 miles northwest through the Indian Territory, near the present site of the city of Ardmore, through Smith Paul Valley, then southwest, recrossing the river at Spanish Fort.

"The Beautiful Indian Territory (or B. I. T. as it was called for short) was at that time most appropriately named.

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SOME MEN AIN'T SOCIABLE

—and here's the number one prize of them all!

By CHARLES O. WILLIAMSON

Photos Courtesy Author

The author with his running horse Jerry in 1927 (above) as a Ranger on Crooked Creek in the Pryor Mountains of southern Montana and in 1919 (below) with Smoke on the Yellowstone River above Livingston, Montana.

I GUESS OLD MAN LUFKIN was the meanest man in southern Montana. At least he had that reputation when I was sent as ranger to take over the Pryor Mountain District in the spring of 1923. I was twenty-eight then and pretty sure of myself, as are many men at that age.

Old Man Lufkin lived on Pryor Mountain just three miles above my station on Sage Creek. My first meeting with him was at an affair of the local Cattlemen's Association soon after I arrived. The members were all small operators, each running from 100 to 500 head of cattle —good cattle, Herefords. Lufkin ran about 250. As is usual in the back country, such meetings are more or less gala occasions and that day was no exception. A couple of bottles of good red likker were passed around, probably the first many of the men had tasted since last year's meeting and everyone was in good spirits. I looked him over. A rough, tough-looking old customer with strong features; tall, rawboned, the kind that made the West; sixty-seven years old I was told. All of them looked over the new ranger, too, and I could sense it but knowing it would happen I did not feel uncomfortable.

Old Lufkin was in a jovial mood and welcomed me to Pryor Mountain. The ranger before me, much to his credit, had instituted a new method of salting stock on the range which spread the cattle out more and utilized far corners away from water. The men had learned that with this method, by a little riding to distribute the bulls evenly, a much better calf crop could be expected. This really meant something to them all and due credit was given the ranger who was behind the idea, except for a few, ever present in any organization, who pretended to see no good in such procedure.

Finally, after much discussion by all and sundry, Old Man Lufkin rose unsteadily to his feet and remarked expansively, "Men, if rangers make better calf crops then I say, 'More rangers.' "

After this pleasant occasion and after having a chance to look him over, I decided that I had been misinformed. Old Man Lufkin was really just a diamond in the rough.

ONLY A FEW DAYS later I was riding up country and, as I approached his ranch, I saw him leading across the corral a little horse whose ears had been frozen when a colt until they were about half-length. "Croppy" was, I later learned, "the best damned cow horse in the world." It was a fine Montana spring morning and I felt accordingly.

Riding up to the corral, I said "Hello, there. How are you this morning?" And that is where I learned something.

He whirled on me like a surprised she-bear with cubs and growled, "What business is it of yours, you mealy-mouthed loafer? A-settin' there on your fine horse in your fine saddle. None o' your damned business how I am. Go an' leave me alone."

Whew! Just like that. And even though I had been warned of his

Crooked Creek Canyon (right) on the south side of the rugged Pryor Mountains. Below, the W. E. Tillett ranch house about 1930 and the Antlers outfit's remuda coming in (top right), both in the Pryors.

moods it still did not sit well with me.

I eased my horse away and said, "What the hell is the matter with you, old man? Somebody been feedin' you raw meat?"

And with that he fairly boiled. It was evident he was not used to being answered when he curled your hair. "Ef'n I was twenty years younger I would come out there and tromp you into the ground. I got a notion to do it anyway." And that was my introduction to Old Man Lufkin when he was at home and feeling himself.

As in any comparatively new country, away from law and so-called civilization, rumors spread rapidly; especially those concerning any settler whose past has been somewhat clouded by circumstance. There were many stories concerning Lufkin to most of which I paid no attention but, out of all the talk, I finally deduced that he had been married to a fine pioneer woman, had had one son by this marriage, had always been a freighter and soldier of fortune, freighting with long teams for years in the Billings-Thermopolis-Cody area; that he and his wife had separated when the son was very young, the son remaining with the father, sharing his life on the trail, camping beside the freight wagons wherever night overtook them; and that the son farmed and "worked out" somewhere in the valley of the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone River, a matter of thirty to forty miles west of Pryor Mountain. There was also a story of a necktie party in days gone by at which Old Man Lufkin was the guest of honor but some intervention had halted proceedings before the main event of the evening. I could never get the details on this incident but all the old-timers spoke of it occasionally. Be that as it may, part of my job was to try to get along with him.

After trying on several occasions to be friendly with him and getting about the same response as on my first try at his ranch, I decided to change my tactics, knowing full well that if I failed the results could be serious.

As with anyone who lived as he did, very much alone and with no interests except his cattle and his horse, Croppy, he had become very set in his ways and very slipshod in his everyday life. He never oiled his saddle or bridle or boots and as a consequence they were dry and curled at the corners and ends. If something broke which he could get along without, he simply did not replace it. I had noticed that usually when you saw him mounted, the brow band of his bridle would be criss-crossed across his horse's head instead of straight across the forehead as it should have been, and that often it obscured the horse's vision.

One morning I saw Lufkin coming on the trail, slouched over in the saddle, Croppy doing a fast walk and nodding his head in rhythm; and I began to try to think of a way to tear him apart. As we approached each other I noticed that, as usual, the brow band of the bridle practically covered up one eye of the horse. With the meanest expression I could muster and with sandpaper in my voice I greeted him; "Why in the hell don't you put a throatlatch on that bridle and get the browband off the horse's eye? I like that horse (I knew that would please him) and I hate to see an old buzzard like you a-settin' there comfortable in the saddle and letting your horse go all day seeing out of one eye when he has two good ones."

Pryor Mountains cow country.

Wow! I thought for a second he would go for his thutty-thutty which was always in the scabbard on the off side of his saddle, butt backward, barrel under his knee. I never saw him carry a pistol. I thought, since he did not try to shoot, that I had just as well go whole hog, so I finished up as I rode away, "If I wasn't talking to an old coot with one foot in the grave I would get down and beat the hell out o' you." Then I touched my Shorty horse with the spurs and rode away in a withering fire of cuss words.

It was quite a while before I saw old Charley Lufkin and when I did meet him on the trail I just barely nodded.

He said, "Howdy, Ranger," and rode on but (and was I surprised!) I saw that he had a throatlatch on the bridle and that Croppy could see. That, to me, was a good sign. Not long after this meeting I had occasion to want his cattle moved to a different section of the range where the feed was untouched and where they would not go unless driven.

One day I rode up to his house and when he came out with fight in his eyes I exploded, "If you were a cowman instead of a sheepherder you would move your cattle before they eat up the grass roots where they are."

Now you can call a cowman lots of names if you smile, but smiling does little good if you call him a farmer or a sheepherder. Old Man Lufkin went into tantrums. He cussed so fast he got his words all mixed up and they made little sense but he ended up with, "No smart-alec s.o.b. is a-goin' to tell me how to run my cattle." With that, he ducked inside and I figured he was going for his rifle. I swung my Shorty horse, dropped over the creek bank, and disappeared in the brush, rather thinking a bullet might be coming along looking for me any second—but none did. Imagine my surprise when I crossed his range about a week later and his cattle had been moved. So I had found out how to get along with Old Man Lufkin.

THINGS RAN ALONG about like that for a couple of years; then one evening after supper I was surprised to see him come riding in to my station. I met him outside and glared at him like I hated his liver.

He did not glare back but instead said, "Howdy, Ranger," and looked very much embarrassed. I said nothing but continued to glare. He dismounted and began untying the slicker from the back of his saddle. When he had the left side untied he pulled out a package, offered it to me and said, "Killed a fat young buck yesterday. Thought you might like a mess o' liver and some chops."

Would wonders never cease! "Why yes, Charley," I stammered. "Haven't had any fresh meat for a long time." With that, he retied the slicker, swung back on Croppy and rode away; a lonely old man, soured on the world, craving companionship but not knowing how to go about getting it.

One evening not long after the venison episode, I thought I would ride up to see if he were in a mood to have a friendly chat. When he looked up and saw me in the yard he growled, "What do you want? Snoopin' again, huh? I don't need to hear anything you got to say."

So I answered, "I just want to tell you what I think of a lousy old skunk who will keep his weaner calves off feed and water as long as you have kept these here in the corral." That was all I could think of to say on the spur of the moment. I knew nothing of how long the calves had been in the corral. I thought he would blow up and burst. What he said would not do to print in any language.

Well, it ran along about that way for quite a while but I took to noticing that sometimes when I met him on the trail, after his customary, "Howdy, Ranger," he would hesitate and say something offhand like, "Grass is pretty good this year. Cattle doin' fine."

And I would answer, "Sure are. Prices lookin' up too," and after this orgy of conversation we would go on our way. Somehow or other, as mean as he was, there was something I liked about the old cuss and, subconsciously, I was determined to get next to him.

One day, in the spring of 1926, I was coming down country after a week in the hills with pack and saddle horses. It was past the middle of the afternoon and when I came to Old Man Lufkin's place I noticed that his light wagon was close to the door of the cabin and a piece of new white canvas was hanging over the side. I knew by these signs and others that he had made one of his semi-annual trips to town, thirty miles away, for supplies. Feeling sociable (having seen only a rider or two in a week) I stopped, took a chance, and said hello. For once in his life he was friendly. I turned my horses loose to graze around his cabin and went inside.

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The author about 1945 pullin' leather on a Sunfishin' Sue at Sawtooth Ranger Station in the Clearwater country of northern Idaho.

BRONC PEELIN'

With a horse one thing's more important than how to get on. It's how to get off!

By JAY J. KALEZ

Photo Courtesy Author

YEARS AGO, tourists and visitors to Lake MacDonald Lodge at the west entrance to Glacier National Park were always quick to realize that the lodge's "trail boss," old Lue Thompson, was a true Old West character fit for any story book. From his white mustache to his measured drawl, old Lue was a living epitome of Montana's pioneer days.

The lodge guests were sometimes crude, sometimes clever, in the means they used to needle him into one of his talkative moods. College youngsters employed by the lodge for the tourist season were usually more successful. On one moonlit night a pretty little coed from the University of Montana, serving out the summer as waitress, popped the innocent question, "Mr. Thompson, how old were you when you first started breaking horses?" Old Lue rose to the bait like a Montana cut-throat to a dry fly.

"Ma'am," Old Lue replied slowly, "in my younger days they didn't pay much attention to years. A lad was old enough to stand up and howl his brand, old enough to be chore-broke, or old enough to peel a bronc. After that, age didn't mean or matter. You were old enough to draw cow-hand pay and if that landed you in the bunkhouse with a mess of caved ribs, you were old enough to know better."

From then on until midnight I sat in the circle of the fire and listened to an old-time trail hand tell of the life of the traveling bronc peeler or professional bronc topper, as Old Lue called him. It could have been Lue's own life, but spiked with anecdotes and names it listened more like a saga of the passing West of old.

According to Lue, breaking broncs was never looked upon as a rating of a hand's ability. From corral snort to bucking squeal, professional bronc topping was a young man's game. To ranch-raised kids, it came as natural as table manners to a dude. Time they were stirrup high, they had learned how to quit a horse and how to paw air and land loose. By the time they were chore broke, they knew what spurs were for and how to wring out a hackamore. Time they cut their tobacco teeth, they savvied most of the tricks a bronc can twist his back into and get his hoofs to follow.

Fancy rodeos have gotten some folks to thinking a cow-hand would rather top a bronc than sit down to a chicken dinner. They have never heard of the wild-horse or outlaw string that was reserved for the drifting professional bronc peeler. Lots of top hands would toss up their job before they would try to take the kinks out of an outlaw. That didn't mean that some regular hand hadn't already tried to earn the bustin' fee. Even money that's why the animal was in the outlaw string. He'd bucked off a few hands and had the notion he couldn't be rode. A professional was needed to knock that idea out of his ornery skull.

Ironing the kinks out of a roundup cavvy was about the worst bit of bronc peelin' the ordinary cow-hand was asked to do, Lue thought. For the most part, the winter-wild animals were just range frisky. They'd all had their ears beat down at one time or other by a professional bronc twister, and all they needed was a reminder.

Horses are like humans. There are good horses, tricky horses, ornery horses and jut plain no-damn-good horses. But no matter what reputation a horse may

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Foot-Loose and Fancy Free

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telegram and high-tailed it over to Don Cruz's house where he beat on the door until Don Cruz opened it to see what all the noise was about. Pancho shoved the message at him and lit a shuck for parts unknown. He was not seen again until the following morning.

When Don Cruz read the message, he turned a few shades paler. He didn't agree with me when I told him there was probably no truth to the news, but insisted that it was a warning which could not be ignored.

"What can we do?" he said hysterically. "No horses! No men! No train! Will you stand guard? Maybe the stranger will help!"

The cow buyer was sitting near the depot and we called him over and explained the situation to him. As neither of us could get away even if we wanted to, we agreed to stand guard. Both of us were immediately presented with a Winchester and a gob of shells. Then the door of the house was slammed and from the noises which followed, we decided that the door was being barricaded as well as bolted.

We loaded the guns that had been thrust upon us and made plans as to how we would pass the night. It was decided that the cow buyer would sit in the depot while I would hole up in the adobe hut. Of course, we could not have a fire or a light and if we had to fight, we would cross-fire on the invaders and hope that Don Cruz would assist us by shooting from the house. Neither of us thought there was much truth to the message from Juarez, but realized we should take every precaution in case there really was trouble.

IT WAS A COLD, lonely vigil that night and my mind drifted back to the time three years before when I had loaded a train of big steers at this same place. I was ramrodding the Santo Domingo Ranch at that time and had received instructions from the California owners to gather the big steers and ship them to the Patterson Ranch at Oxnard, California. I was to go with them and weigh them in at the feed lot.

The Santo Domingo at that time was kind of like a widow woman's outfit—not enough men or horses. What horses the ranch had didn't amount to much and, for that matter, neither did the men, so it was a major operation to gather big, wild steers. Somehow we got the job going and a couple of stampedes later, we penned the herd here at Estación Guzman. We loaded them on the train early the next morning and a short run brought us to El Paso where the cattle were unloaded and fed, watered and rested. That night they were reloaded and the cars hooked to a west-bound stock train.

At Yuma, Arizona a dead steer belonging to another shipment was dumped out on the side away from the loading chute. When it hit the ground, it was swarmed over by Yuma Indians who made short work of it. Soon there was nothing left but a pile of bones. The manager of the feed yard said the Indians met every stock train, and had a real feast when a dead animal was dumped out. He also told of a previous shipment where a steer was thought to be dead, but when it was dumped out, it hit the ground running. It didn't get far, though, for the Indians were hanging to the tail and horns and stabbing it every jump.

At Oxnard, the *vaqueros* from the Patterson Ranch unloaded and drove the steers to their feed pens where the ranch manager and I weighed them in. It was Christmas Eve and I was invited to spend Christmas at the ranch, and the dinner was worth staying for. The meal was served on a long table with benches on each side.

This was 1907 and old-timers will remember that a crisis in banking circles made cash almost impossible to obtain. Clearing House Certificates were used. The ranch manager had a small supply of cash and gave me enough to eat on until I got home, and since I had a stockman's pass on the railroad, I was fixed.

I spent one night in El Paso and crossed the river to Juarez and caught the train for Villa Ahumada, where I spent the next night. Burns and Daly, Irishmen who ran the trading post at Ahumada where we bought a lot of supplies, sent me to the *hacienda*. I had just gone to my room and had hardly more than shut the door when I heard a terrific noise and much cursing and yelling out in the corral.

Old Bill, whose place I had been sent down to take earlier, had his back against the storeroom, and his six-shooter was cocked. He was cursing a drunken Mexican stranger. Several of the *vaqueros* were standing near Bill, one of them with a hammer in his hand and another with a length of iron pipe.

There was no time to find out what the row was about, for Bill was primed to kill the drunk and perhaps the two unfriendly *vaqueros*. If that happened, he and I would be in a bad fix, for even if we could catch our horses, it would be a long ride to the border. There were no other Americans for miles around and our *vaqueros* were far from friendly and of course would side with their own people.

I grabbed Bill's gun and threw it into the storehouse and then gave the drunk the bum's rush to his horse which was just outside the corral. I saw he had a Winchester on his saddle, but I figured he was too foggy to use it. However, when I got him aboard his horse and started him off, I stepped behind a big gate post in case he did try to use the rifle. I only had my six-shooter, which wasn't much use in a situation like that. When I got back to Bill, he wouldn't have anything to do with me except to tell me to mind my own business and never butt in again.

The next day, a couple of soldiers from the village of Carrizal showed up to arrest me for assaulting the drunk. I told them I was just getting ready to start another roundup and I would come over in a few days and talk to the *Jefe Politico*, so they left. The *Jefe* was very willing to drop the charges in exchange for a little money.

REMEMBERING these happenings of three years before helped to pass a cold and dreary night, but I wasn't sorry when day began to break and the coyotes to howl. No *bandidos* had showed up. The cow buyer felt the same way, I reckon, for he came out of the depot and together we got a fire started and looked around the adobe shack for something to eat. We found some coffee and old dried *gordas* or biscuits, but we didn't have to have them, for Pancho and Juana showed up with a basket of food.

I insisted that Pancho go to the depot and listen to the telegraph which was chattering away and write down the messages coming over the wire. There were many disturbances and much fighting in the south. Apparently the revolution was off to a good start.

The steers were driven in about noon and were penned and ready to load when the stock cars showed up on a train from the south. The ranchers rode in just behind the cattle and were much upset to learn of the outbreak of the revolution. When they were handed the telegram from the El Paso bank which stated that Mr. Jones had no funds, they really came untied and bawled me out for coming and receiving the steers when I knew there were no funds to pay for them. I tried to explain that I knew nothing of this and had merely been sent down to load cattle. They could talk to Mr. Jones who was coming on the train.

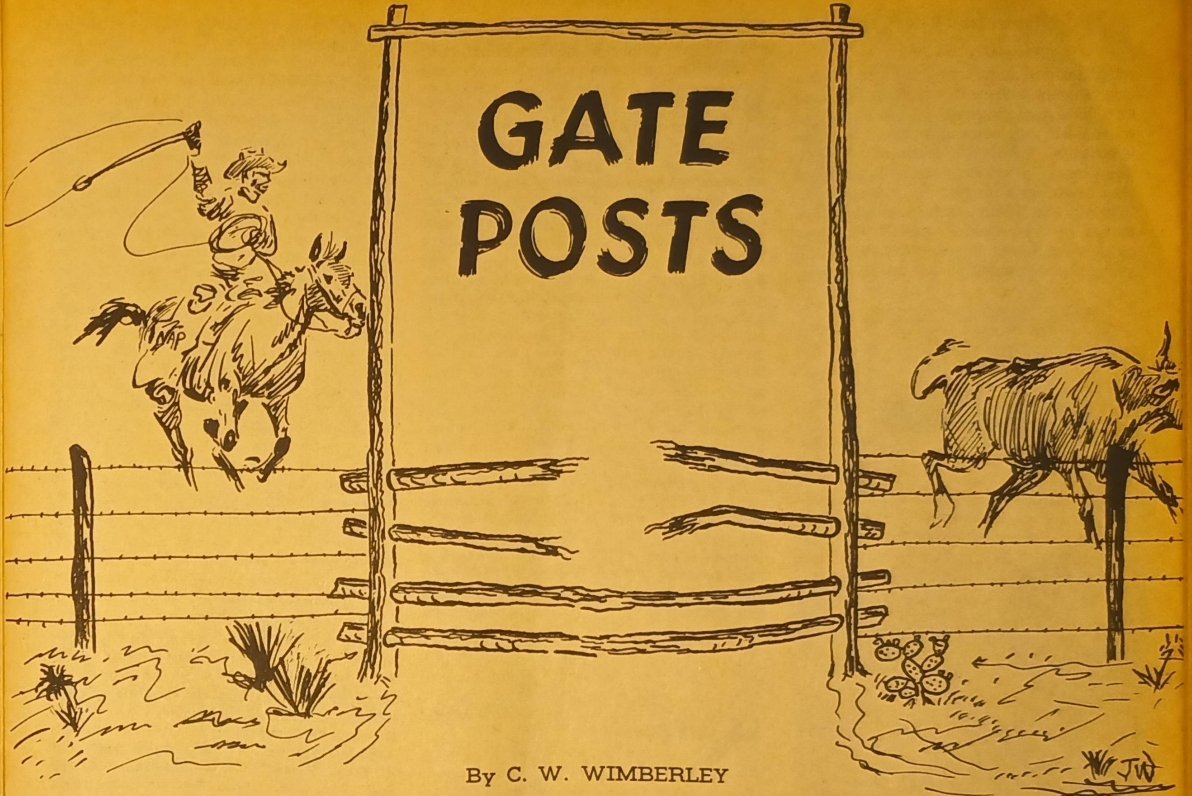
About four in the afternoon we heard a whistle, and the ranchers and Don Cruz came bursting out of the house to meet the train and tromp on Mr. Jones. But Jones stood firm and backed them down. He looked them straight in the eye and told them to read their contract, which stated that he was to buy the cattle delivered in the stock yards at El Paso. They would be paid for them there. So we loaded the steers, and the three Dons and Doña Lupe rode in the one passenger car, while Jones and I rode in the caboose with the train crew. We got to Juarez too late to cross the cattle that night but the next day they were crossed and safely penned and paid for. Was I glad to get rid of that job!

LATE IN THE FALL of 1911, I received a telegram from my friend, Don Arturo Morales of Guaymas, asking if I would be interested in buying the steers on his ranch at Fronteras. I was and we set a date to meet at the Gadsden Hotel in Douglas, Arizona.

I left El Paso at night on the Drummer's Special. It was a very convenient way to go to Douglas, for it was a local freight with a Pullman attached, which was set out near the depot on arrival and passengers didn't have to leave it until seven in the morning. This was also a good train to ship cattle on, for you could load the cattle in Douglas, get a good sleep, and wake up in El Paso the next morning.

The Gadsden did not serve meals. I found Don Arturo waiting for me, and

(Continued on page 40)



GATE POSTS

By C. W. WIMBERLEY

STOPPING and getting out to open and close a gate has always been a fretful chore to the country traveler. Today it's an impossible task. Nowadays when you can bank, eat, see a movie, or go to church without leaving the car's seat—who the devil is going to leave that seat to open a gate?

If you want to see a country cousin, just drive an extra forty miles or so to get out of opening that gate and, if it can't be done, phone him to meet you in town. Now that nearly all roads are hard-topped, most people drive so fast they would run over a gate before seeing it. And that's how cattle-guards were born. Using the wreckage from several gates, an Edison-inclined owner devised a contraption a car could run over with minor damage and a cow would have better sense than to walk into, and called the thing a cattle-guard.

Over in the hills of San Saba County, Texas, Mack Yates had a means of slowing the speedsters on his ranch—his own brand of bump gates. The gate proper was made of two-inch timber and operated on three of the biggest cedar logs to be found. For years the cedar-cutters in that part of the country hauled all their "Yates Posts"—a straight heart log over twenty feet in length and having a top measuring twelve or more inches in diameter—to Mack for a premium price. These gates operated well with the proper bump and a smooth follow-through but, when hit too fast, they would retaliate by playing patty-cake with the car, denting fenders and smashing lights fore and aft with a deep scratch alongside for any attempted quick escape. And if the gate happened to be damaged in the incident, Mack rewarded the offender with a boot in the pants. His size twelves were no idle threat.

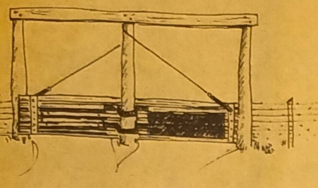
Back some fifty years ago when most roads were caliche and cars were automobiles, people didn't have speed troubles. Post roads between the big towns were the only places where you could open her up. On these narrow hog-backed roads it was still a risky business, for you usually drove down the middle astride the ridge and when you met another vehicle, you pulled over to your side of the slope with the right front fender cutting sunflowers and Johnson grass along the bar ditch until you had passed him. The turns were doozies, too, and they wore no warning signs. The road would just stop going one direction and take off in another at a right angle or less. After jumping the bar ditch into a cotton patch a time or two, survivors learned to respect them.

BACK in the hills, the Dutchmans kept you to a reasonable gate-opening speed on the county roads. Dutchmans were mounds of dirt which old-time commissioners built across the roads at intervals on grades to divert water from the road bed. When your Model T hit one of these Dutchmans while your foot was hung in the carburetor, you could expect the back seat cushion to come flying up to land about your shoulders, followed by a shower of cold-patching materials and engine tools that had been stored be-

The problem of keeping something out or keeping something in has inspired some right clever devices!

neath it. Any back-seat driver had already become a front-seat occupant in a most ungraceful manner.

Along these old county roads each property line was usually marked by some sort of a gate. Perhaps as old as barbed wire itself, the wire gap was the most worrisome of the lot. With an old harness hame or bowed stick to lever it shut with taut wires, it remains picturesque Old West. As late as the 1930s, by use of these "saddle gaps," you could ride from Lone Grove to Tow Valley along the old wagon road to Lampasas.

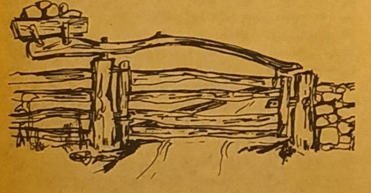


Mack Yates' bump gate sketched by Jim Garner.

But as people began to be more concerned about deer leases than neighboring, these gaps were closed. Now that travel in the area is restricted to county roads, deer are more abundant and old neighbors continue to speak to one another if they should meet in town.

During the depression years my brother-in-law, Guy Alexander, built some gates that would be a worthy reminder of those moneyless days. Guy was the kind of a fellow who could do more with a double-bit cedar ax than most jack-legged carpenters could do with a whole box of tools. One blade of his ax was dressed thin from the eye to the edge with a file; then honed smooth with a whetstone; the handle scraped with glass until it had the proper spring-in-the-hand when used; then soaked in linseed oil with a washer used to wedge it properly in the eye. And no one but Guy used this ax or so much as laid their hands on it. In a tight, I have seen him field dress an old doe with his ax. With a short blow he could sink it to the eye in green cedar, and for dry cedar or other timber he carried another blunt-edged ax.

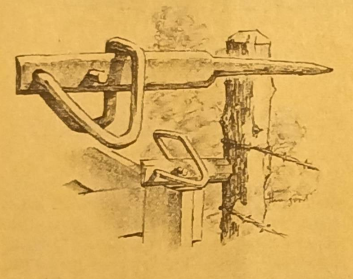
A cedar with a heavy branch extending at an angle from the body was selected by Guy for his gate. This tree was cut several inches below the fork and topped at about ten feet. Small cedar poles were used as panels with the forked branch serving as a brace. The butt end of the tree was set in a hole beside the gate post and the top was wired loosely to the post, allowing the gate to swing after a fashion.



Great-grandpa Adare's "groaning gate" in a Jim Garner drawing.

BLACKSMITH and tinker of sorts, Great-grandpa Adare found time in his old age to build gates on his place to suit his taste. Fashioned from slab lumber and hewn cedar, they were something to see. Wagon axles with hub spindles affixed to the gate post served as hinges. This post was tenoned at the top, and a long bowed log with a hole in it was placed atop it. The small end of this log was attached by a chain to the end of the gate and a trough on the butt end of the log held enough rocks to balance the weight of the cumbersome gate, making it swing quite easily. Each time these gates were opened or closed, the tenon at the top of the gate post moaned and groaned like a tomcat with his tail hopelessly caught under the rocker of a chair occupied by a deaf old lady.

Sitting beside my Grandpa Lawrence in his hack and being his gate-opener as we rode from his place on Pin Oak down the old road to Wimberley and on to San Marcos is one of my fondest memories. Grandpa had a way of always making a boy feel right big. He would let me open the gates that were easy to handle and on the mean ones, he would allow me to drive the team. The fact that Grandpa could talk Old Mox and Bill through a gate from start to stop at a distance of forty feet had no bearing on this matter.



Decker gate's figure 4 latch illustrated by Malcolm Thurgood.

The gate at the old Decker place was my favorite, and a standard for that era. The lumber used in making these old gates was of a grade that seemed only to weather gray with age, and its hardware was usually made from worn wagon tires by some local blacksmith. The hinges consisted of two long straps bolted to the gate and by the eye on male spikes driven into the gate post. A figure "4" latch held it shut. At the Decker gate, the top male spike was slightly right of center, causing it to swing open in a rising arc and, therefore, close on its own weight. By hanging on, a six-year-old boy could get a free ride on this gate while it swung shut and also a teeth-rattling jar if he failed to step off before it slammed against the post.

During Great-grandpa's earlier days, travelers going up the Blanco from Wimberley entertained another shade of memories for Bill Adare's pole gate. This antiquated contraption of inconvenience consisted of a series of small poles held parallel to the ground by a series of holes augered through large gate posts standing on either side of the road. After climbing down from the wagon, the traveler had to remove each of these poles by sliding it through one of the gate posts and stacking it beside the fence, one by one, before leading his team through the opening. By the time he had replaced each of these poles to its proper position and had regained his seat in the wagon, the traveler was certain to feel that he had had his dose of self-control for the day.

Being sticklers to the code of leaving a gate as you found it, most people closed Grandpa's gate, excepting an occasional Saturday nighter returning from Fischer's Store. Sometimes one of these riders would try to jump the poles with splintering effects or merely leave them scattered about in the dark. Either event could add substance to sermons on the evil of drink preached at Wayside Schoolhouse and in Wimberley on second Sundays.— Excerpt from *The Wimberley Hills: a Pioneer Heritage* by C. W. Wimberley, Published by Von Boeckmann-Jones, Austin.

Foot-Loose and Fancy Free

(Continued from page 38)

a few doors down the street we had breakfast and walked across the border to Agua Prieta where he had business interests. One of his men hitched a good team to a buckboard and we were driven to his Fronteras ranch.

Fronteras was a tough town and still is. It had been a Spanish penal colony and the inhabitants had the dubious distinction of being the offspring of hardened criminals; they themselves, by no stretch of the imagination, were gentle and kindly folk. This was the town where Eduardo and Red Lopez were spawned. Eduardo was shot to death near Tombstone, Arizona when caught stealing cattle, and Red joined the *Revoltosos*. For a brief space of time he enjoyed being much in the public eye by capturing the town of Agua Prieta. But he, like many others, could not stand fame and prosperity for long. He got extremely drunk one night and was captured by the Federals who stood him up against a wall and shot him.

We spent the night at the ranch and next morning rode out to look at the steers. We came to an agreement as to the cut and price on delivery in Douglas. The following morning at daybreak, the herd was started and we nooned at a watering where the cook had dinner ready. Then we hit the road again and made it to a line camp with a shack and some good corrals. After supper we turned in and slept on the floor in our camp beds.

About three in the morning we were aroused by a row outside. Suddenly the door was kicked open and four tough *hombres* dashed in with drawn guns. They announced they had come for our remuda. *El Capitan* had sent them to bring the horses back to Fronteras where they were needed to mount many new *Revoltosos* who were joining the cause of freedom!

Don Arturo calmly ordered one of his *vaqueros* to build up the fire and urged the uninvited guests to holster their guns and join us all in some very fine *tequila*. We would talk business later. The *tequila* was passed and large quantities of the fiery liquid were consumed by the unwelcome visitors. Then food was brought in. When these gunmen were somewhat gentled down, Don Arturo explained that he could not turn the remuda over to them as he had a contract with the American, indicating me, to deliver the cattle to Douglas. Furthermore (he became a little indignant), how did he know they were sent by the *El Capitan* to get the horses? Of course, if they had a formal written demand from the proper authority, it would be different. Did they have such a paper? If so, why didn't they produce it? He said he would not even talk to them about the horses or anything else until they could prove who they were. But, as a special favor, he would give them another drink and then they must leave his camp and not return without an order properly signed and sealed.

The gunmen went into a huddle and came up with the idea that they would accept Don Arturo's kind offer of another drink and then ride back to Fronteras and get the required authorization to pick up the remuda.

We gave them about a half an hour's start before putting the herd on the road. While I do not think much of hurrying cattle along, this was a case where we had to. Shortly before dark we crossed the border and penned the herd in the yards in Douglas.

THE NEXT TIME I saw Don Arturo was when a Kansas buyer and I were down in Sonora looking for some steers to contract for spring delivery to the Flint Hills in Kansas. We looked around but didn't find what we wanted.

I told the Kansan that I had to go over to Guaymas to see Don Arturo on business. If he didn't want to go, he could head back to the States, but he decided to go with me. We left the following morning. I met Don Arturo and finished my business and he invited us to dinner at his house that night. We had a pleasant evening but left early for our hotel, since the branch train would leave before daylight to make connections with the mainliner at Empalme.

When we arrived at the depot, we were told that the *Revoltosos* had burned the railroad trestle and passengers would have to cross the bay in a dinky little launch. The boat was pretty well loaded but managed to make it across a fairly narrow strip of water to the pier at Empalme. One of our fellow passengers was a short fat jewelry salesman who sat with a heavy leather case between his feet and hung onto it with both hands. The real payoff was when we got to the pier, which was built high above the water level. The only way to reach the top was to shinny up a slimy piling which had a cleat or two nailed into it. The water was rough, and the launch bobbed up and down.

The jeweler would not let anybody hold his case so he could climb up onto the pier. I don't know how we ever got him out of the launch, but somehow he was hoisted up to where a couple of husky soldiers were able to reach him. The soldiers escorted us to the depot where we waited for the train which was hours late. It was still dark and we could look back at the burning trestle and see figures cavorting around it, celebrating with the aid of the Mexican counterpart of John Barleycorn.

At last the north-bound train showed up with a heavy soldier guard. When we reached the border and crossed safely to the U. S. side, the Kansan couldn't have been happier.

WHILE FIGHTING was raging in the south of Mexico the smoldering embers of unrest in Chihuahua had not yet burst into flame. Still, a tense feeling of fear and suspicion brooded over the state, and several bands of Red Flaggers or revolutionists were causing trouble.

A long telegram came to me late in April 1912 from the Denver Commission Company which I represented, instructing me to contact Colonel Charley Hunt in El Paso in conection with a contract for 10,000 two-year-old Terrazas heifers. The colonel was what you might call a sharpshooter for Terrazas. He and his son Ralph were speculators. Ralph stayed down in Mexico on the ranch to get things ready and buy cattle and then deliver them. The ranch which he operated out of belonged to Terrazas. I was to go to this ranch, a few miles from Chihuahua City, and receive the cattle and then deliver them to a buyer who would be on hand at the El Paso stock yards.

The colonel had arranged for a bond to the Santa Fe Railroad to cover any loss or damage to an engine, caboose and thirty cars required to bring the cattle out of Mexico. I suspect that General Terrazas was the one who paid for the bond, but the colonel was ramrodding the deal. American railroads would not send any of their equipment into Mexico during these troubled times, hence the bond. The engineer and the fireman were Santa Fe men, but the rest of the crew were Mexicans who knew very little about railroading. It was the best we could do; it was impossible to get a Mexican train because the government and the revolutionaries had them all tied up with troop movements.

I was to ride the caboose down, work the cattle, and ride the train back. The colonel had sold the same number of Terrazas steers to another buyer, so I was to get the use of fifteen cars, and Bill Friels was to also have fifteen for his steers. Bill was from somewhere in the Powder River country in Montana. He was a salty little gent with an arm which had been crippled in some kind of a shooting scrape years before. The colonel had his son, who was a good cowman, at the ranch to arrange for the gathering of the cattle and, in general, look after that end of the deal.

Bill and I went down several days before the actual shipping was to begin and we were made very comfortable. Bill was extremely interested in the roundup. There were at least forty Terrazas cowboys and they made their roundups on wiry little mules, changing to horses only when the herd was worked. Bill was disgusted, however, at the way the herd was worked. He was given a horse and asked to point out the cattle that he wanted cut out. Then two *vaqueros* took after each critter, hollering, which riled up the herd until it was a milling mass.

Ralph wired the colonel to send the train down when the two herds were ready for shipment. It arrived late at night, and the following morning we loaded at daybreak. Bill stayed at the ranch, but as I had to deliver the heifers to the buyer who was waiting, I boarded the train for El Paso. We had a good run and crossed to the U.S. side before dark, and the next day I delivered the heifers. The following day I headed back to Mexico to receive the second shipment.

I TRAVELED on a passenger train and found that there were only two other passengers but many armed guards—really a wild and woolly looking outfit! Just the other side of Samalayuca, one of the guards pulled the emergency stop cord and the train squealed to a halt. Those who were standing fell flat on their faces, and those who were sitting down as I was, nearly tore the seat in front of them up from the floor. One of the fallen guards accidentally discharged his rifle in getting to his feet, but the bullet went through the top of the car. Then the train began to back up and we saw a saddled horse tied to a mesquite tree, and four or five of the valiant guards, rifles ready as if an enemy were about to ambush us, left the train to scout around. They found nothing but the horse and returned to the train and away we went again.

We got to the station where the cattle were being held in time for me to look the heifers over before they were moved to the bed grounds for the night. The cars were there the next morning, and we loaded both the heifers and the steers and started for El Paso. It appeared that we would have a good run, although we were side-tracked three times to let south-bound rebel supply trains pass. The result was that we arrived in Juarez long before dark and could not cross the river until the next morning.

A good deal of shooting went on in the railroad yards during the night and when I suggested to Bill that we go to the American side, he got cold feet. I told him that I spoke Spanish and I could get us through.

He said, "You might get killed before we get there though!"

He wouldn't leave our doubtful shelter, so we spent a long night lying on the floor of the caboose, and now and then a stray bullet found its way into our hideout.

The train crossed the Rio Grande the next morning and after delivering the heifers, I rode the stock train back south for another load. It turned out to be the last load we would have, though we didn't know it at the time. Everything went like clockwork and we made a good run and crossed back into El Paso before dark.

Before I had left the ranch with the last load of cattle, Ralph told me there would be a few days' delay on the next bunch as the cattle had to come from an adjoining ranch. After three days in El Paso, I went to see the colonel to learn if he had heard from Ralph, and he hadn't. The next day I went to his office again and he showed me a telegram from Ralph. It read, "Deal off. Send no cars." We didn't know why he had sent that message until he showed up in El Paso later in the week and we learned that Pasqual Orozco and a gang of Red Flaggers had ridden in to the ranch and forbidden the shipment of any more cattle. They had also told Ralph to leave the country at once, which he was wise enough to do.

The revolution got worse and worse. I'd sneak back every once in a while and then hightail it out when things got too bad. Conditions in Chihuahua were especially rough. Pancho Villa had invaded the state. General Luis Terrazas and his family were living in El Paso. They had fled from Mexico as had many other prominent, wealthy Mexican families.

Raul Madero came to see me in El Paso and made an astounding offer that would have made a lot of money if I could have accepted. Raul, a brother of the unfortunate Francisco I. Madero, was on the U. S. side of the line and could not go back to his ranch west of Chihuahua. The deal he offered was that he would sell me all of his cattle, several thousand head, and I was to receive them and pay for them there at the ranch. The cattle were not too good, but at the price he offered them to me they didn't have to be too good.

I told him I would buy them delivered on the U. S. side of the line at five dollars a head more than his offering price. Of course, he would not and could not trade that way for no one could get the cattle out of Mexico with the country lousy with Red Flaggers, bandits and the like. He knew it, as I did. Raul even promised me a military escort but I knew that didn't mean anything, for they probably would join the rebels, cattle and all. I heard no more from Madero, but I did learn later that his cattle and many others from the *haciendas* of the wealthy had been confiscated.

JUST AFTER I turned down Raul Madero's offer, one of my friends, Charley Morris, who was a sheepman, told me that he thought we could make a deal with General Terrazas to get his sheep out of Mexico for him. We went to see the general who, with his family and retainers, were occupying the whole seventh floor of the Hotel Paso del Norte in El Paso. He said he would pay us twenty-five cents a head American money for every head of sheep that crossed the border. Since he had 10,000 to 15,000, we would certainly make enough to buy *frijoles*. But there was one hitch. Terrazas's old enemy, Pancho Villa, had invaded Juarez and controlled the railroads. He was now "top dog" and his word was law. The general said we first would have to get Pancho Villa's permission.

Villa had commandeered a private home in Juarez, and Morris and I went over to try to see him. There was a mob in front of the house and a sentry on the veranda. The crowd was so thick that you couldn't stick a butcher knife in it without killing somebody. After forcing my way through the people to the sentry, I handed my business card to him and told him to take it to his captain and tell him that it was very important that I see *El General* immediately! He looked at me stupidly and bawled for the captain, who, when he arrived, didn't look any more awake than the sentry. He couldn't read and he looked at my card upside down and said that my request was impossible. But I convinced him that I was a very important personage, and so we were allowed to enter the house and go to the room where Villa was "holding court."

Villa was lying on the bed, booted and spurred, six-shooters and all that went with it. He was a strange contrast to the lace bedspread on which he sprawled. The room was filled with men who paid no attention to us but went on chatting and guzzling *tequila*. Villa wasn't drinking but his hangers-on were a noisy bunch.

As I took my stand beside the bed I felt someone behind me so close that I could feel his breath on the back of my neck. When I looked over my shoulder, I was not cheered any to discover that it was Rodolfo Fierro, Villa's *verdugo* or killer. He was a brutal looking fellow and his looks did not deceive him. With a lot of flowery talk I told Villa what I wanted. He replied, "You go back and tell my *compadre*, Don Luis, that he has robbed the people long enough, and now *I* will rob *him!* Get out!" I felt like I was talking to a rattlesnake. He looked just as deadly in his eyes.

When I told General Terrazas what Villa's message was, the general laughed and said, "I have many *compadres*, but I never knew that Villa was one of them!"

Ten days after my interview with Villa, Willie Benton, an English cattleman who owned Los Remedios, was murdered in the same room by the *verdugo*. I never heard what really happened but the talk was that Benton had come to register a kick of some sort. It was said that he was an expert shot and had threatened Villa. The trigger-happy Rodolfo Fierro shot him in the back.

As for Fierro, the story went that one time after he had filled his pockets with loot from Juarez, he got bogged down in the edge of one of those old lakes or *playas* and was sucked under in the quagmire. But I don't know for sure. If that did happen, it was a fitting end.

Villa's one idea was to upset a town and murder and rape and loot. And yet one time he captured a Mormon woman, a very attractive girl, and kept her for three or four months. When he sent her back to her people, he had never offended her in any way. He was a strange person and a very dangerous man! He hanged a friend of mine, a Mormon boy named Arthur McKinney. It was down in Paso Grande country.

Arthur was a slender fellow and he used to ride a pinto horse and work for a cattle company in that area. I knew him because I had been down in that country a number of times to work cattle. Villa's men caught Arthur out by himself one day and hanged him with baling wire. He wasn't heavy enough for his neck to break under his own weight, so they took him by the legs and jerked him until he was dead. As I say, Villa was a dangerous man. "Pancho Villa" was a name he adopted. His real name was Doroteo Arranga. The original Villa was a legendary figure who had long been a hero when Arranga was a boy.

IN THE LATE summer of 1912, I was visiting Walter Roxby at the Hacienda San Pedro west of Casas Grandes in Chihuahua. As resident manager of the ranch, he was disturbed at the growing number of roving bands of so-called *patrioticos*, who were in reality raiders and *bandidos*. The law forces were pretty well on the shelf in Mexico at that time. So far the San Pedro had suffered no appreciable losses of stock, but it was a situation which could very well turn sour anytime.

Roxby and I rode around over the ranch and he decided that he had better begin moving a good many of his Double Triangle cattle out of the country, and I had a buyer for them in Denver. Roxby said that he would have to go to the town of Janos to get permission to ship out a thousand cows. The next day we headed to Janos in a buckboard behind a spirited team of young horses.

Janos had been established as a Spanish penal colony a couple of hundred years before our time and the old church was still standing as were many of the other original buildings. No priests were allowed in Mexico during those troubled times, but as we drove into town the church doors were wide open and worshippers, mostly women, were going in and out. Somewhere we could hear a string band of two or three instruments playing "Pretty Red Wing," a favorite song in the United States.

It was some Saint's day and the government offices were not open, so we would have to wait to get a permit. We drove to the home of the mother of the cow boss at San Pedro. She lived in an old, partly tumbled-down house surrounded by a high adobe wall with a heavy gate at the entrance. The old mother and the older grandmother and a mob of little kids engulfed us as we drove in.

That night both women urged us not to go out of the compound, for since it was a *dia de fiesta* everyone was celebrating, and at night the town would not be a safe place for us. We remembered that the following day was Saturday and the offices would again be closed. Roxby was an old friend of Don Anselmo, the government man whom we had to see to get the required permit, so he sent him a note explaining that we had to leave early the following morning and if he would be kind enough to come to where we were with a blank form, stamp and seal, he would be well rewarded. Since the old fellow's pay was very low, we thought that would bring him, which it did. He was a nice old chap, shabby and ill-fed but very much a gentleman with fine manners. Only a few moments were required to transact our business, and Don Anselmo was truly pleased at the generous gift of coin of the realm and a few drinks of *tequila*.

Later Roxby and I spent an uncomfortable night, which was made hideous by drunks yelling and shooting, and we were not sorry when morning came and we climbed into our buckboard and pulled out for Nuevo Casas Grandes to catch the train for Juarez.

We saw no roving bands of Red Flaggers and the whole world seemed at peace. As we drove into old Casas Grandes through the narrow streets which were flanked with stores and saloons, I caught sight of a drunk with a six-shooter in his hand, standing in the door of a saloon glaring at us. As I was pointing him out to Roxby, the drunk began to shoot at us. Every time he fired, the team jumped. He emptied his gun and before he had time to reload, we had turned the corner and were on the road to Nuevo Casas Grandes. Roxby was giving the team a free rein and we sure drug our freight out of there!

When we arrived at Nuevo Casas Grandes, we went to the depot and found that the train would not run that day due to engine trouble. We had a friend who had a house in town. He was in the States, but we knew where he hid the key. It would be a long wait until the train came the next day, but having good beds would help. Our only problem during the night was the cockroaches, which nearly carried us off.

The train showed up the next day and we got into Juarez just twenty hours late. When we crossed the river to El Paso, I phoned the Denver speculator who was interested in the San Pedro cattle. He said he would be in El Paso the next day. Roxby returned to his ranch.

I arranged to have railroad cars at Hachita, New Mexico as soon as I was sure of the date we would arrive with the herd. We would have to drive them across country from Casas Grandes.

The Denver man arrived in El Paso on the morning train as planned, and in the afternoon we took the train for Casas Grandes. The next morning we looked at the cattle and the buyer agreed to take them at the price Roxby gave him, but we had to deliver and load them on the cars at Hachita. It took a couple of days to get the cattle worked and on the morning of the third day the herd of 865 head was started north.

Roxby had planned to make the buckboard ready to take us along with the herd, when out of nowhere a dilapidated Ford showed up, driven by an equally dilapidated man. The driver, part Indian and part Negro, was a perky little gent who wore a hogleg that almost dragged his tracks out. I had never seen a pistol with such a long barrel. He said he would take us wherever we wanted to go as long as it was on the good old U. S. side—but, he added, we would have to feed him. I think he was on the dodge from somewhere in Mexico.

The Ford had no top, no windshield and looked like a wreck, but the engine sounded okay. We decided that if the car would hold together, it would be better than a buckboard and team, so we took him up on his offer and all got in and pulled out to overtake the herd. The old car seemed to be getting along all right so we went on ahead of the cattle, planning to noon at the Charley Warren U Bar outfit.

I was sitting in the front seat with Shorty, and Roxby and the Denver man were in the back, when I happened to look over to my right at a long ridge and saw a string of horsemen outlined along the horizon. Four of them came charging down the hill toward us and never pulled up until the leader's horse slobbered in my lap. They were wild, tough-looking *hombres*. The *Jefe* said that his major wanted to see us, so with two of them on each side of the car, we crawled along toward the U Bar, which was just a mile or so ahead.

The major and his gang of cutthroats got there about the time we did. He explained that he was now in charge of that entire territory and one of us must pay export tax on the cattle. Roxby told him that he had no money with him, but if the major would take a check, he would pay the tax. The major was willing because the San Pedro outfit still had many cattle left and should the check not be good, plenty of cattle would be left for him to levy on. After he had been paid, the major was then very much a gentleman and treated us with great courtesy. He gave Roxby a receipt and a safe conduct pass in case we were held up by some other band. He assured us that it would get us and the herd through without further trouble. He then shook hands with all of us, including Shorty the driver, and with his hat in his hand, waved us on.

We encountered no more problems during the balance of the trip, but, as always, we were relieved to cross the border to the U. S. side. Bringing cattle out of Mexico during the revolution was a very profitable business, but I was just lucky that it didn't cost me my life!

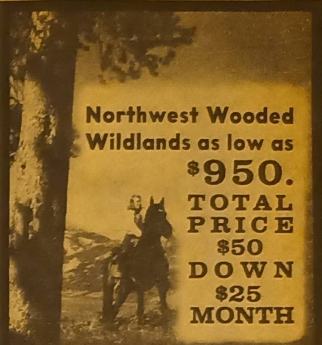
Some Men Ain't Sociable

(Continued from page 36)

There in the middle of the floor was a wash-tub filled with water, except for cans of food of all descriptions—beans, peas, tomatoes, hominy, peaches, apricots, pears, pork and beans, almost everything on the market in the line of food you could name. I sat around awhile and finally curiosity got the better of me.

"Charley," I asked, "why are the cans of food in the water?"

He answered, "I'm soakin' up the labels so's they'll come off easy. It's to save argyments with myself. I'll come in from ridin', hungry as a bear, and say I'm goin' to have some pork and beans. Then I'll reach up to get the can and see hominy next to it and will wonder if that wouldn't be better. Then about the time I decide it would, I see a can of corn and think maybe I'd like that. By the time I get through argying with myself, none of the danged stuff tastes good.



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"So the last couple of years I just take the labels off everything and if, as I'm ridin' home. I think how good some baked beans would taste, when I get here I reach up and get a can that looks most like baked beans. I open it and if it turns out to be canned salmon, I eat canned salmon. Likewise, in the morning, if I decide apricots would go good along with ham and eggs, I reach up and get a can that looks most like apricots and if it turns out to be tomatoes I eat tomatoes. Saves me a lot of argyment and time."

And then, "Say, Ranger, how about you eatin' supper with me? I got lots of venison stew and we'll open a can o' these nice apricots."

I asked, "Are you going to pick the can before you take the labels off, or after? I don't want any canned salmon with my venison stew!" He laughed real friendly and set the can of apricots aside, and I had my first meal with Old Man Lufkin and enjoyed it. After that, he seemed a little more human generally, but now and then he would flare up like an old she-bear. It was impossible to tell from one meeting to the next just what he would be like when you hailed him.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING in June, about 11 o'clock, I saw a rider approaching my station at a gallop and I had an intuition that something was wrong. It was Jim Stevens and he wore a sort of set expression on his face. After passing the time of day, he said, "We want you to come and see if you can do anything with Old Man Lufkin. We're moving part of the cattle to the south of Sage Creek where the feed is good; have about a thousand head. They belong to everybody and Old Charley says his are going to the Dryhead. Says we will take them all to the Dryhead or cut his out of the bunch so he can take them there. You know we can't do that and we don't intend to try.

"He's up there ahead of the herd at the forks of the trail where the gorge is narrow, with his gun across the saddle a-holding up everything. That's all the sense he's got. We want you to come up and get him out of the way."

Now, I did not want those cattle in the Dryhead area any more than the cattlemen did. The range there was higher and the feed was not far enough along. That had all been threshed out at an Association meeting. Also, at that time of the year, bears were rather numerous on the Dryhead drainage and little calves often did not fare so well. Old Lufkin knew all this as well as the rest of us but this morning he had one of his stubborn streaks and was "agin everything." So, I saddled my horse and rode back with Jim Stevens.

At the fork of the trail, I found everything as Jim had described it to me; half a dozen riders sitting idly on their horses behind a thousand head of cattle more or less, cows and calves bawling some, Old Man Lufkin sitting on Croppy ahead of the herd with his trusty carbine across the fork of his saddle. The second he saw me coming he began to bristle. I could see that he was really bushy-tailed and on the prod.

I wanted his side of the story, so I called out, "What's the matter here, Charley? Why don't you let these cattle by?"

He answered above the bawling of the cattle, "My cattle is a-goin' to the Dryhead and nobody can take 'em anywhere else. You keep out o' this, Ranger. It's none of your business."

"You know better than that, Charley. You know the Dryhead will not be ready for a month. You were at the meeting. Why didn't you object then?"

"I got a right to change my mind if I want to. My cattle is a-goin' to the Dryhead."

I knew there was no use in further argument. It would only make things worse. I also knew he would not shoot me as quickly as he would have one of the other men. "I'm coming up there where we can talk better, Charley. I'm leaving my gun here." And with that I took the pistol from its holster and handed it to Jim Stevens, making sure Lufkin could see me do it.

"You stay back there, Ranger. I'm a-warnin' you."

"I'm coming, Charley. We've got to talk." And with that, I started picking my way through the herd, never looking directly at the old man. As I rode through, I could hear him swearing and blustering but before I got to him he became quiet. I knew then that he was licked and figured the boldest course would be the safest. Riding up close, I raised my eyes for the first time, and quickly laid my hand on his gun. I did not grab it nor try to jerk it away; just laid my hand on the barrel and said, "I'll take the gun, Charley. You can lope on home and get us some dinner. I'm hungry as a bitch wolf. I'll take care of your end here."

I could see him relax and without further argument he handed the gun over and said, "All right. I'll do it for you but I won't do anything for them dirty s.o.bs," and he began to thread his way through the cattle. Before he had gone far I called. "You got any cans with labels on? I don't want any canned salmon for my dinner. Let's have steak."

He called back, "You'll take what you get and like it. How soon you be down?" As he passed through the group of riders, I could see him glaring at them and could hear his growl and knew they were being cussed out proper.

We headed the cattle up the Sage Creek trail and everyone heaved a sigh of relief, my sigh being the longest and loudest. One of the men said, "Well, we will hand it to you, Ranger. You are the first one who could ever do anything with him; the first one he ever acted friendly with."

So, the months passed by and Old Man Lufkin and I became friends. Only occasionally did he try to take me apart and at those times, instead of trying to pacify him, I said the most insulting things that came in my head. That was the only way you could get along with him, I had found. After a verbal exchange, if you just rode along and said nothing, it was not long before he was talking pleasantly—as a rule.

It was on such occasions that I found the old man had a side to his nature which I little suspected. He loved the hills and nature in general and was not devoid of sentiment as one would surmise. Fall was his favorite time of the year and it is mine also. One day, as I rode out with him on the reservation to get some of his horses, no fences in sight, grass almost knee high to the horses and already cured on the stem (it was October), we crossed Elk Creek and watered our horses and as we were sitting there letting them drink, Big Blue Ridge and Little Pryor Mountain looming up ahead of us, he surprised me with, "Hills is mighty hazy and blue. Kinda dreamy-like. Ever dream in the daytime, Ranger? Fat cattle comin' off'n the hills. Ruttin' season for elk and deer. Buck's neck swellin'. Bull elk buglin' all over. Coyote pelts gettin' prime. Horses' coats about ready for winter. Makes me think of lots of things—my freightin' days through here when we lived on sow-belly, beans, and canned tomatoes and drunk our coffee raw; also our whiskey but I never was much o' a hand for that."

I knew that there was more to Old Man Lufkin than he was given credit for. Who knows what had made him so bitter and ornery with his fellow man?

ALONG IN JANUARY of the winter of 1928-29 I was riding down the Sage Creek wagon trail in about a foot of snow, and thought I would stop and pass the time of day with Lufkin. I was surprised not to see smoke coming from his cabin but knew he was home as Croppy was munching hay from a well-filled rack in the corral. I dismounted and knocked at the door, then knocked a second time.

Finally I heard a muffled, "Why in hell don't you come in? A-standin' out there tryin' to knock down the door." At which greeting I opened the door and found him lying on his bed and covered heavily with wool blankets.

Naturally I asked, "What is the matter with you?"

With the fierceness of a grizzly he replied. "None of your damned business. Go on and leave me alone." I walked closer and found that he was breathing a little heavier and faster than usual.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"Shore I'm sick. What you think I'm a-layin' here for? And I'll die if you stay around askin' fool questions."

"When did you have something to eat, Charley?"

And he answered, "Ain't et for two days, I reckon, and don't want nuthin'."

"Well," I said, "I'm going to make a fire and warm up this ice house and make you some good soup."

"I won't eat a bite of it and I don't need no fire. Go 'way and leave me alone!"

I unsaddled Shorty and turned him in the corral with Croppy. They were good friends by this time. Then I carried in some wood and started a fire and began to round up the ingredients for a good venison soup. After an hour or so it was ready and I told him so.

He glared at me and yelled, "I told you I don't want any of your blasted soup."

It seemed a good time to change tactics. "Look here, old man, you're going to eat some of this soup if I have to hog-tie you and pour it down. Sit up there."

With that he sat up and said, "You're just the dirty skunk to bulldoze a man sick in bed."

"I'm not bulldozing a man," I answered, "I'm bulldozing a mangy old coyote. Here, eat your dinner and shut up." He hesitated, then took the bowl I offered and in a little while tasted the contents. It smelled so good that I was already eating. He took another spoonful, then seemed to eat with relish. The soup warmed him, and the room by this time was getting bearable. After a while Lufkin said, "Pretty good soup, Ranger. Guess I'll have a little more."

I spread his bed the best I could and tried to make him comfortable, then banked the fire and left him, telling him I would be back. I then rode on to my station and got on the telephone, the only one in that whole, big country. I talked to a deputy sheriff down in the valley (it was eighty miles to the sheriff's office) and told him of the situation, saying that I thought the old man either had, or was getting, pneumonia and that he would probably die with no more care than I could give him in his cabin.

The deputy agreed and said he would find Lufkin's son and that they would start as soon as possible and drive as far as they could, then borrow a team and sled and come the rest of the way prepared to take him out to the hospital. I went back to the cabin and did the best I could for the old man but didn't tell him about the call. I knew he would blow up and raise Cain all night, which would probably make him worse. I rolled my bed on a cot and slept fitfully. His heavy breathing bothered me and toward morning it became heavier.

ABOUT TEN or eleven in the morning the sled came and with it the deputy sheriff and the son. I met them outside and warned them that I had told the old man nothing about their coming nor that we were taking him to a hospital.

The son said, "Well, I'll bet he won't go then."

I told them just to let me handle the whole affair and say nothing; also to pay no attention to what I said or how I said it. They agreed and we went inside. Lufkin knew by this time that there was something in the wind and was ready for a fight.

"What in the hell do you birds want?" he hailed us.

"Charley," I said, "we've made arrangements for you to go to the hospital. There's a good sled all fixed up comfortably; good team, too. You'll be out in no time."

He simply sizzled and got so mad he couldn't talk plain. "You done this, you rat. You're allus meddlin' in somebody else's business. I ain't a-goin' one foot! I ain't goin' to budge from here!"

I said, "Charley, you listen to me. I'm trying to do the best thing I know how to do by you; and you're going if I have to choke you unconscious first to get you on the sled." And then, for good measure, "You mangy old coyote."

He seemed to ease up then and after a few deep breaths said, "You think it's best, Ranger? You think it is the thing to do?"

"Yes, I think it is best. I'll take good care of Croppy and you'll be back right away." And just to make him feel more at ease, I added, "And when you come back I'm going to kick the hell out of you." He almost smiled at that and I could see a less anguished look in his eyes.

So we loaded Old Man Lufkin on the sled and made him comfortable—and that was the last time I ever saw him. Not that he died. Heck no! And I'll bet he isn't dead yet. Why? Because the good Angel of Death can't take him without my help! He, the Angel, would be too easy and polite. You see, I am the only one who ever learned how to handle him.

They took him to the hospital. Diagnosis: Pneumonia in both lungs. He remained unconscious for days. I was kept informed by telephone. Never once did I doubt that he would make it. He was a very tough *hombre*. Just as soon as he was able he began to abuse the nurses and physicians and long before he was ready to leave, the nurses had practically refused to wait on him.

They took him to the modest home of his son and there he vented his wrath on the entire family, but especially on his daughter-in-law. It must have been terrible from what I could hear. Charles Lufkin got well finally but before he could get back to Pryor Mountain I was gone. I wish I could have seen him once more—whether he'd greeted me with a torrent of profanity or "Let's take a ride, Ranger. The hills is mighty pretty and blue. You ever dream in the daytime?"

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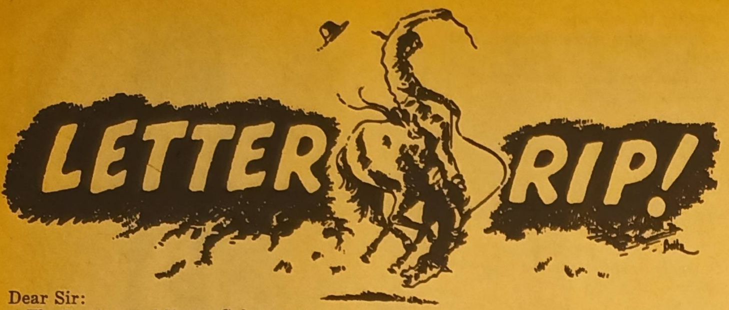

LETTER RIP!

Dear Sir:

The Institute of Texan Cultures (it was the Texas Pavilion during HemisFair) is sorely in need of some genuine old Texas Ranger items for display. We are not a museum and do not solicit or accept gifts of relics. We do borrow them for a period of one year for display, always giving proper credit to the lendor.

We have just returned a number of items from a small case in the Ranger area, and need some good replacements. We could use an old carbine, pistol, handcuffs, badge or any other items of similar size which were once owned by an old-time Texas Ranger.

If any of your readers who have such an item would consider lending it to us for a year for display, we would appreciate a letter from them.

Everything we borrow is insured from the time it comes to us until it is returned to the owner at the valuation set by the owner. This is a permanent state institution and we maintain full security with locked cases and guards on duty 24 hours a day. Lendors can be assured their property will be respected, taken care of, and returned when it is due.—R. Henderson Shuffler, Director Institute of Texan Cultures, P. O. Box 1226, San Antonio, Texas 78206

Dear Sir:

I received your Summer '69 OLD WEST magazine yesterday and the name, Kingston, New Mexico, brought a thrill to me in an odd way. I have several beautiful stamps dated from Kingston, October 4, 1957, and was told this is the day the post office closed its doors after seventy-five years of service.

In your story, you told of a bell with the date 1882 on it—which was rung to tell the people their mail had arrived by stagecoach. I'd like to think I have a piece of that memory, and would love to hear from someone in Kingston. Maybe they can tell me about the stamps and post office.

Thank you for the wonderful OLD WEST. May your magazine prosper always. Our home is never without it.—Mrs. Marie Waits, 3112 Ramona Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76116

Dear People:

A friend gave me a copy of OLD WEST a short time back. I can't get around much any more and I read quite a lot. I tore my legs up in early aviation at test pilot work, and they got to be so painful I had them both cut off two years ago.

In this Spring 1966 issue there is a poem, "Whistling in Heaven," author unknown. Well, here is the name of the lady who wrote it. It was Mrs. Jerldine Adams of the little town of Smithland, Iowa. They moved there from Texas many years ago. She was great at writing poetry.

I was born four miles from their ranch at the little settlement of Rodney. She took care of Mother when I was born. When I was ten years old, she and my older sister tried to get me to learn that poem to recite on the last day of school, but I couldn't make the half of it. My mind was too much on fishing. I am now within three months of being eighty-three years old, but I can remember that poem like it was yesterday.—Eber Harley Van Valkinburgh, 315 Hill Street, Reno, Nevada 89501

Dear Mr. Small:

While prowling the back country of Idaho in the Elk City area, I noticed queer markings on trees and rocks similar to those mentioned in an article by Harriett Farnsworth in the Fall '67 OLD WEST. This was about thirty years ago.

Now if the same Spaniards who mined on Sawtelle Peak penetrated the Elk City area they were rugged. However, gold was discovered at Elk City in the 1860s, which caused quite a rush. I wonder if, after reading that article, someone hasn't explored the Sawtelle and Rea Pass. In that story there exists something repugnant, eerie and devilish. It sticks with me. I keep the magazine and quite often reread the story. It contains everything that makes a story good. It's too true to forget.—Brit Aiken, 13015 Pioneer East, Puyallup, Washington 98371

Dear Sir:

One of my first books was a history of early Tennessee entitled *Old Tales Retold* by Bonner. Your article, "Land of the Noose" about the old Yegua Knobbs in the Spring 1969 OLD WEST is indeed an "Old Tale Retold" to me.

I first heard it as a young boy of seven at my grandmother's knee in San Antonio, Texas. Ever since, my favorite reading has been history. My grandmother was one of the first settlers of the Knobbs Community. Her families were the Meeks, Hughes and Turners. The author of the article, Mr. Martin, and the man pictured with him, Mr. G. F. Stewart, are my mother's first cousins. I have just returned from a visit with Mr. Stewart at The Knobbs. The cemetery pictured holds many of my ancestors back to 1860. It is known as Meeks Cemetery. My great-grandfather, Natha Meeks, donated the land for it in 1860.

I read all of your magazines regularly and think they are the best of all magazines of their type.

I'd like to hear from anyone having any knowledge of Captain John R. Hughes, Company D., Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers. He served at El Paso and Ysleta, Texas in the 1880s and 1890s.—D. R. Roberts, 1514 Stanford, Houston, Texas 77006

Dear Sir:

I got a big kick out of your story "The Men Who Don't Fit In" in the Summer OLD WEST. The author mentioned some of the places in Butte where I have stayed, like the Finnish Boarding house, called the Belmont House, right next to the Belmont Mine which was closed at the time when I was there in 1921. I knew the owner of the Belmont House, John Jackson from Crystal Falls. I knew his family, also. His son and I were pals. John has been dead now for many years. He ran a saloon in Crystal with his brother-in-law, Matt Kangas, before he went to Butte. His other wife that he married in Butte had another boarding house in Mullan, Idaho. I ate some meals there, too, on my way to the big timber in the state of Washington, up the little Satsop River for the Shaffer Brothers, at Camp Eight. From there we went to the Grays Harbor at Aberdeen. That also was a Finn town. They had two boarding houses there, also owned by Finns. Wherever the Finns go, they always have a sauna. So we ate good, and went to the sauna, just like we did when we were in Butte.

Many of the Michigan lumberjacks went West, after the pine was gone up here, to work in the woods out West in the big timber. Many of the lumber companies got their start in the Michigan pines and then moved west and are still there—like the Weyerhaeusers. That was in WWI days, when I was there, the start of our labor unions. I saw the bridge where Frank Little was hanged in Butte, after being dragged by a car for many miles. He was an agitator for better wages.

Crystal Falls had been one of the wildest towns during the pine logging days. There were over thirty saloons, and you could see several fist fights going on in the streets among the miners and lumberjacks. At one time we had over thirty lumber camps with hundreds of lumberjacks full of whiskey. You could expect a lot of fights. Not too many were killed, but many got cut up. Now you never hear of a fight anymore. —Eino A. Nelson, RFD 1, Box 154, Crystal Falls, Michigan 49920

Dear Joe:

My first memory of Indian talk was in December, 1890. We lived within a few miles of the Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Father was arranging to send Mother and us two children, brother Joe and myself, to Wisconsin, because of the so-called "Indian scare." We learned later that this Indian scare talk was spread by our government and their soldiers. One group of these soldiers headquartered about two miles northwest of our home although there had been no Indians within miles of that place.

I remember seeing guns stacked in the corner of our kitchen. These guns were owned by neighbors who had gathered at our home that evening. The next day, Father took us to Gordon where we boarded the Fremont Elkhorn and Missouri Valley train for Omaha.

We returned from Wisconsin the next spring and found that none of the settlers had been molested by Indians even though, in December of 1890, a brutal massacre of Indians by our soldiers had taken place at Wounded Knee.

We lived ten miles north of Gordon, and nearly every night Indians were camped in the valley east of our home. I remember my father saying that a Sioux's word was as good as gold. He would sell them hay, potatoes, chickens, etc., and take their word for it. They always paid. Yet I lived to see (under our government treatment) that same individual's word become worthless. Why? Because we cheated the Indian whenever we, as a government, dealt with him. We have no record of a treaty with the Sioux Indian which we have not broken.

I remember my father and Jack O'Rourke (no relative), who was a government employe called Boss Farmer, standing talking beside our well curb, where we hauled water with a rope and wooden buckets. That day Jack O'Rourke was on his way to Gordon to make arrangements to have three railroad carloads of grain binders freighted out to his station for delivery to Indians. There was not an acre of Indian grain in his area. The Indians' account was, of course, charged with a grain binder. Those two men just stood there and shook their heads.

For many years our government issued 500 head of beef cattle per month to the Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation. John Larsen, an employe of the people who had the beef contract, told me that one spring his boss told him to take a group of cowboys to the Lacreek and Stinking Water country where they had thousands of cattle grazing. (Having these cattle on the reservation was contrary to government rules.) He told him to bring back 250 head of the poorest steers he could find. John said he did just that. And they were real poor. He left them with herders southeast of Pine Ridge. He and his boys then went south of what is now White Clay and met Louie Brinker, who had just trailed in from Colorado with a large herd. He was told to get 250 of the poorest out of this herd, bring them back to the reservation, and put them in with the other 250 head. John said he had 500 of the poorest steers he had ever seen. Remember this was in the spring and all cattle were poor.

The government inspector refused to take the cattle, so they parleyed for two days. The next day John's boss called him over to his buggy, handed him a huge roll of bills, and told him to take them over to a man in a buggy some distance away. This was the inspector. "Don't say a word, just hand him the bills," John was told. The next morning they began issuing the so-called "beef" steers to the Indians who were hungry and needed food.

These are some of the many instances I could tell about. The Indian knew he was getting a bad deal, so after many years perhaps he decided to play the game the white man's way.

My mother later had a small grocery store and dealt with the Indians a lot. Many nights there would be ten to twenty tepees across the road from our home. (This was before they had the modern tent.) We never locked a door. We never missed anything.

Some of our Indian friends were: John Woman Dress, Two Lances, Fire Thunders, Ghost Bears, Long Skunks, and many more full-bloods; the Janises, Dixons, Kocers, Lesserts, Laravies, Conroys, and many others who were mixed bloods. These people were at that time our very good friends and those who are living, still are.

My wife, Jerene, and I taught school at No. 22 Day School near Eagle Nest Butte and later for three years at No. 14 Day School, at the head of Stinking Water Creek. We found that the Indian children are very cooperative.

My wife's father, Charlie Rebbeck, was a civilian scout at the time of the Wounded Knee massacre. He knew that Indian women and children were found as far as two miles from the massacre field where they had been brutally murdered. Charlie Rebbeck in later years operated a store and was postmaster at Albany, Nebraska, fourteen miles northwest of Gordon. He knew the Sioux language as well as any Indian. During this time he sold a monument to the Indians where it still stands at that long grave of the murdered people.

In the last few years a decided improvement has been begun for the Indians. However, when someone says, "See what we have done for the Indians," ask him if anyone has told him what we have done *to* the Indians.—Frank O'Rourke, Ru Jo Den Rt. 1, Chadron, Nebraska 69337

Dear Friends:

I was reading your Summer OLD WEST about Mr. Brazil and enjoyed it very much. Of course, at seventy-six years and being an old ten-day man myself in the mines of the West, I was struck by the gap of the '30s as that was when I finally quit the old merry-go-round after taking a lease out of Mojave, California in the El Paso Hills. It is funny how it happened. I drilled around in drift and hit a hidden lake, and that was the last time I moved fast up 150 feet of ladder—and it carried me out of mining the rest of my life.

It sure takes a lot of push to put one of us boys who loved mining out of circulation, and today you will find me, weather permitting, up the old trails to Goldfield-Tonapah or other memories. After all, what is life but yesterdays and today? I have been a reader of yours for years. I read the magazines and send them on to Viet Nam as I was in the Marines in World War I.—Larry P. Morrissey, P. O. Box 7121, San Diego, California 92107

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Silver Lake's Tragic Christmas

(Continued from page 28)

he wasted no time voicing it, "Sure need help," he agreed quietly. "You'll be ridin' to Lakeview after Doc Daly, I reckon."

O'Farrell turned abruptly and headed for the livery barn. As he passed the saloon, he noticed that bodies had already been placed there on the floor. He averted his eyes and changed his mind about one quick, warming drink before starting the ride.

The livery stable was deserted. O'Farrell pushed open the door and found the lantern in its accustomed place on the nearest harness peg. By its dim light, he quickly saddled the long-legged, powerfully built gelding. The animal had already sensed the disaster outside and stepped nervously as O'Farrell tightened the cinch. He gave the horse a brief, affectionate pat on the rump.

Then they were outside the stable and under the black, star-speckled sky. The wind and cold had increased with the night and the big gelding pranced while O'Farrell tied a handkerchief over his ears and pulled down his hat. Ears froze quickly in twenty-below-zero weather like this. He was thankful he had left the homemade sheepskin vest still fastened behind his saddle and now he put it on under his mackinaw.

There was no one to say good-bye as O'Farrell swung into the saddle; but word was being passed around and people knew he was going for a doctor. "You just take it easy," they comforted the badly burned, as they lifted and carried them to the saloon, the only available building large enough to shelter the injured. "Take it easy. Ed will have the doctor here before you know it." No one mentioned the 100 miles that separated Silver Lake from the larger town, or commented on the freezing weather. But Warren Duncan and others thought of O'Farrell and in their minds traveled the miles with him.

It was a far easier task here, cutting away clothing and applying home-made bandages, than the one which faced O'Farrell. Duncan asked if the roads were open as far as Paisley. No one seemed sure of the answer. And the depth of snow at the summit, where O'Farrell had to cross, could only be estimated. Should his horse suddenly go lame or drop from exhaustion, Ed O'Farrell's name would be added to the mounting death toll of this stricken community.

Already, it was known that sixteen women had perished inside the hall. Eight men had been counted and there would be more when it was possible to search the debris. Among the forty persons badly burned, several were sure to die before Christmas Day had passed.

THERE WERE not enough unharmed people in Silver Lake to care for the injured and bury the dead. Everyone helped in any way possible, and often those who did the nursing wore almost as many bandages as did the patients. Sheets, pillowcases and even petticoats were torn into strips and soaked in any available ointment and still there was a shortage of bandages. People gave what they had. Many a man said, "There's some sheets made out of flour sacks and a few quilts in our house. You're welcome to 'em." And often the speaker's voice would break as he added, "Won't be needin' much, after losin' my family."

And while cowboys rolled up the sleeves of their long, red underwear and became nurses, Ed O'Farrell rode east into the bitter night. It was important to conserve his horse's strength so O'Farrell held the gelding to a running walk on the twenty-two miles of open road to Summer Lake. There he paused only long enough to shout the news of the tragedy and ask that a good team be held in readiness for the doctor's buggy. Paisley was twenty-nine miles farther south and the road was becoming uncertain. Last week's wind and snow had made drifts in unexpected places and they caused the gelding to break his swinging stride. "Take it easy," O'Farrell said, "take it easy. We got a long way to go yet." Sometimes the man held his gloved hands before his face and allowed his breath to warm his benumbed cheeks. Close by, a lonely coyote lifted his nose toward the sparkling stars and volubly protested the cold and his empty belly. Accustomed as the horse was to the wail of a coyote, he shied now and even O'Farrell's flesh prickled.

It was still dark when O'Farrell rode into Paisley. He climbed stiffly down from the saddle and his shouts and kicks on a door brought a bleary-eyed man who was struggling into his clothes.

"It's a hell of a time . . ." he began, irritation evident in his voice. Then he held up his lantern and peered at O'Farrell. "You ain't Santa Claus," he said, "but your face sure looks like you'd come down a chimney!"

The man's humor was lost on O'Farrell. "There's been hell to pay at Silver Lake!" he said grimly. "Chrisman's store burned to the ground! They weren't through counting the dead when I left. And a lot more's going to die if they don't get a doctor!"

O'Farrell drank a cup of warmed-over coffee and ate hastily fried scraps of salt pork while the gelding was being watered and fed. "I hate to take the time," he told the man, "but that horse needs grain to get us over the summit. You can bet nothing's been over that road except coyotes and jackrabbits!"

"I reckon you're right," the man agreed. "Sure ain't the sort of trip I'd relish. It's still a good twenty below!" And he added, "Wish I had a fresh horse to offer you but the best I got couldn't match that horse of yourn!"

"Just have a team here waiting for the doctor," O'Farrell replied. "Doc may have some good horses but they'll be ready to rest by the time they get to Paisley."

THE EAST had grown lighter during O'Farrell's brief stop and as the daylight increased, the wind abated. The distance from Paisley to where the road turned abruptly south, just below the end of Lake Abert, was estimated to be about twenty-two miles. This morning it seemed double that to Ed O'Farrell. The steep, rock-rimmed escarpment towering along the east edge of the lake seemed to recede as the tired man and horse rode toward it. Cold, bright sunlight sparkled on the frost-covered sagebrush, and each juniper was a painful reminder of a tree so lately trimmed in gay paper chains and garlands of popcorn. O'Farrell would never forget the terrible pyramid of flames it had made.

More than seventy miles were behind him now and just as O'Farrell had predicted, the road ahead was unbroken except for rabbit trails and tracks of the predatory coyote. On this higher elevation the wind had whipped fiercely, piling the snow into huge white drifts. Before O'Farrell reached the summit, he was forced to dismount and break trail for his horse. O'Farrell's lungs ached, his body felt like lead, but he wallowed on through the snow, and the gelding followed in his steps.

At last they crossed the summit and started down the south side. The lengthening blue shadows on the snow and the stirring east wind warned O'Farrell that dusk was coming. Then he saw sled tracks ahead and thanked God that some rancher needing groceries had gone to Lakeview ahead of him.

Once more O'Farrell mounted the gelding but the animal's swinging pace was gone. He moved woodenly as if each step were a supreme effort. The man, too, was exhausted and his body sagged in the saddle, swaying with the horse's uneven gait.

At 4 p.m. Christmas Day O'Farrell rode into Lakeview. People afterward described his ride as one of the most remarkable feats of courage and endurance in the history of Oregon. O'Farrell could scarcely stand when he slid out of the saddle but he shouted at the bystanders, "Quit your gawkin' and get Doc Daly! Get him started for Silver Lake!"

O'Farrell had scarcely finished his story when the fast-stepping Tom and Jerry were hitched to the doctor's buggy and his medical supplies piled in. In less than an hour, Dr. Daly and Willard Duncan were on their way to Silver Lake. Several men on horseback accompanied them over the summit to break a road for the buggy. Then with a shouted, "Goodbye and good luck!" the riders returned to Lakeview.

The buggy was curtained. Dr. Daly's lap robe was warm as were the heated bricks placed at his feet, but still the cold seeped into their bodies. He remarked several times before they reached Paisley, "I tell you, Willard, that man Ed O'Farrell is a hero! To ride horseback a hundred miles through this weather takes guts!" However, Dr. Daly, like most doctors of that time, seemed to regard the trip he was making just another part of his duty. The buggy wheels made a keening sound as they cut through the frozen snow and the butt-chains tinkled like bells in the cold. Assured of a fresh team at Paisley, Willard Duncan drove the horses at top speed.

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LIGHTS were burning for them at Paisley and while they drank steaming coffee and swallowed heavy sandwiches of beef and biscuit, a new team was hitched to the buggy.

Very soon the wheels were continuing their dirge as if never interrupted. Dr. Daly pulled the woolen muffler up to cover a portion of his face and leaning his head against the back of the seat attempted to doze. A sliver of moon showed briefly above the horizon, then was replaced by the morning star.

"Oh God!" the livery man greeted them at Summer Lake, "I never was so glad to see anyone in all my life! Gus Shroder was here gettin' stuff for bandages and beddin'. He says it's plain hell over there. Several folks died yesterday. Soon as it's daylight, I'm goin' to go and do what I can to help."

Cramped and tired, the men climbed out of the buggy and once more drank coffee. Their cups were only half emptied before the fresh team was waiting for them. And this time as the eager horses moved into the darkness, only twenty-two miles remained between them and their destination.

There was a light in every house of the small settlement at Silver Lake when a barking dog announced the arrival of the doctor's buggy. In spite of the cold, several doors opened and their owners stood in the doorway, silhouetted against the yellow lamplight. And you can be sure that in their hearts they were earnestly thanking their Maker for men such as Ed O'Farrell and the doctor.

It was now 6 a.m. December 26 but no one would have guessed as Dr. Daly emerged from the buggy—familiar, black satchel in his hand—that he had just completed a hundred-mile trip. His weariness seemed to dissolve with each step and as he entered the saloon he radiated cheerfulness and a brisk confidence. The frightened, suffering victims of the fire felt reassured before he spoke a word.

Soon the pungent smell of ointments and laudanum, the latter to relieve intense pain, were permeating the air. And gradually a sort of order was established among the maze of improvised beds. Some of the badly burned were now able to sleep for the first time. Cowboy nurses and others who had kept vigil since Christmas Eve could relax as their responsibility shifted to the doctor.

It is much to Daly's credit that only three more people died after his arrival. And certainly his name is among the heroes of frontier times in the Northwest. History relates that forty-three deaths resulted from the tragedy. No family was left untouched! And when winter winds sweep the dry lake country and old-timers retell the story, Ed O'Farrell's ride to Lakeview receives its full share of praise.

Bronc Peelin'

(Continued from page 37)

have, get the Indian sign on him and he's yours.

"ONE SPRING over on the 77 outfit near Boulder a husky bay gelding showed up in the corral tally. He was as pretty a piece of horse flesh as anyone ever set eyes on. All the hands wanted him for their string, so Des, the ramrod, had the crew draw straws for the animal. A little sawed-off hand called Shorts got the best of the draw. If he'd won an interest in the outfit Shorts couldn't have been more tickled," Lue remembered.

"Shorts didn't weigh more than a hundred pounds with rocks in his pockets, and when he climbed atop that bay the animal let out one squeal and twisted himself into more shapes than you can bend a wet rope. The gelding piled Shorts into the corral rails and then tried to kick him into a funeral procession. Hadn't been for the rest of the boys he would have succeeded.

"The foreman ordered the gelding into the outlaw string, right off. About that time a big 6'6" hand who weighed about as much as a load of wet hay joined the outfit. His name was Windy, and he was true to his name. Not saying the boys didn't frame him, but before sundown Windy had edged himself into a bet that he could top the ornery gelding that had piled Shorts.

"Well, Windy might have been a blowhard but he had real cow-hand guts. By the time we'd roped and cinched a saddle on the gelding, Windy had an idea about what to expect. What the gelding didn't show off in saddling, the corral gang did, even to rigging a blanket stretcher.

"Windy climbed on anyway and shouted us clear. We all held our breath as the big bay planted his feet and rolled his eyes—sort of shivering like he was getting ready to bust in all directions at once. Only trouble was he didn't bust. He just stood there until Windy raked him with his spurs. Then he began trotting around the corral like a pet mare after an apple.

"It wasn't until summer that we figgered it all out. A drifting hand remembered the horse and gave us his home-range history. He had been topped as a three-year-old by a professional bronc-peeler named Sack Morris. Sack was a giant of a man, bigger than Windy and with a tough reputation of breaking a horse all the way. The gelding had reasons to remember his first topping. But when Shorts slid into the saddle, he was so light on the animal's back, it just plumb forgot to remember. Windy's weight put the Indian sign back on the bay, just like Sack intended."

Getting the Indian sign on a horse doesn't mean he won't pile you along the trail sometime when you least expect it. Every horse has its pet spook. That is where riding savvy comes in. Anybody can get on a horse and sit-saddle. It is being able to throw your body in balance with the horse's stride that makes riding.

About the first thing a person intending to do much riding should learn is how to fall off a horse. Knowing how to quit a horse can be a darn site more important than learning how to hoist onto leather.

Old Lue had an anecdote to put that point across. "You folks who've been on a camp-out to Quartz Canyon remember the trail leading down from the rim?" Lue would begin with a sly grin. No trail party member ever forgot his ride down that canyon trail with its straight up and down cliff on one side and its drop of a few hundred feet on the other. Even pack mules lifted their ears when they rounded some of the trail's narrow bends.

"I was tailing a hunting party with a pack string one time for a guide named Sinky Smith. Sinky was riding point with the party atop a bullet-headed little pinto he'd picked up in an Indian trade. We were about half-way down the canyon trail when the pinto bolted. I never did figure why, and Sinky never did go into detail. The trail was only about belly-wide where it twisted around a cliff ledge and the way that pinto was moving, I figgered we'd be picking up Sinky and his pinto in pieces somewhere in the canyon bottom.

"Sinky must have had the same thought because with about the first leap of his horse he slid back over the cantle of his saddle and wide-legged it down over the horse's rump to light feet down on the trail. The pinto kept going—right over the edge into the canyon below!"

Sinky had used an old bronc-busting trick you see every time you see a rodeo. When the pick-up man closes in alongside the bucking horse, you'll see the contestant grab over and slide off his bucking mount's back to hit ground with his feet in motion. If his balance is good, he doesn't even have to slap the arena dust off his Levi's.

CONTEST RIDING in a rodeo and range riding are as different as fishing for fun and fishing for a living. In contest riding you're riding for show; ironing the winter kinks out of the outfit's corral herd is earning your wages. Grab leather if you want to. Hobble the stirrups if you feel like it. Tail hitch your horse and turn him around until he's dizzy if you feel it will help. It all goes when you're breaking your working string. How you do it is your business.

There is a thrill that goes with topping a bronc and for some of you folks who never expect to feel that thrill, and still would like to, here is a little secret. You've probably never heard of a Sunfishin' Sue, but there was a time when it was the dude ranch term for a mechanical bucking bronc. It doesn't cost much to make and all it needs is as much room as your backyard woodshed.

Get a fifty-gallon steel oil drum, one of the straight-sided kind, and drill four one-half-inch holes through the flanges at the ends, two to an end. Have the holes dead center the middle of the drum's end. Into these four holes fasten four detachable chain links. They can be bought at any hardware store.

Next, if outside, plant four stout upright poles in a square about ten feet apart. If indoors, fasten four more chain links about ten feet apart from your building rafters or joists. From each link run four three-quarter-inch strands to the links in your oil drum so as to suspend the drum by the four ropes about three feet above the ground or

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floor. Now take a saddle and cinch it to your drum. The support ropes should run to your drum at about a 45-degree angle.

I don't have to tell you what to do next. Just get into the saddle and challenge the neighbor kids to buck you off by tugging on the suspension ropes. Jerk on any two ropes and your drum is pitching like a bronc coming out of a chute. Jerk at a cross angle and you get the sunfishing effect. Rotate on your rope jerk and you get a pinwheel or sidewind motion. You can, with a little testing, make that drum go through every motion of an outlaw bronc—all without danger of being kicked in the face or taking a skid on your ear.

And, if some genuine bronc peeler comes along and starts calling you a sissy, challenge him to ride. Only for such cases, have about a yard of heavy rope extending out from one end of the drum like a bronc's tail. When Mister Bronc Peeler is doing his show-off, grab the tail and give it a hard jerk. Mister Bronc Peeler is going to paw air!

Ghosts of the Men from Spain

(Continued from page 29)

civilians in his party filed mining claims upon their return to San Antonio. The leader of the expedition did not.

Later, Miranda promoted the Llano area in the hopes of getting a presidio established there with himself as captain. The Viceroy in Mexico City insisted that Miranda would have to send thirty mule-loads of high quality ore to Mexico to be tested before a presidio could be placed in the *Los Almagres* region.

By requiring such a great amount it appears the Viceroy was trying to discourage Miranda, or it could be that the officials just didn't trust their countrymen on the frontier. Since Miranda had not filed a mining claim and since the office of presidio captain was much more secure and profitable than that of Lieutenant Governor, it is possible that Miranda "salted" the *Los Almagres* for personal political gain.

During 1758, Miranda was not in Texas and may have been in Mexico trying to solicit investors in *Los Almagres*. It was during this time that Comanches wiped out the San Saba Mission which had been established in 1757 some eighty miles west of *Los Almagres* near present-day Menard. This massacre most likely frightened any prospective investors.

Failing to get money to finance his venture, Miranda faded from the mining scene and became a merchant and attorney in San Antonio. Nevertheless, his actions set a precedent for mineralogical exploration of the area. The civilians whom he took with him continued to mine the *Los Almagres* region.

IT WAS sometime between 1758 and 1789 that the ore mill on Walnut Creek was built. Its construction possibly could have been the work of Miranda's original five civilians. Indian hostilities were always a threat and, according to the Nacogdoches Archives, five Spanish miners were killed by Indians while mining the *Los Almagres* region in 1789. As the tribes reclaimed the Llano area, Spanish activity there declined.

The last Spanish mention of mining interest in this area was in 1823 when Iturbide, Emperor of the Republic of Mexico, sent a man named LaBaume to inspect the *Los Almagres*. He was stopped by the Comanches.

During this period of Indian control, the San Saba Mission area and the Llano mining area became confused in the minds of legend-makers. Jim Bowie, in the 1830s, searched for the *Los Almagres* in the Menard area instead of in the Llano region. Reports of S. B. Buckley, a state geologist, reveal that Anglo settlers in the Llano area had mentioned a Spanish mine to him. It seems that when they settled there in the 1850s they had found a sack of silver ore at the mine.

The problem is that you can't get all you need to know out of books and reports and ledgers. It also takes a heck of a lot of "jawin'" with the old-timers. This can be time-consuming work because they just aren't too ready to tell a stranger everything they know. They've had too many people running over their land digging holes wherever it struck their fancy. My family has a ranch in Llano County and I know whereof I speak!

At first they don't know *anything* about any Spanish diggings, but after three or four hours—if you're lucky—or after a few visits, an old-timer may come out with, "Oh yeah, I remember playing around that hole as a kid." It's strictly a matter of feeling out the other person to see how much he knows and then conversationally bargaining for information.

Knowing this, Patten went out combing the cactus-covered hills armed with the map he'd compiled of the locations of Spanish mining activities. While poking around Honey Creek Cove, he met Mrs. Gray, the unofficial local historian. She had plenty of information about the legends surrounding *Los Almagres* and even knew where a smelter had existed near the mine. Mrs. Gray also related a story about a place on Honey Creek called Blue Hole. According to her story, Spaniards being chased by Indians dumped their load of silver into Blue Hole. Because of the depth, it has never been retrieved.

Patten learned about the mill on Walnut Creek through Dawson "Mike" Tinnin, his barber. It seems that Tinnin had found it while hunting. Over coffee one day, Patten offered to show me the mill, so we set aside a couple of days, broke out the boots, and drove to the site.

Bordered by weeds in the bed of Walnut Creek, the ore mill consists of a circular channel carved into Cambrian sandstone. Channel depth is six inches and the overall diameter of the mill is twelve feet. A millstone rolled around the thirty-four-inch-wide channel in which the ore was placed to be crushed. In the center of the mill is a hole ten inches in diameter and twelve inches deep. In this hole was placed a pivot post to which an axle for the millstone was connected at right angles. As the millstone rolled around the channel crushing the ore, the water of the stream washed through the crushed rock and carried out the lighter material. This was washed back into the stream through a passage cut into the side of the channel. Men or animals could have pulled the millstone around its circular path. There are no remains of the millstone today.

Not finding any signs of excavation around the mill, Rod Patten and I started upstream. One-half mile later, on a fault line which intersects Walnut Creek, we found evidence of very old diggings. These excavations exposed a small vein of greenish ore, low-grade malachite.

Nearby are several other indications of Spanish mining activity. Only thirteen miles north of this mill is the *Los Almagres* mine. Since we were in the area, we decided to look for Shaft Mountain which Rod had found mentioned in the 1890 report of T. B. Comstock, a state geologist. It's about forty miles northwest of the mill but not on any map. Thirty miles north of the mill, at Babyhead Mountain, are the "Mexican Diggings" which were made by the Spaniards.

After spending half a morning driving over dirt roads, we found Arthur Fleming doctoring some goats at his stock pens. Fleming is an old-timer with a big smile and a long-time interest in Spanish mines. Following a good bit of talking and poring over maps, Fleming, who said he *couldn't remember* a shaft, directed us to Shaft Mountain, a one-mile-long and one-half-mile-wide rocky hill covered with scrub plants and cactus. It took an hour's clambering over the hillside in the hot sun before Rod and I found the shaft. We took some pictures and rock samples and then went on down the hill only to run into Fleming, who with an ear-to-ear grin said, "I wonder if it's changed since I saw it sixty years ago?"

There still are many questions concerning Spanish mining activity in the Llano area which are unanswered and will probably remain a secret. Did Miranda or some of the civilian members of his party construct this mill on Walnut Creek? There is no evidence of a mill at Miranda's proposed site on Honey Creek. From the diverse locations of other evidence of mining activity such as shafts and smelters, it seems that the Spaniards thoroughly explored the area. The fault line one-half mile from this mill is geologically identical to the nearby fault of the *Los Almagres* which makes the possibility of Spanish mining near the mill equal to that of *Los Almagres*.

One point does seem evident. Legends arising from Spanish activity northwest of San Antonio misled later adventurers into thinking that the mining was done at the San Saba Mission instead of in the Llano region.

Did the Spaniards find the silver they were looking for? If there were no pockets of silver, then where did Miranda get the silver ore which he sent to Mexico? Could it possibly have been a "plant"? The voices that could answer that question are as mute as the ore mill.

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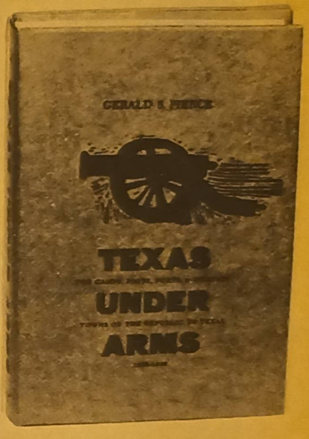

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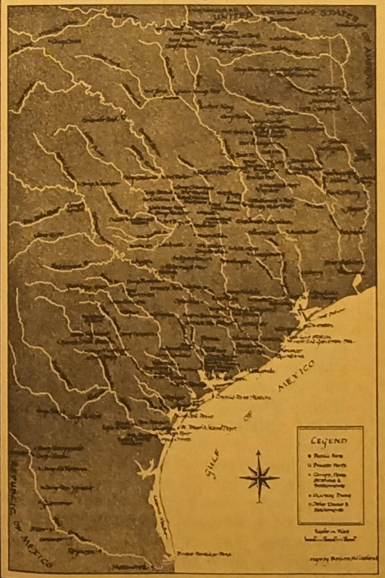

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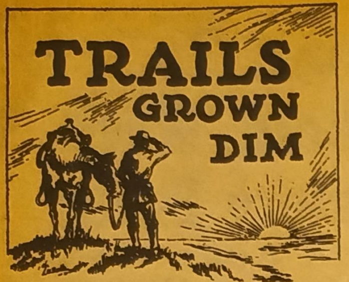

TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Walker-Jones

I am seeking information on descendants of William, Thomas and Anthony Walker, sons of Martha and Hubbard Peyton Walker. These men were born between 1855 and 1862, possibly in Henderson County, Texas and were the half-brothers of James Monroe and Joel Marion Walker. I would also appreciate information on descendants of Delilah Walker and Thomas O. Jones who lived in Navarro County, 1850-60.—June Walker Staton, 3215 30th Street, Lubbock, Texas 79410

John Welch and Family

I would like to correspond with anyone with information about John R. Welch, born in the 1840s, and his family. Son of an Englishman, John Welch, and a Cherokee mother named YuFalla, John R. had four brothers. During the Civil War they served with their father as scouts for the Union Army, leaving one brother home with their mother in Missouri. They returned home one day to find their mother (who couldn't speak English) dying, with her head tied in their worm fence, and their youngest brother, who had been sick with typhoid fever, hanging from a tree, dead. She lived long enough to tell her husband and sons who the rebels were. They vowed never to rest until they found the men and killed all of them.

They deserted the Union Army, spent several months killing, and during the ensuing revenge all were killed except John Welch II and his brother, Dave. Being a fugitive, Dave said he was leaving for Texas and was never heard of again. We would like to know if anyone knows anything about him. John Welch continued to flee from the law and bounty hunters. He married a French girl from Louisiana named Mary Stevens (Stephens?) daughter of William Stevens (Stephens). They married when she was fifteen. She bore him a son, John William Benjamin Frank Welch (Ben) and died at the age of sixteen when the boy was only a couple of months old. The boy's father died of pneumonia a few years later, still running from the law after hiding in the river all night in freezing temperatures. Ben's Grandfather Stevens had died, and his grandmother married a man named Murrell. They raised Ben until he was five years old. His father came by to see him several times.

Ben Welch was my great-grandfather. He married a girl from Grapevine, Texas, Nancy Ann Bryant, January 2, 1887. Like his father, he was in trouble a number of times due to circumstances beyond his control. I also would like to have some copies of photos if possible. I have a few.—Virgel Weaver, Box 24-G, Skellytown, Texas 79080

Oscar and Peter Koppang

I would like information on my two uncles, Oscar and Peter Koppang, last heard of in the early '20s in southern Alberta, Canada. I would also like to hear from any other Koppang who might be a relative. My mother came from Minnesota with my grandfather and grandmother in 1904. My grandfather, Gedward Koppang and his brother Nels were born in Norway and came to the States when quite young. My mother would like to know what happened to her brothers and would like to get in touch with them or anyone having information.—Ged. Poitras, 9510-106 A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Briggs-Figley

I would like to learn the whereabouts of Walter Briggs, son of a blacksmith, O. M. Briggs, at Reeder, North Dakota during World War I years. I also wish information about the Thomas Figley family which left Dixon, Iowa about 1908 to homestead at Saltburn, Saskatchewan, Canada. The children were Elinor, Forrest, Greta, and Tommy.—C. Jurgens, 8042 2nd Street, Paramount, California 90723

Kilgore

Although my husband took the name of Glover forty-three years ago, he is the son of Carl Kilgore.

I think my husband's father was born at Holyoke, Colorado. He married Gladys Mullenix in December 1905. They divorced shortly afterward. My husband has never seen his father since. The last we heard he was living in Iowa. That was in the '20s. Does anyone know of him or his family?—Mrs. Ray Glover, 812 Fifth Street, Rapid City, South Dakota, 57701

Foster-Wallace

I would like to find out who the parents were of my great-grandfather, George Foster, born in Virginia (date unknown), possibly married the first time to a Sally Hawkins, then to Mary Wallace. He was very old when he died in 1866 in Calloway County, Missouri and is buried at Dry Fork Church near Guthrie, Missouri. Some of his children were John, Alvin, Mary Clatterbuck, Anna, Dona Burnett, Virgie Allen and William Booker, my grandfather. I would be grateful to hear from anyone who may know anything about this family.—Mrs. C. J. (Foster) Hewitt, 2140 E. Center Street, Anaheim, California 92806

Alexander Leo

I am seeking information concerning the activities and political life of Alexander Leo who married the daughter of Judge Edward Daugherty, Catherine Krieger Daugherty on August 5, 1849 in Brownsville, Texas. Leo was active in law enforcement in the early days of Texas. Would appreciate a photo, if possible, and I will return any materials given. Leo's name (with Daugherty's) has come up in several of my researches of men of Texas history and is interesting enough to merit researching. Being a member of the Chicago Corral of the Westerners, I hope to receive information from other Westerners in that area.—Bernie G. Curtis, 4148 Main Street, Skokie Illinois 60076

Walter D. Montgomery

I would like very much to locate my uncle, Walter Dewey Montgomery, born March 29, 1898 in Holdredge, Phelps County, Nebraska. His two younger brothers, Ward and Ted, also were born there and are still alive but know nothing of the whereabouts of their brother. I heard that he may have lived, or is living, in Hastings or Vernon, Nebraska. —Mrs. Rozella E. Zerkle, P. O. Box 231, San Miguel, California 93451

Stanley-Bratcher

I would appreciate any reader's help in locating my late brother's youngest daughter, Elsie Jeneva Stanley, probably raised as Elsie Jeneva Bratcher. My brother's wife, Lois Locy Stanley, left around 1935, taking Elsie Jeneva with her. Elsie Jeneva at that time was about one year old. A year or two later I was told they were living near DeQueen, Arkansas but I was unable to contact them. Elsie Jeneva should be about five feet, eight inches tall with blue eyes and brown hair. She shoul be about thirty-four, give or take a year or two.—T. C. Stanley, Box 7, Elk City, Oklahoma 73644

David Thomas Lenox

A grave marker in the Weston, Oregon cemetery inscribed with the name of David Thomas Lenox 1802-1874 states that the deceased led the first wagontrain across the Rockies in 1843. Do any western writers or readers have any information on Lenox?—Floyd Coffman, 133 S. Elizabeth, Milton-Freewater, Oregon 97862

Mathis-Broyhill

I would appreciate information concerning my great-grandfather, the Reverend Burton Mathis, born September 18, 1831 in North Carolina, died February 12, 1912. His wife, Mary A. Broyhill died December 12, 1899 in Harper, Kansas. I would appreciate information concerning my grandmother, Emma Mathis, born in Missouri, married Alonzo Stewart. She was divorced in Kingfisher County and was married again to Thomas Smith. Alonzo Stewart died April 25, 1893, Hennessey Oklahoma. Emma C. Smith died March 30, 1897, Chandler, Oklahoma. I would appreciate information concerning Nathan Broyhill. He was in the 1830 census in Ashe County, North Carolina. His wife, Mary Parsous was born in 1806 in Tennessee, died in 1875 near Gravette, Arkansas.—Mrs. Elsie Stewart, 252 Buena Vista Street, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Albert Baxter Taber

My father, Albert Baxter Taber, born on Plaster Board Island, Putin Bay, Ohio March 8, 1852, is just a name on my birth certificate to me. He died November 16, 1905 before I was three years old. I would so like to hear from any relatives on his side of the family.—Mrs. L. M. Arrasmith (nee Rachel Alberta Taber), Route 3, Box 225A, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

John Albert

I would like to contact descendants of John Albert who was born about 1865 in Bement, Piatt County, Illinois. His parents were Isaac and Elizabeth Ann Haney Albert. The father died in 1880 in Montague County, Texas.—Mrs. Glen Hunter, 477 Filmore, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Charlie Meek

I wonder if any readers know or have known Charlie Meek, born either in Illinois or Ohio. A cooper by trade, he would be in his 80s or older by now. He married Maud Graham and lived in Birmingham, Alabama at the time his two sons, Roy and Willis, were born.—Mrs. Roy Meek, 1339 Ahart Street, Simi, California 93065

Jess Goodsell

I will be thankful for information about Jess Goodsell whom I knew over sixty years ago in Alamogordo, New Mexico. He also worked around San Marcial. He had a brother Ben and a brother who worked for the light and power company in Douglas, Arizona in the 1920s.—Jack Carter, 8408 Painter Avenue, Whittier, California 90602

Francis Hyempson Butler

I am seeking information about my grandfather, Francis Hyempson Butler, a Union soldier in the Civil War. Some time after the war, he rode with the James Brothers. When my grandfather was an old man, he came to see my father, George William Butler, who then lived in either Arkansas or Oklahoma. This was the first time my father had ever seen his father. I understood he died in some old soldiers' home but I don't know where it was located. When Grandfather died my father was notified and received his personal possessions including a picture of him in a Civil War uniform. My father has been dead thirty-one years.

We have written to National Archives and Record Service, Washington, D. C. but they are unable to find any record with the little information I was able to give them.—Ted Butler, Armstrong, Texas 78338

Buckhannon-Roden

I would like to hear from anyone knowing of any relatives of two families, Buckhannon and Roden. Mary Jane Buckhannon married Thomas Benton Roden and they had three children: two girls, Belle and Dood, and one son, Thomas Benton. The father was killed fighting for the North around 1862 or '63 in northwest Georgia. They were born either in Alabama or Tennessee.—Ethel Hatfield, 2913 Lincoln Street, North Little Rock, Arkansas 72114

Stout-Doggett

I am looking for information about some of my husband's ancestors. All lived in Texas during their adult life, possibly around Harris County. The names are William Madison Stout, born in 1874, and his wife, Mary Ella Waterhouse, born in 1883; and Jeff (Jefferson) Doggett and his father, Clint Doggett. I have no information (other than the names) on Jeff and Clint Doggett and would like to know more.—Mrs. Malcom Z. (Betty Jean) Stout, 1922 E. Jackson, Harlingen, Texas 78550

Marx-Hutson

I am trying to locate my folks, Willie or Clarence Marx, last heard of in Honey Grove, Texas. Their father was Will Marx. I am also interested in locating the Hutsons, last heard of in Waco, Texas. Their father was Elzie Hutson and their mother was Frankie Hutson, my sister. She died years ago. Their children were Elmer, Ethel, Maudie, Mabel, Shelby, and Freddie.—Casey Bert Jones, State Trooper, Box 382, Kirtland, New Mexico 87417

Will Bronson

We would like information about Will Bronson if anyone knows him. The last we heard was in the '30s in Washington. He was born in Minnesota we believe. Bronson, Minnesota is named after the family. His son Lewis wrote us about his whereabouts. His brothers Sidney Warren and George are deceased and the last we heard his sister Minnie was still alive. I am married to his nephew.—Mrs. Norman Bronson, Box 194, Eureka, Montana 59917

Lost Ajo Mine Ingots

(Continued from page 23)

sey hid behind a nearby rock. Presently he called on the bandits to surrender. This they refused to do, convinced they would be hanged on the spot. Woolsey closed in methodically. The remaining horse and mule were shot to prevent any of them from escaping. In the dusk two more bandits were killed by sniper fire because they inadvertently exposed enough of themselves to become targets. O'Riley crawled through high grass and weeds into the hole where Tice held out.

"We can't carry the gold out tonight when we got a chance to get away," the older man pointed out. "More better we blow them rocks down over it and come back later." Tice, almost exhausted, agreed.

Between spurts of gunfire O'Riley returned to the largest hole where he capped fuses, shoved them into the cans of powder, lit them and fled crookedly toward the protection of another hole. But a keen-eyed rifleman saw enough of his body to bring him down kicking. As he stretched out dying, the powder split the night in a mighty explosion. The hole was completely filled, covering the loot—or at least that was what Tice afterwards thought happened and said so. The trouble was that Tice didn't know which one of the twenty or thirty holes in the long cliff base had been blasted. This element of doubt worked against future recovery of the gold.

Tom James was occupying a hole on the extreme north end of the line. For some time his position had not been disclosed by gunfire. Tice crawled toward his partner's refuge. A steady rain of lead covered the holes believed to be occupied by the surviving bandits. The posse was not trying to kill them; their fire was mostly designed to discourage escape in the darkness.

During the early hours of the night, Tice and James started crawling through the grass. That they were in an unnoticed hole, well away from where the general fight had taken place before sundown, aided them. Once they had crawled beyond earshot they lifted into a crouch and took off running eastward.

Not until moonrise, about ten o'clock, did Woolsey risk a charge. By his reasoning there existed no need to hurry. The surviving bandits were surely trapped. His posse went in shooting and met no resistance whatever. Surprised at this, the force fanned out to search all the holes. Five bodies were found quickly, and Woolsey decided that the gang had been wiped out.

The next morning the dead were buried out in the flat west of the cliffs. The rest of the day was spent unsuccessfully hunting for the loot. Woolsey then returned to the pocket in the forest and tried again. Failure there caused him to believe the gold had been buried somewhere along the route soon after the Apaches jumped them. Now no man would recover the stage loot because all of the gang were dead—or so Woolsey thought. The posse retired, Woolsey going back to his Salt Valley ranch where he died suddenly on June 29.

THE SECOND SUNDOWN Tice and James staggered into Frayde's little post. The kindly man took them in. After resting a few days they went on to the railroad settlement. Frayde and now many others in the booming little town believed that the two were sole survivors of a desperate fight with Apaches. Their friends, an unstated number of prospectors, had been killed.

Tice did not have much of the money left from the amount he had brought out before to purchase supplies. And he had been too excited to think to tell O'Riley to take out all the loot they could carry before blasting a few hundred tons of rock over the rest. So now of necessity he and James went to work for a railroad contractor. On this job they became friends with Peter Harmon Brogdon and Adolphus T. Pierce.

Sometime during the winter in an idle moment of confidence James remarked to their two new friends, "Shucks, we don't have to work here long. We know where there's better than $400,000 in gold. Soon as we can put a grubstake together we're going after it."

Among a few others with whom the two bandits struck up friendships were two wild young cowboys, Nat and Dick Greer. Their family brought cattle from Texas into Arizona in 1877.

Railroad construction moved past Winslow, which was thirty-five miles west of Holbrook. Having enough money to outfit and return for the gold, Tice and

James quit working. Tice went down to Frayde's where horses could be bought cheap. That same night James was fatally shot by a tinhorn gambler in a poker game argument. He was carried to a one-room adobe shack to die, and was lying there alone when Brogdon and Pierce reached him.

"I'm going under," he told them between painful gasps for air. "Reckon Henry got his, too."

His mind wandered between moments of sanity and mumbling delirium. At times he imagined himself back in the fight at the cliffs, addressing himself to Tice whom he thought lay by his side fatally wounded. He kept harping that Tice was dead or dying. Even in his more lucid moments he still was badly mixed up. He reminded Brogdon and Pierce of mentioning the gold to them before. Now he described the country in which it was cached and how it came to be there. Usually he got out only a few sentences before lapsing into the past situation of fighting off Apaches and a posse. A few minutes later he would return to talking about the country where the loot could be found. Sometimes his words were clear and distinct; at others, incoherent. He died before dawn still babbling about the wealth in hidden loot.

The following day about noon Tice returned to town with two good horses and saddles. Brogdon and Pierce, now knowing Tice and James to have been outlaws in hiding, did not mention James' deathbed statements. When Tice asked what had happened to his partner they merely gave him the details of the fatal argument.

That afternoon Tice walked into the gambling dive and filled the tinhorn full of holes. Before he could back out or run, his gun empty, bystanders piled on his back and threw him to the floor helpless. After being chained all night Tice was removed to the county jail at St. Johns, sixty-two miles southeast.

During his time there he was befriended by the jailer who was also a buddy of the fighting Greer boys. Nat and Dick offered Tice what help they could. They hired an attorney to defend him, who warned that a jury of settlers was almost certain to bring in a conviction of first degree murder. Tice soon abandoned all hope of escaping with his life.

Since the Greer boys had spent considerable money on him he informed them that only one way existed to pay them back. In the jailer's presence he told them about the stage holdups, detailed the gang's flight north through Tonto Basin and what had happened on the plateau. Describing the cliffs containing the holes, he assured the brothers they couldn't possibly miss finding the cache.

THAT SAME NIGHT, after jailers were changed, Tice suddenly produced a gun. There wasn't much doubt how he got it. Overcoming and locking up the Mexican jailer he stepped outside the small building right into the hands of a masked mob, bent on hanging him without waiting for a trial. The ranching country was tired of thieves and gunfighting men. No rope was stretched. Tice fell with a dozen bullets in him, almost under a saddled horse left handy for his getaway.

After his death the jailer apparently made no effort to find the loot. He considered the story implausible. Just too much gold. The Greer boys accepted the tale in a somewhat similar vein. Some time later they looked the area over only cursorily. As Dick Greer told me fifty years later, it was in the most tumbled about, unbroken wilderness of canyons, small valleys, cliffs and impassable country imaginable.

Brogdon and Pierce believed James was too far gone for accuracy while narrating where the golden loot was cached. But they did hunt for the hole three different times during a period of ten years. Their accounts and those of the jailer and the Greers were handed on to close friends. Men who knew of the Gila Bend and Stanwix Station stage robberies were thoroughly convinced the loot was hidden where Tice and James claimed it was. The stupendous sum of gold had never reappeared anywhere. Also, Woolsey stated outright that his posse killed all the bandits, not knowing two actually escaped.

The account had substance, so two of these men threw in together, hiring Chief Juan Chiavria to take them to where Woolsey had ended his pursuit. Working from the Mogollon Rim, Chiavria, accompanied by two of his men who had been along before, could not even find the graves where they helped bury the dead bandits!

Not until 1890 did the first professional treasure hunter, George McCormick, appear on the scene. Equipped with detailed information from those originally receiving it, he found the cliff base holes—but not the specific one supposedly blasted. Undaunted by this failure he went to Phoenix and there interested Jacob (Jake) Waltz, of no less than the present-day Lost Dutchman Mine fame, into helping him untangle the puzzle.

Pitching a tent nearby they worked the suspected area. When winter came Waltz returned to Phoenix. So far as is known he never tried to locate the loot again. He died October 25, 1891. McCormick abandoned the quest for more likely and more easily accessible mines and treasures around the San Francisco Peaks at Flagstaff and down in the Grand Canyon. However, over succeeding years he occasionally gave more attention to the bandits' loot. Using a Word War I mine detector in 1920 and accompanied by his son Melvin, McCormick searched over the larger area facing the cliff holes he had investigated thirty years before. After repeated failures during the period 1925-1935, he concluded that different and more distant cliffs filled with similar holes was where the gold was concealed. How he arrived at this conclusion was never explained.

In 1926 John (Happy Jack) Bent, middle-aged, chunky and strong as a bull, located what he believed was the blown-in hole. It is about twenty miles north of Long Valley on the Mormon Lake-Flagstaff highway and two miles west toward Buck Mountain. That prominence is a dome-like hill standing above the surrounding forest. Cleaning out the hole with pick and dynamite he found evidence of a black powder blast. In the hole were pieces of rotted saddles and twisted metal scraps. Like all the men before him, however, he could not find the clinching evidence—the graves out in the flat or the gold.

He decided that, contrary to Tice and James' statements, the loot was actually buried in the ground somewhere along the cliff face. Using steel rods he set about seeking a site where the earth had once been removed and the hole refilled. While doing this he discovered that the loot was also being secretly searched for by other determined men.

While working one morning he was fired on and kept pinned down until sunset. En route to Flagstaff he stopped by Apache Maid ranch, relating his story to cowman Bill Campbell and two of his cowboys.

"The ornery cuss could have killed me easy!" he declared, "but seems like he only wanted to chase me out of there, and he did!"

Campbell and the boys did not scoff to his face, but they took no stock in the yarn. Yet a week or so later, when they were hunting stray horses they discovered evidence that not one but two men had fired on Campbell with rifles from the rimrocks.

About this time another cowboy, "Casey" Alcorn established a camp and proceeded to hunt in the usual amateur's way. Nothing happened for a week and he grew less alert to what might. Then one morning he was twice shot at from a long distance.

"I wasn't going to argue with a feller I couldn't see to fire back at," he declared, "and just left the tom-fool thing to him!"

A YEAR LATER, after talking several times with McCormick, Campbell returned to the area with two cowboys who had recently hired on with his outfit. They found a good many holes other hunters had dug, and old campfires. Mostly they prowled the big holes, testing the floors where some had eroded to a softness which could be picked out. Several places were inspected that could have once been holes. Either blasted together or the overhead giving way under pressure had closed them with tons of rock. The fill was extremely hard, requiring drilled holes and explosives to shatter them out. Campbell gave up the search, moved to Flagstaff and was elected county sheriff.

Burt Lacey of Phoenix hunted the cache off and on for several years. Finding the hole cleaned out by Bent he concentrated his efforts in the vicinity. About seven years ago I accompanied him there out of mere curiosity because of his glowing enthusiasm. The hole was in reality a small cave. It had a thin rim overhead and you could walk into it standing upright. The following year when Lacey returned to work there again, someone had blown it completely in. Blocks of stone weighing many tons closed the hole tight. From outside appearances the rocks might have filled

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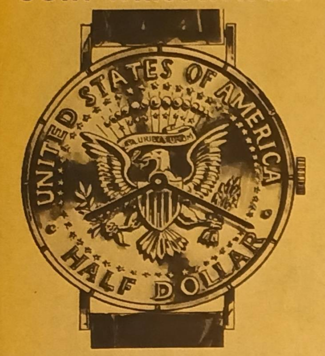

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the opening for a century—unless you knew it had been sealed only recently.

Since 1930 there have been substantial rumors of men other than Bent and Alcorn being shot at. This enlarges a persistent belief among the mere handful of treasure hunters still looking that someone resents any intrusion into the region. However, Campbell and Lacey were never shot at but they admitted to friends that probably some others had been. They reported tracks of mystery men near their camps when no one had been seen in daylight hours. Sometimes they discovered sets of tracks over their own as if they had been secretly followed.

George McCormick, who gathered more information about the buried loot than anyone else, told me as late as the year of his death (1947) that the bandits buried the stagecoach treasure somewhere on Township 15, north, Range 9, east. He had long before abandoned any idea it might have been buried elsewhere or that the bandits really meant some other long series of cliffs.

On a map of the Coconino National Forest he very carefully worked out the route used by the bandits onto the plateau above the Mogollon Rim. Section by section he traced them out of Tonto Basin, through West Clear Creek Canyon, into Willow Valley—the pocket where Apaches besieged them—to Buck Mountain and finally the gray cliffs. Having known him well, I am confident that he traced them exactly (for he had accomplished the almost impossible with several other important and historical trails and discovered at camping places pieces of discarded equipment now worthy of exhibit in museums).

McCormick and son Melvin, who grew up in the treasure hunting business with him, were never fired on. But McCormick was as crafty a woodsman and desert man as Arizona ever knew. Many times he entered forbidden, secret places and emerged without once being discovered. Furthermore, stalking and shooting at him would be, as one fellow who knew him said, "a sure way to commit suicide!"

After the science of dendrochronology was perfected McCormick had several charred pieces of tree ring dated. The result confirmed his conclusions they came from fires kindled in the pocket where the bandits stood off the Apaches in 1879. However, he was not so lucky with fragments of charcoal which came from what he believed had been Woolsey's camp at the cliffs.

Two of my friends hunted the bandits' stagecoach loot for months at a time. The summer of 1964 they grew excited to an extreme degree. An incident occurred which convinced them they were at last about to reap their long expected reward.

A contractor, core-boring through the area for power line towers, brought up a piece of solid gold the depth of a common house brick. Stamped on this piece was the letter "J." To the few treasure hunters cognizant of the facts this meant that the drill went through one of the ingots from the Ajo mine. It was said that the melted gold was poured into sand molds formed by pressing ordinary house bricks into it with "AJO" cut into them as an identifying mark.

The test holes were lined down through the region from Glen Canyon Dam to Phoenix. This gold wasn't definitely identified as such until fifty or so were completed and the core specimens previously thrown into a wooden box were assembled.

Such drillers are under a heavy bond to keep their findings secret. This one was never spilled officially. Yet a man who knew what had been found contacted Melvin a month afterward. He realized the drill cut through an ingot of some kind, but how came it to be there? The McCormicks had a wide reputation as having searched for all the lost mines and buried treasures in northern Arizona. The man went to him for information, which he acquired in a volunteer partnership agreement.

When Melvin entered the area to have a look around he found three other treasure hunters already on the ground. The exciting news had spread fast. They used electronic detectors as he did, but none of them got a reliable reading. Moreover, when put in, the huge power line towers did not pass over this particular series of test holes. But the several miles of them were easy to find and reach in a power wagon.

Melvin's theory is that he and the friend were cunningly misled as to the location of the core hole from which the piece of gold came. Maybe actually one of the towers now rests on $400,000 in golden treasure.

But no two treasure hunters agree on this. Most believe the loot is still down there somewhere awaiting discovery in the undisturbed wilderness.

Early-Day Rodeo Circuits

(Continued from page 19)

lot of hospitality was shown.

If one or two contestants got ornery, a few of us would soon put him or her back in line. We had no union, no organization, no insurance of any kind. When anyone got sick or suffered broken bones, we all helped as much as we could afford. We were just one big family.

Our dress and gear were in keeping with the times. We liked our vests, colored bandanas, loud shirts, long sleeves, our Fish brand yellow slickers, our goathair chaps or leather batwing chaps, and the big rowel spurs.

THE LATE Harry Williams was one of our leaders. He always headed in his covered wagon to the contests he liked, be they near or far, and he always took his wonderful family along. His wife Myrt did all the cooking on an open fire near the wagon, using Dutch ovens, pots, kettles, and pothooks. Her meals just couldn't be beat, and any broke or hungry cowboy was always welcome to help himself at her table.

On the trips I made with the Williamses I always saw that plenty of fresh meat was on hand as I was known to be pretty good with a rifle or sixshooter, and a sure man with a catch rope. I was also always an early riser. We slept in the wagon or on bedrolls on the ground or under the wagon. The horses were staked out on grass and fed on grain out of nose bags.

Harry was a good horse trader and always took along two or three head to trade. He also took his good steer-roping and calf-roping horses. He had one of the best bulldogging horses of that day, called Silver. Shorty Ricker and I won a lot when we were mounted on Silver. We paid Harry one-fourth of what we won, which was what he expected when you competed on one of his horses.

Mrs. Williams carried along medicines of all kinds and acted as our doctor. Harry and his wife are both gone but they have children who I think live near Vinita, Oklahoma. It was on the rodeo circuit when Tuffy Williams was only three years old that I first gave him the name "Tuffy." He was called that nickname from then on.

We who had horses were always on the lookout for good local boys who we thought were good prospects for becoming real hands. When we saw a fellow we liked we used him as a caretaker for our horses. A few of these boys made good and are some of the best contestants in the country today.

I remember, too, how some of the great cowgirl contestants got their start. Slim Caskey, a great bulldogger, fell in love with one of the local girls, married her, and in two weeks he had her on bucking horses. She made a real rider. Nowata Slim met Flossie on the circuit and they were married. She, too, made a real hobble stirrup rider. The great Curley Griffin met a real small girl, Toots, and married her. She made a very good steer rider. Rube Roberts met a little girl named Ruby and let me tell you she became one of top steer riders and trick riders.

George Wallace, who used the name of Grady Wilson, met a little girl at Zanesville, Ohio, married her, and she became one of the world champions at trick riding and bucking horse riding. And Billy Keen, the noted cowboy clown, met and married Mary, who in turn became a great all-around cowgirl. Other cowgirl champions began their rodeo careers in the same way: Ruth Roach, Tad Lucas, and Florence Hughes. And I'm happy to say there was not much friction among the girls.

Clyde Rogers, who called himself Snake Horse, had a twin brother known as Hookem Brahma and whose real name was Claude Rogers—one of the greatest cowboy clowns of all time. He married a New York girl, whom he never tried to make into a rodeo performer. However, she made one of the best mothers who ever lived and they had three boys. For twenty-seven years they worked for Colonel Jim Eskew and the Roy Rogers Rodeo.

I CAN RECALL some amusing incidents, too, that happened on the circuit. At Chickasha, Oklahoma in 1916 in the oil boom days, a championship steer roping contest was held and all the good steer ropers were there to take

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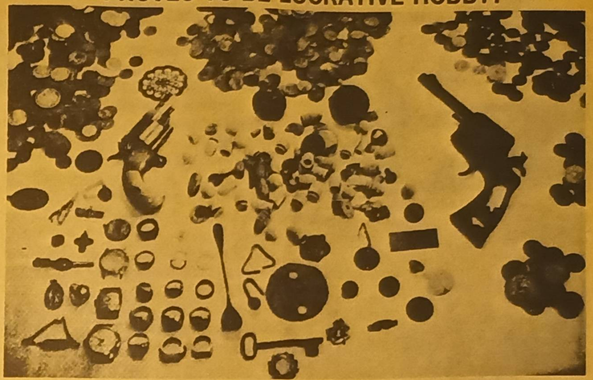

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part in the tie-down contest. The steer roping took place in the center field of the fairgrounds. On the race track in front of the grandstand the extra added acts, such as trick roping, trick riding, and clown acts, were presented.

The barrel race was a lot different from the barrel race of today. A barrel was placed on the race track in front of the grandstand and the contestant who roped the barrel and dragged it the longest distance was the winner.

I was the clown. Once when the barrel was placed on the track for one of the ropers, a big man who weighed over 200 pounds and was six feet tall jumped on the barrel and said out loud, "I am a wolf—not a coyote—and it is my time to howl. I can whip any man here."

I walked by and this big wolf pulled off my chin whiskers which I had put on with spirit gum. This did not hurt me much but I tore into him with rights and lefts and will admit it took me a few minutes to put him away.

ONE TIME on the rodeo circuit at Chadron, Nebraska, I had a contract to clown the show and bulldog from the running board of an auto. I was on the race track in front of the grandstand doing one of my clown acts when one of the ranch cowboys from the sandhills—he was known to be a troublemaker as he drank a lot—rode up to me on his horse and roped me from behind, dragging me down the track as fast as his horse could run. I managed to get my hands on the rope and slip it off. Then I walked back to do my act.

But he followed me, making fun. I reached up and pulled him out of the saddle and off his horse. At this, I took off my linen duster. It didn't take me long to lay him out on the track. They took him to the little hospital with a broken jaw and two broken ribs. You see, I was also a boxer and wrestler and I knew what to do. This was one act for which I got a big ovation from the crowd.

On the same circuit at the fair and rodeo and races at Valentine, Nebraska, a big crap game was going on in one of the box stalls. Although I never gambled much with dice and cards, one of the men had a small horse he used for short races and on which he was willing to wager. The horse was very fast and I had been trying to buy him as I needed a good swift bulldogging horse.

The man said to me, "We'll roll the dice one time each, and the one who wins with the dice gets the horse or $500."

I was lucky. I rolled a seven and won the horse. And I will say I lucked out and later won many a bulldogging contest on that same horse, little Tom Thumb.

The cowboys who made the early-day rodeo circuit included Oklahoma Curley Roberts; Buffalo Vernon, whose right name was Jeff B. Shisler, who won the first bulldogging championship at Pendleton, Oregon Roundup, 1910; Jay Snively, Fred Lowery, the Weir Brothers, Herb Mondy, Frank McCarroll, Mike Hasting, Skeeter Bill Robinson, Ernest Huffman, Hugh Strickland, Henry Graham, Chester Byers, Tommy Grimes, John Judd, Dutch Sidel, Norman Mason, Harry Hazleton, Delbert Bledsoe, Montana Jack Ray, Jim Massey, and Shorty Kelso. I could go on and on with names of those who competed. Ike Rude, now sixty-two, who won the world's championship steer roping at Cheyenne, Wyoming in 1968, is still with us, a real champion.

The small inland towns on the circuit were where we had our best times. If there wasn't a big dance after the rodeo performance, we would go to the Indian camp near the rodeo grounds and there we'd listen to the loud singing and the beat of the tomtoms (and nearly always on the hills nearby, the howl of the wolves), and often we sang with the Indians.

This was our life for three months each year and we loved it. I only wish I could live it over. The other nine months I worked on the then-large spreads as a ranch hand. Sometimes breaking horses for the remudas, working the roundups, following the chuckwagon, living under the stars. Some of those contestants in winter time who did not like to work followed the chuck line.

I am now here at Kissimmee, Florida, the cow capital of the state, where I make my home and daydream of the good old years in rodeo.

Did you ever have chills run up your spine and goose pimples on your body caused by the thrill of pleasing? Well, I did. I enjoyed and loved every minute of it, and it was a joy to be alive.

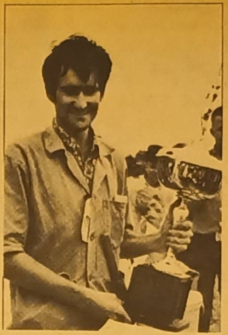
Runestones and Tombstones

(Continued from page 18)

ing below the original runestone ledge, the boys found another piece of the inscription. The broken chunk was of the same thickness, same color, same everything, including the eighth rune. The missing piece found, a correct translation was made by Alf Monge. It is dated, "November 11, 1017," exactly five years from the dated Heavener Runestone No. 1. Mrs. Farley notes, "It is a curious fact that when the four runestone locations are marked on the map, an almost straight line can be drawn through them running from the southeast to the northwest."

The Terry Hill discovery has been given the confusing title of "Poteau Runestone." Named for the town of Poteau on the Poteau River, it is fourteen miles from Poteau Mountain, already famous for the Heavener Runestones. The new rune-site shouldn't have been too surprising, as the Vikings' Poteau River route passes Cavanal's eastern side and is on one of the three mountains reportedly crossed by the "Turkey-Track Trail." It is hoped other runestones will be found along the Poteau River mountains and that one will eventually give the runemaster's name.

PEOPLE TOO NUMEROUS to mention have found runestones on both Poteau and Cavanal Mountains, turning them face down for safekeeping. All had good intentions, planning to return at a future date bringing help to handle the



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heavy stones—but the mountains change. New foliage replaces the old and last year's bare spots are hidden by this year's winter leaves.

Many years ago, two children playing on a hill near the Heavener Runestone found a large rock carved with letters, and using tree limbs as levers they turned the stone face-down. One of the boys was Georgia Christopher's nephew. Now a grown man living in El Reno, Oklahoma, he has returned to the hill in a vain effort to relocate what he knows to be a runestone.

Carl Kemmerer, Gloria's childhood guide, told of finding two small 2x3 foot runestones, each having one rune copied from the large runestone. As they appeared to be gravestones, he turned them face-down to prevent vandalism. They were never located again.

Over the mountain's crest from the large runestone is a room-like formation on a canyon wall. Named the "Kitchen," the flat, stove-like rock shows signs of many fires. It has natural camping facilities and was used by Indians, settlers, *and* Vikings. Runes were seen on the walls but have been damaged by the fires.

Cleo Wise recalled seeing a carved stone somewhere in a ravine along the south side of Poteau Mountain toward the Arkansas line, but so far it has not been found. Vague directions have been given with each reported runesite. In time, all may be rediscovered.

Recent exciting news from another Oklahoma source proves Viking conquest of a point even farther west on the Arkansas River. Temporarily named "The Tulsa Stone," it actually was found on a hill overlooking the Verdigris River. Four Oklahoma geologists have examined the stone and the translation will largely depend on their combined opinions as to whether one small mark is or is not a bind-rune.

Another old-timer had predicted this strange rash of symbols breaking out over the State of Oklahoma. An elderly Choctaw, now of Aransas Pass, Texas, had told the Christophers that runes could be found in Rogers County north of Catale. The Verdigris cuts a vertical swath through Rogers County, merging with the Arkansas within the triangled area of Fort Gibson, Muskogee, and Okay.

If the Poteau and Verdigris tributaries had felt the Viking oar, the powerful South Canadian River was certainly explored. The Arkansas and Canadian arms separate just a few miles inside the Oklahoma border, one reaching far into Colorado, the other into New Mexico. Near Tulsa, the Arkansas branches once more as the Cimarron rolls through Oklahoma, sweeping up into Kansas, and dipping back into the Panhandle to headwater in New Mexico. All are reported to have runic writings.

Near a South Canadian stream, runic carvings have been reportedly sighted on the face of a cliff. Assisting Gloria Farley in the search is another Norwegian descendant, Dr. Haaskarl of Oklahoma's Ada College. W. W. Newcomb's *The Rock Art of Texas Indians* has provided another clue to what might have been a Canadian River meeting between Norsemen and Indians. North of the Texas Panhandle city of Adrian, Oldham County, is a South Canadian River tributary housing the site of an ancient rock shelter known as Rocky Dell. The pictographed walls were first seen in 1853 by a government surveying party and described in their 1856 "Report Upon the Indian Tribes" in "Reports of Explorations and Surveys to Ascertain the Most Practicable and Economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean" (33rd Congress, 2nd Session, Senate Ex. Doc. No. 78, 1856, Vol. III).

Of the numerous pictographs found beneath the shelf of sandstone, Lt. A. W. Whipple selected one group in particular to describe in his report:

"This series, more than the others, seems to represent a chain of historical events, being embraced by serpentine lines. First is a rude sketch resembling a ship, with sails; then comes a horse with gay trappings, a man with a long-speaking trumpet being mounted upon him, while a little bare-legged Indian stands in wonder behind. Below this group are several singular looking figures; men, with the horns of an ox, with arms, hands, and fingers extended as if in astonishment, and with clawed feet. Following the curved line, we come to the circle, enclosing a Spanish Caballero, who extends his hands in amity to the naked Indian standing without. Next appears a group with an officer and a priest bearing the

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emblem of Christianity."

The ship with sails. Men with the horns of an ox. The long-speaking trumpet, and the officer and priest bearing the emblem of Christianity are all favorable to the Viking side of the controversy. The trumpet carried by the Rocky Dell horseman was popular with the Viking, dating back to Norwegian Early Bronze Age petroglyphs of 1,500 B. C. This is substantiated in Geoffrey Bibbly's *The Testimony of the Spade.*

"The human figures are always doing something . . . brandishing battle-axes, driving carts or plows, riding horses, or blowing the twisted bronze trumpets of which several pairs have been found in Sweden and Denmark."

Whipple's "horse" and "Spanish Caballero" are the misfits. In 1853, it would have been natural to assume the "foreigner" was Spanish, since the Rocky Dell shelter was less than twenty miles from the Territory of New Mexico and approximately 200 miles from Santa Fe, which reeked of Spanish history. The "Spanish Caballero" was Whipple's assumption, not necessarily a fact.

Sketches were made of the unusual series but are not shown in the Whipple report. A footnote in the Rocky Dell chapter explains, "The sketches here referred to have been lost."

FORREST KIRKLAND, whose paintings are reproduced in *Rock Art of Texas Indians,* went to the Rocky Dell shelter in July 1941 to capture the pictographs through the media of watercolor, but the 88-year interval had completely obliterated this particular series. Other paintings described by Whipple had changed very little, perhaps indicating just how old the painted ship, ox-horned men, trumpet and priest really were. The most damaging evidence during Whipple's narrative was the horse. Its presence might have influenced Whipple in his decision to brand the foreigner as Spanish, since they supposedly brought the first horses into the Western Hemisphere and there was nothing to prove otherwise. Yet, our Viking research was kept in constant turmoil by the unwelcome mention of "horses." It interfered at every turn.

Before Landsverk and Monge appeared on the Heavener scene, we had tried our hand at translating the runestone by using the oldest and simplest method of reading runes. Using rune-names, the message emerged as a simple prayer but was ruined by the one word, "horse." It read, "Gifts Necessary [to the] Possession [of] Mankind: Horse, Day, God, [and] Water." If applied as a prayer of thanks to what the Oklahoma mountain-canyon had provided, then the word "horse" didn't fit.

Next came the excitement of Whipple's report, but the horse spoiled all chances of the Rocky Dell pictographs ever being recognized as pre-historic and woven into the Viking exploration of the Canadian River. Any glyph depicting a horse automatically falls into the historic era, which began with Cortez's 16th century conquest of Mexico, thus pushing our Canadian River glyphs 500 years too far forward to be considered prehistoric.

But exasperation and annoyance was short-lived. The proof for which we had been waiting was found in May 1967. A horse bone was found during a dig into a known Viking settlement near Kingston, Ontario. Radiocarbon dating has placed the horse as living in the delicate time-balance of A. D. 1100. The test provided a chronology for Viking prehistory when we needed it most.

Horses were as necessary to the Viking world as they were to the Spaniards. When livestock was being put aboard the Viking colonization ships, it must be remembered their ships were every bit as capable of bringing horses to the new world as was the Spanish galleon. Although we like to imagine the picturesque Viking continually straining at the oars of his ship or squinting into the setting sun from the great serpent-head prow, we must be practical. For settling and exploration purposes, he eventually had to get off that ship. There was no need to walk across America or pull the plow. He had horses to do the work.

Horses played a great role in Viking history and are written into the Sagas. However, the earliest record is engraved in Norway's Early Bronze-Age petroglyphs. Norway's Oslo Fiord has produced later evidence in the Viking ship-burials for Kings and Queens. One excavated ship from the period A. D. 850 gave up the skeleton of a horse, still in a standing position, his body held firmly in position by packings of clay. Later still, horses were mentioned in the Greenland Sagas. Erik the Red injured a shoulder after being thrown from his horse while riding down to the sea where ships were departing Greenland in search of Vinland. Maybe the Rocky Dell men and horse were of prehistoric times, but without the original pictographs as described by Whipple, nothing can be proved one way or the other.

A MORE TANGIBLE record of Vikings in the southern half of America was first sent to us by Gloria Farley, who is preparing a record of all Viking penetrations into the Mississippi Valley.

In 1874 an ancient stone tablet was retrieved from its watery grave in Sumner County, Tennessee. Named for Gates P. Thruston, author of *Antiquities of Tennessee,* the Thruston tablet perhaps is the best proof we can offer in the way of a pictorial illustration showing a bloody encounter between Indian and foreign whites.

Found among relics of an important Mound Builder site, the tablet was first reported by Thruston as being found on Rocky Creek near Castalian Springs, but during an extensive study made by Dr. Clyde Keeler and Ruth Verrill, the Thruston Tablet is now believed to have come from the next creek over, the famous Bledsoe Lick Creek Mound Builder site.

If a picture is worth a thousand words, the Thruston Tablet engravings are an open book, whose story is told in the universal language of picture-writing. Both sides of the 19x15-inch limestone

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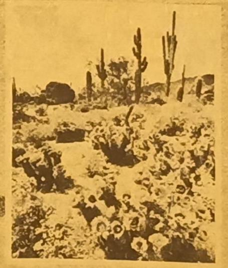

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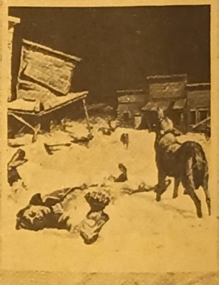

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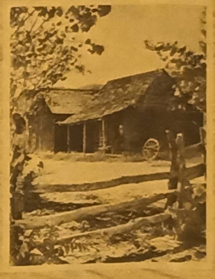

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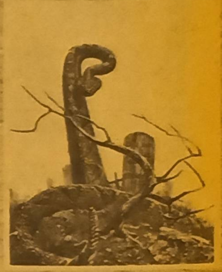

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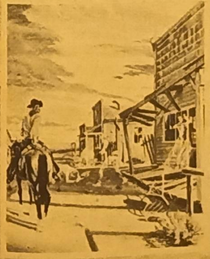

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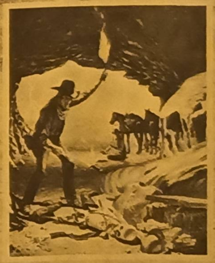

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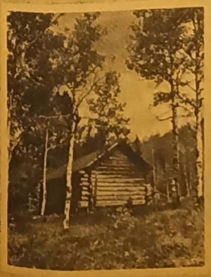

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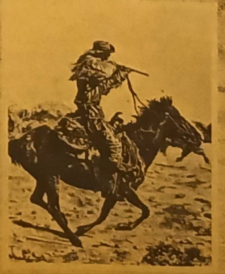

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tablet were used by the stone-cutting artist to salvage and preserve a moment of prehistoric importance. A scene of battle, death and torture takes place in front of a remarkable accurate drawing of a Viking-type ship with sail of a style used between A. D. 800-1000.

Dr. Keeler and Ruth Verrill have co-authored two reports for the Georgia Academy of Science, "A Viking Saga in Tennessee?" and "The Viking Boat Finale." With their permission, we bring you the extraordinary results of their work.

On the front side of the tablet is a helmeted, spear-wielding foreigner battling what seems to be a leader of Indians, whose face paint indicates the customary markings of certain Tennessee and Arkansas tribes. The Indian is brandishing an axe of the same copper-bladed type found, oddly enough, in Oklahoma's Spiro Mounds near the Arkansas River and only thirty miles north of Heavener's Runestones.

Of prime importance is the ship. Each part is drawn in its proper place, proportionately perfect. A deep notch is shown where the steering-oar was used, and the ropes supporting the mast and yardarm, running to the figurehead on the ship's prow, are in their proper positions. The figurehead and placement of the hawsehole are comparable to that of the 9th century Norwegian "Oseberg-Boat." (Recovered from its Viking burial place, the Oseberg-Boat's prow ran upwards to form the spiral figurehead of the Dragon-Snake.) Inside the Thruston-Tablet are men, their heads pictured at rowing level, and again, as in the case of the Oseberg-Boat, their oars are oval-shaped at the paddle end, and the oar-holes are at floor level.

At the ship's prow is the commander, wearing a pair of Viking horns on his headpiece. Between the horned commander and his rowing men is what appears to be a solar-disc symbol. Petroglyphs found in Sweden show Bronze Age ships also bearing the religious sun symbol *inside*, or very near, their rock-carvings of boats.

The Thruston Tablet clearly separates Indian from foreigner, not only in manner of dress but in the importance placed on drawing the eyes. The Indian eye is drawn as an oval slit, while the foreign eyes are rounded circles made to glow with long vertical lines surrounding the circle, much like small sun symbols.

The foreign leader is wearing a helmet flared at the ears and topped by a crescent-shaped crown. His body, hidden behind a square shield, is shown only by his feet, and unlike the Indian he wears foot coverings. Two other "ray-eyed" figures are shown outside the ship and one is dead. Drawn Indian-style. His head is severed, his rayed-eyes closed in death, legs and feet are bound, soles turned upward. His bleeding heart is suspended opposite his upturned ankles and above his severed head.

The third wide-eyed figure is seated inside what Keeler and Verrill describe as "a small windowless, matting-lined medicine lodge with one doorway. The little room is of a size for kneeling or squatting. The kneeling figure is a ray-eyed person who may be female because the hair is long and well kept. The features are soft and there is no headdress."

A second woman, almond-eyed and Indian dressed, is outside struggling with an Indian warrior who stands between her and the dead white man. This seemed strange as the battle was thought to be pitting white against Indian, not Indian against Indian. The reverse side of the Thruston Tablet might hold the answer, if interpreted correctly by Dr. Keeler and Ruth Verrill.

"Our study of the reverse side of the tablet and photographs thereof allows us to complete the tragic story that we interpreted from the obverse side. Whereas, on the obverse side, the medicine hut (lodge or town hall) enclosed a 'ray-eyed' female, it now contains a female Indian figure, presumably the girl in the neatly woven skirt who struggled with her attacker earlier in the story. She is seated, facing to the right. Her wrists are bound together with a cord. She is being forced to watch the head of the dead, ray-eyed 'Viking' being hit with arrows, shot by an Indian without warpaint and without his leather armor. Here, we may have the counterpart of Cortes' mistress, Marina!"

The special treatment of eyes must have been exaggerated to show some peculiar oddity which could only have been a difference in color. Imagine an Indian's superstitious disbelief when looking into a white face that stared back through two holes from which the Indian believed he could see the sky shining from behind and through the tall stranger's head.

If the Viking actually succeeded in penetrating Tennessee by boat to the place where the Thruston Tablet was originally found, the route from the Mississippi River is suggested by Keeler and Verrill.

"It may be of interest to note that the southern boundary of Sumner County is formed by the Cumberland River that flows into the Ohio. This, in turn, empties into the Mississippi at Cairo, Illinois. Thus, such a boat could have entered the Gulf of Mexico and sailed via the Mississippi River, the Ohio River, Cumberland River, and Rocky Creek to Castalian Springs."

IF THE Thruston Tablet and the Oklahoma Runestones are from the same time zone and if the Ohio and Cumberland River routes are correct, the Vikings sailed through a civilization beyond their imagination. One thousand years ago, the late Woodland or Early Mississippian cultures were flourishing in splendid cities such as Cahokia, which some archaeologists believe stretched from Alton, Illinois southward to the Ohio River. A political system of city-states was grouped around extraordinary temple-mound cities. Mounds 100 feet tall were topped by wooden temples where eternal fires were kept blazing! Pyramids, feathered cloaks, and elaborate tombs of a highly organized aristocracy whose servants or slaves were buried with them all suggest a unity with the splendor of Mayan and Toltec civilizations in Mexico.

An ebony "gobernale" found in the sands of the Yucatan Coast and covered with European carvings now rests in the Campeche Civic Museum. A gobernale was the big side-oar with which Viking and other boats were guided before the advent of the rear rudder. Letters to the museum director have not been answered; therefore Dr. Keeler is still in doubt as to what the carvings will prove. But the fact a gobernale was found in Yucatan does prove a Viking-type ship found its way into Gulf of Mexico waters.

Many questions need answers. How much of the Mississippi River system was explored? Where did the expedition end, and was a colony established? And why was such a voyage not recorded in the 12th century documents in libraries at Copenhagen?

The *Flateyjarbook* and *Hauksbok* record the Norse Sagas of Erik the Red, Leif Eriksson, and Thornfinn Karlsefni, a one-family unit. But since the Oklahoma exploration dates came after the Vinland voyages, the explorers might have been *outside* the family group of Erik the Red, eliminating their chance of becoming famous through the written sagas. It is even possible they did not or *could* not return from the exploration-journey to tell about it.

Oklahoma's Futhork writings are favorable to identifying the Scandinavians as the "mystery men," but the ships mentioned in Whipple's Report or seen on the Thruston Tablet are not conclusive evidence. Ships in the Viking style were widely used by English, Welsh, and Norman seafarers. Before them, the Picts of Scotland and the Celts of Ireland hunted and summer-fished the seas of Iceland around A. D. 300 and could have been in advance of all others by drifting across the great stepping stones of Iceland and Greenland to where the North American continent lay waiting. To date, the Tulsa Runestone is the westernmost proof we can offer of Norse writings, and even though the Panhandle Rocky Dell pictographs can never be proved, Texas is beginning to rumble in protest of being overlooked for the part it might have played in the Viking adventure.

A small voice at first, the rumbling grows louder each day by reminding us the Red River was as capable as the Arkansas of receiving a Viking *Knorr*, and should the mother ship be forced to a stop, the small fore and aft boats could continue on. In 1814 a bulky steamboat dared its way into the Red River and six years later another made its way up the Arkansas to Fort Smith, an outfitting point for the West.

Possible runes have been photographed by Hobert Brown of Amarillo, Texas. Found in the Caprock country near Quitaque, the inscription was on the North Pease River, a tributary of the Big Red. In Montague County, a fossilized "Norseman's Boot" was found six miles northwest of Sunset, Texas. Jack Brown, rock shop owner, discovered the "boot" embedded in blue clay about forty feet below the level of the country surrounding Devil's Canyon. What is said

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by geologists to be a heel-bone and leg-bone protrude from within the boot. Tests have been made by these same geologists who have agreed the morbid artifact is of the 11th century, the same time period of the Oklahoma inscriptions and the Ontario horse-bone.

In July 1968, the authors visited Jack Brown and saw the reported "Norseman's Boot." Encased behind glass, the object does appear to be a boot and of tremendous size. By our modern measurements, the man who wore it would have worn a size seventeen shoe. At one time, before turning into stone, the material would have been rather soft and pliable as leather. A soft fold appears at the ankle and runs up the boot top for a short distance. Where the heel would have been, a bone and two discs are visible. Where the sole attaches to the boot, fine even stitches can be seen holding the two parts together. What had once been sinew or thin cord was now a grayish-colored row of diagonal rock lines. The toe tapered to a point. Neither geologists nor medical students, we can only say it looks like a perfect boot. Whether it graced the foot of some unlucky Norseman or some other ancient man is hard to say, but when Jack Brown heard our story of the quest for Texas Vikings, he produced two yellowed pieces of drawing paper on which were sketched two inscriptions he had seen on Bald Point Mountain back in 1940 while rock hounding near Sandy Creek. Each has a line of symbols ranging in count from eight to thirteen, not yet deciphered as the alphabet used is unknown.

Other reported stones have been checked out by us in hopes of finding authentic runes. Three such reports have led us toward three new adventures. A Greek tombstone from Cripple Creek, Colorado; Roman artifacts found in Arizona's great Sonora Desert, and the "Mystery Graves" of Knox County, Texas.

Amateur archaeologist-anthropologist W. E. Fouts of Fort Worth saw the Colorado stone while visiting relatives in Monroe, Louisiana. Aware of our insatiable appetite for petroglyphs he called about the curious inscription and thought we should follow it up, in case it was of runic origin. Since the Arkansas River headwaters deep into Colorado, we were mighty interested.

In hopes their stone would provide another attempt by Vikings to mark their westward route, Robert and Betty Wills brought their mystery rock to our home. About ten years ago, on a buying trip for their Monroe Antique Shop, they had visited the historic old town of Cripple Creek. After making several purchases from a local dealer, Robert asked if any Indian relics were available. Receiving a negative answer, they started for the door, when the proprietress' husband suggested they might be interested in the large rock doorstop. Since it had been found in the mountains around Cripple Creek, the odd markings covering the face of the stone might have been a written "treaty" between Indians and whites.

Purchased and then displayed in the Wills' Antique Shop, the stone brought inquiries and passing interest but no one knew or recognized the strange writing until Mr. Fouts took an active interest. After several months of waiting to see the stone, we were almost afraid to look at it. To us, some of the letters looked runic, some looked Greek, and others didn't fit any pattern. Fifteen inches long, 12 inches wide, 4½ inches thick, the Colorado stone was adorned with 37 letters. They were engraved on what had once been the smoothly-worked face of a fifty-five-pound stone. The back and four sides were roughly hewn but the surface, though pitted and worn, was beautifully worked. Each letter was approximately one inch tall, with the exception of a single glyph forming the bottom row. It measured two and one-half inches high and seemed to represent a signature. The possibility of the stone being moved from it original locale, perhaps by wagon or some other mode of transportation, had to be considered. Stephen P. Larson, instructor of biology at Texas Christian University, chipped away two small samples from the stone's underneath side. Tests were made to see if the rock was indigenous to Cripple Creek. The composition analysis yielded the following:

"*Composition:* Crystalline limestone with calcite veinlets [whitish veins] occurring through sample. It is possibly a low grade or transitional marble. It possesses a hardness of 3 to 4 on the Mohs scale.

"*Location:* This type of rock is found throughout southwestern United States and is found in large quantities in the area of Cripple Creek, Colorado, occurring in large cliff formations with bed depths of up to 250 feet thick.

"*Comments:* 'Inscription Stone' could have come from Colorado and physical condition would have allowed its being chipped or removed from a large cliff face."

Once this was established, photographs and a brief report were sent to Dr. Vincent Cassidy of the University of Southwestern Louisiana's Department of History. Upon the strength of our letter, Dr. Cassidy made the long trip to Monroe to examine the stone. Lent to the University by Robert and Betty Wills, plaster casts were made of the inscriptions and again it underwent geological tests in which no discrepancy was found in its Cripple Creek origin.

Preliminary translations prove the stone is not runic but indisputably Greek. Dr. Cassidy feels the inscription is of considerable antiquity but within the Christian era. Further epigraphical investigation may indicate a more precise date, but translations submitted are: "Here I slew [or sacrificed] my slave, [or servant] Palladeis"; or, "Here lies the servant of the God, Palladeis." Instead of Colorado Vikings we found Cripple Creek *Greeks*. A perfect example of the fascinating and unexpected surprises one can expect when chasing petroglyps, no matter where they are found or what form they might take. Indian paint rocks, Spanish trail markers, pioneer trail signs, Greek tombstones or Viking runestones—the trail never ends.

OKLAHOMA runestone dates suggest the Vikings survived the new world hazards for at least ten years (1012-1022). Where then are the remains of their dwellings? Tennessee's Thruston Tablet shows at least one Viking who kept his date in Valhalla by dying a warrior's death. The wearer of the "Norseman's Boot" in Texas is another. How many more? Did they all eventually meet the same fate or did they learn survival by intermarrying their Indian neighbors until their strain of Viking blood was absorbed through the ensuing centuries?

The answers will come. It may be years, it may be tomorrow. Rune-hunting could fast become the newest recreational pastime. Everyone is eligible to play the serious game. The qualifications are simple:

1. Learn to recognize the Futhork alphabets.
2. If runes are suspected, don't move the stone but mark its location well.
3. Never chalk an inscription for photography purposes.
4. A camera provides proof of your discovery. Take several pictures from various angles and light exposures.
5. A pencil drawing is acceptable if accurately and neatly copied. If possible make a pencil-rub by laying paper over the glyph-impression and rubbing the side of a soft-leaded pencil over the glyph until an accurate copy comes through on the paper.
6. For serious hunters, burlap and a quick-drying liquid latex will capture a lasting impression. Paint two coats of latex over the inscription, then press on burlap or cheesecloth. Let dry. Apply another coat of latex over cloth. When completely dry, pull cloth loose from stone.
7. To copy a small number of glyphs, press balls of child's modeling clay into the depressions.
8. Contact your nearest university or museum. Report exact location, photographs, pencil rubs, latex or clay impressions.
9. If your story of "Vikings in the Southwest" is met by a polite sniff, disbelief, or disinterest, contact Gloria Farley, Heavener, Oklahoma or us, in care of Western Publications.

The evidence is here if we just look for it and recognize what we see. A. W. Brogger, late director of the Oslo Museum in Norway, believed the Vikings could have discovered the route to America during the Bronze Age when seavoyaging was at its height. And that could possibly explain why American peoples were living in a Bronze Age when Europeans reached them during the next era of voyaging.

Brogger's theory was beautifully simple: "It is *we* who have had our conception of distance destroyed! For men of the Stone and Bronze Age, distance was no object. They knew no frontiers, needed no passports, identity papers or tickets. The earth was *free*, the world lay open, and they wandered across it as though a thousand miles was nothing but a joyous adventure!"

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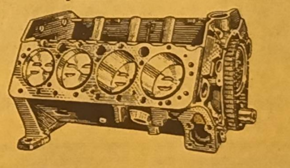

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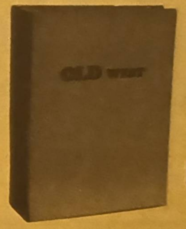

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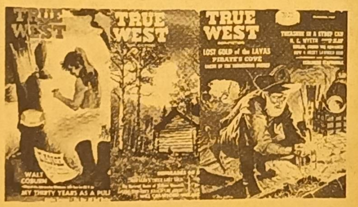

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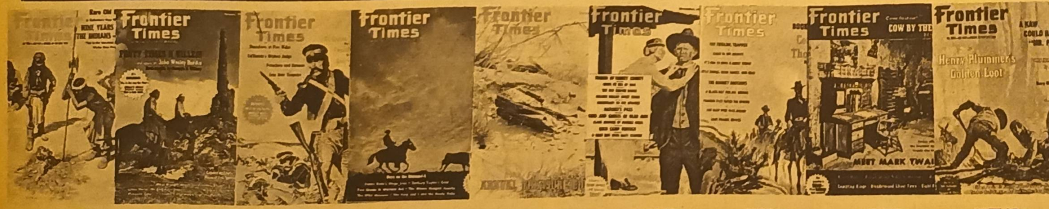

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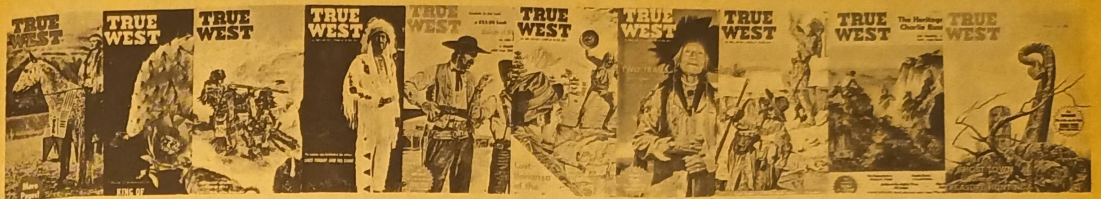

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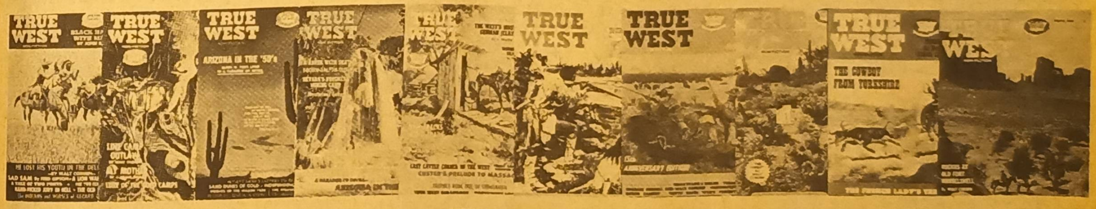

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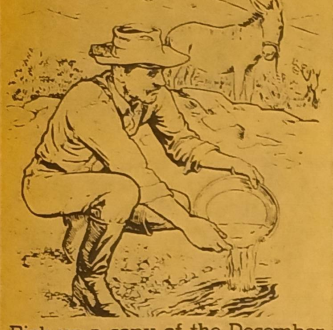

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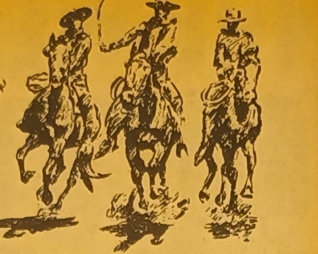

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

LEWIS AND REMINGTON

Alfred Henry Lewis, a young lawyer from Cleveland, went to the Southwest before the turn of the century and later became a feature writer for Hearst Publications in New York. *Wolfville*, issued in 1897, was reprinted many times. The characters of *Wolfville* portray events in Arizona. Many short stories about Wolfville followed through 1913. *Wolfville Yarns of Alfred Henry Lewis* (Kent State University Press, $1.95) were selected and edited by Rolfe and John Humphries and have an introduction by Rolfe Humphries. These colorful yarns are illustrated by no less than Frederic Remington.

CHISUM COWBOY

An Aged Wanderer, A Life Sketch of J. M. Parker (Fred White Jr., Box 3698, Bryan, Texas 77801, $5.00) is a facsimile reprint of a rare little booklet of cowboy life. Parker was a Chisum cowboy, a trail driver and Indian fighter but a writer he was not. Still it is good to have this stark narrative back in print at a price within reach. It is the first publishing venture of our young bookseller *amigo* and the edition consists of 500 numbered copies.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

The Six Turnings (Clark, $8.50) by John Upton Terrell is Volume 8 in the Western Lands and Waters Series. It is concerned with the major events in the development of the West in the three decades following the Louisiana Purchase. The author selected and deals primarily with the six progressive steps that opened the way for mass emigration to, and settlement of, the West.

In 1806 enterprising trappers pushed up the Missouri in search of furs—John Colter left Lewis and Clark far up the river as the exploring party returned home to join Joseph Dickson and Forrest Hancock, who were headed west. Other adventure-loving young men followed Colter, Dickson and Hancock to the Rockies and beyond—these mountain men not only found fur but streams, valleys, peaks and passes. In 1810 Astor made his move by land and sea to extend the American economic empire to the Columbia River Basin and Astor also figured in the fourth turning, the monopoly of 1822 in the Missouri trade that he gained for his American Fur Company.

Before that the author tabs the arrival of the steamboat on the Missouri as the third turning. Ashley's rendezvous system (he borrowed the idea from Donald McKenzie, the old and renegade Astorian) was the next turning. The sixth and last was the establishing of private forts to supply the trappers the year round and it was these crossroad posts that served as supply, repair and trading centers for the wagon trains heading westward. This in an interesting treatment of one of the exciting periods in our history. There is a good end-sheet map and an index. Recommended.

THE LAST SPIKE!

"The last spike was polished iron!" The golden spike was never struck but inserted into a hole drilled into the tie. The event was the historic joining of the Union Pacific Railroad building west from Omaha and the Central Pacific Railroad building east from California. The lace—Promontory Point, a desolate outpost north of Great Salt Lake in Utah. The time—May 10, 1969. The hundred-year anniversary of binding the nation together by iron rails has brought forth many articles and several books commemorating the centennial.

Westward to Promontory, Building the Union Pacific Across the Plains and Mountains (American West Publishing Co., $8.85) is a pictorial documentary with text by Barry B. Combs and the striking photographs of A. J. Russell. The original negatives were furnished by the Oakland Museum through cooperation with the American Geographical Society. Building the Union Pacific taxed government institutions, private enterprises, and the minds and muscles of the builders. Combs' narrative and Russell's photographs are a fitting tribute to this exciting chapter in Western history.

MONTANA LOCAL

Photo History of Chico Lodge (The Wan-I-Gan, Pray, Montana, $1.00) by Bill and Doris Whithorn is the authors' latest illustrated booklet and depicts the "early resort area, a country doctor, and [the] oldest town in Park County (Montana)." The authors rely more on narrative and less on photographs in this booklet, yet many photos are used. Early white men in the area—at least, those so inclined, used the hot springs to wash out dirty "duds." The waters were later turned to more salubrious purposes—health and recreation. The trails of a young country doctor and the "promise of a bright tomorrow" characterize the town which is still anticipating a real bonanza from mineral wealth.

So the Doctor Took a Trip!

(Continued from page 33)

It was in its virgin state, covered with tall grass, with no land under cultivation, and wild game abounded. I saw a ranch occasionally and met a few cattlemen and Indians, but for the most part had the country to myself. At night I would stop wherever dark overtook me, stake out Maude, and cook my supper. Then I would spread my saddle blankets, and using my saddle for a pillow and my other two blankets for cover, I would 'turn in.' For the first few nights the howling wolves and my own keen relish of my situation made my sleep rather fitful, but after a few nights I slept soundly.

"I HAD ALMOST decided that there were no thrills in store for this trip, when one night I felt something brush across me. I supposed it was Maude seeking protection from the howling coyotes by getting as close to me as possible. But upon opening my eyes, I was surprised and frightened to find that my rest had been disturbed by a couple of coyotes. I seized my gun and fired, but they escaped. When I examined my commissary, I discovered that it contained only my coffee and an empty frying pan. The coyotes had devoured the bacon and bread intended for my breakfast.

"Next morning the weather was decidedly cool and as I set out, breakfastless, I decided to walk for a time to warm my feet. There was not a house or a tree in sight, but I noticed a large bunch of range cattle feeding all around me. Suddenly they seemed greatly excited over something and were heading in my direction. Realizing that my only chance of escape lay in mounting my horse as quickly as possible, I called to Maude who was following me slowly, cropping grass. I was afraid that if I ran to her she might take fright and leave me, so I went as slowly as possible under the circumstances, and she stood still till I climbed into my saddle, only a short distance ahead of some of the cattle. As soon as they saw me on horseback, they ceased to pay me any attention—the cause of their excitement had been the unaccustomed sight of a man afoot!

"Next day at noon, I arrived in a very small town where I found a number of cowboys who seemed in a hilarious humor. I went into the general store and was partaking of a most delightful meal consisting of canned salmon, sardines, pepper sauce and crackers when I was requested to buy a chance in a raffle of a horse, saddle and bridle. I deemed it good policy to comply, so I paid fifty cents for a chance. When my turn came to draw a bead on the target, which was thirty yards distant, I practically did so with my eyes shut, for I had never been able to hit anything at which I had aimed. I received the surprise of my life when it was announced that I had hit the bull's eye and consequently had won first choice. As the pony was a rather sorry specimen, and the saddle and bridle were of the very best full-rigged Mexican type, I chose the latter, and upon having an offer of $25 made me for the outfit, promptly accepted it and prepared to depart, declining the solicitations of my ardent admirers to exhibit my marksmanship further.

"Several days later I met up with a cowboy who was riding a horse and leading six others, and as he was going in my direction we decided to travel together. He had been in the far West for two years and was on his way back to his home in Longview, Texas. The marvelous tales of his adventures served to relieve the monotony of my journey.

"Just before dark we arrived at Emory, and hobbling the horses, we cooked our supper, after which, at his earnest solicitation, we decided to 'take in' the town. My friend seemed well acquainted with the ways of the world, and I was only too glad to follow in the wake of his worldly wisdom, so we visited several of the leading saloons, and then proceeded to 'shoot up' the town. This sport lasted until one of the citizens expressed his disapproval by returning our gunfire, at which time we returned hastily to camp.

"MY FRIEND had hobbled all his horses for fear they might stray, but I had discovered that Maude would not only remain near me but would allow nobody but myself to catch her, so I allowed her to run loose to graze. When we awoke next morning from untroubled sleep, we found Maude grazing quietly nearby, but all of the horses gone. We had been visited by horse thieves as we slept, who cut all the hobbles as quietly as you please.

"My comrade expressed his intention of following the thieves until he caught them, so we put the two saddles on Maude and took up the trail, as I was convinced that it was my duty to stick by my friend. After traveling half a day, however, he persuaded me to leave him, realizing that it might be days before he could catch up with them. He bought another horse and proceeded on his journey, and I reluctantly turned back. I have never heard to this good day whether he found his horses.

"When I reached Emory again, I decided that on account of my conduct the night before, I had better go around the town instead of through it. In so doing, I evidently missed the dim road that I intended to take, for I soon found myself in heavy timber. It had grown quite dark and a rain was falling so that I could not light a fire. I continued wandering through the woods, cold and wet and badly frightened of the wolves which howled in every direction. Once I saw very close to me, an animal which I took for a big timber wolf, so I took a shot at him. Thinking I had struck him, I dismounted to search for him. I found no trace, but later discovered that in dismounting I had lost one of my much-prized derringers.

"I rode on through the darkness and rain for some time until the sound of some geese nearby seemed to promise a habitation of some sort. I rode in the direction of the sound, crossed a creek,

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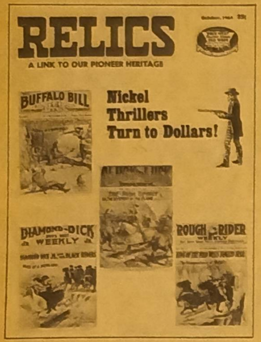
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and finally came to a clearing with a log cabin in the center. Light seeped out between the cracks of the cabin and the sound of a fiddle and the shuffle of feet seemed to indicate a dance. As I approached the clearing my presence was announced by the barking of a number of dogs. At my 'halloo,' all sounds in the house ceased as if by magic, and the lights were extinguished.

"After a time a voice asked cautiously, 'Who are you and what do you want?'

"I answered that I was a stranger who had lost his way and wished lodging for the remainder of the night. I heard my questioner discussing the matter with other inmates of the house, after which he opened the door and came out to me. By this time I had concluded from the appearance of the place that I had fallen among thieves or desperadoes and I asked only that I be allowed to put my mare in the shed and sleep near her. My request was curtly refused, and I was bidden to leave my six-shooter on my saddle and come into the house.

"I found inside an assembly of the most disreputable looking men and women it has ever been my fortune to meet and, in addition, several small children asleep on a bed in one corner of the room. The dance was resumed and I was invited to join in, also to partake of refreshment poured into a tin cup from a jug, both of which I declined.

"The party soon broke up. The men departed for a nearby cookhouse and I was told to lie down by the back wall on the floor. The women also retired to places on the floor. Lying there I strained my ears to hear part of the conversation going on between some of the men on the outside. Momentarily I expected trouble. But the next thing I knew a man was shaking me awake, the sun was up, and I was invited to step into the cookhouse for breakfast. I ate the fat bacon and cornbread and coffee with relish and went out to see about my horse. To my surprise and joy she was there, safe and unharmed, as was all my property, including my much-prized six-shooter.

"I inquired of my host the amount due him for my bed and breakfast. He informed me that it would be $2.50, which I paid, glad to get out so lightly, even though this was the only time on my journey that money had been accepted for meals and lodging. I received directions as to my route to Quitman, mounted my horse and rode away, greatly relieved when the timber hid me from my late host, as I expected to be shot in the back when I started.

"When I arrived about noon at Quitman, I told the proprietor of the little hotel at which I stopped for dinner of my night's experience. He expressed surprise that I had escaped alive. The gang was noted in that part of the country as a band of moonshiners and desperadoes, and I owed my life to the apparent fact that I was a guileless boy and not a revenue officer or spy.

"Nothing further of great interest occurred on the remainder of my journey. Three days later I reached home, after having been gone two months. I felt myself an experienced traveler with a thrilling past and thought surely my appearance was that of a man of the world. But my mother's reaction to my appearance was to demand that I take a bath immediately and get on some clean clothes. My adventures served as meat for conversation for many days (although I deemed it best to withhold from my mother my experience in 'shooting up the town') and I was the envy of the other boys. To make it complete, the admiration of the girls of our neighborhood more than compensated for any lack of approval of my appearance or conduct on the part of my family."

Last Days of the Park Reinsmen

(Continued from page 32)

was a long line of coaches on that road, at least 30 every day, with 120 horses breathing easy.

At the end of tourist seasons, drivers headed back to other occupations. Some would work on cattle and horse ranches, riding the ranges; some would drive mail stages, some on the freight lines and some for the mines in Montana. Only one of us could take a vacation. Quiet, conservative Tom Casey. He seemed to have no other visible means of support, and it was said by old-timers that Tom, several years before my time, had robbed his own stagecoach and got away with forty or fifty thousand dollars. He had stopped his coach at a convenient time when he had no passengers, just express, and took the money being shipped in his care. He dug a hole and hid it back from the road, then drove on to the next station and told about his stage being robbed. If true, then Tom could afford vacations. Long ones. For many years to come.

BY EARLY SUMMER of 1915 I had left the Snake River Valley and lived seven years in the Camas-Mud Lake country with my own little family. Following a local riding tournament at the big Gallagher ranch, I went to the park to drive stage once again. Automobiles were coming more and more into use and I got to feeling uneasy about the coaches I loved.

It had been years since I had driven but I could still find familiar faces. Some had been touring the enchanted park ever since Monida Stage Company was first organized. And some of the first drivers were still there. The growling caves, the interesting variety of geysers and boiling "paint pots" had (and still have) a haunting fascination for tourists. (Colors are from natural minerals and you can see individual green, pink and yellow mud basins in the same small area, bubbling away like gravy at mealtime.) And they like to see the bears, elk, deer and other wild animals roaming the open spaces. The whole setup, including tourists, was a fascination for stage drivers. I guess 3,500 square miles of park, surrounded by four great mountain ranges and graced with rivers and magnificent falls would be something to see and remember, even without the strange sights in the geyser basins and on the hillsides.

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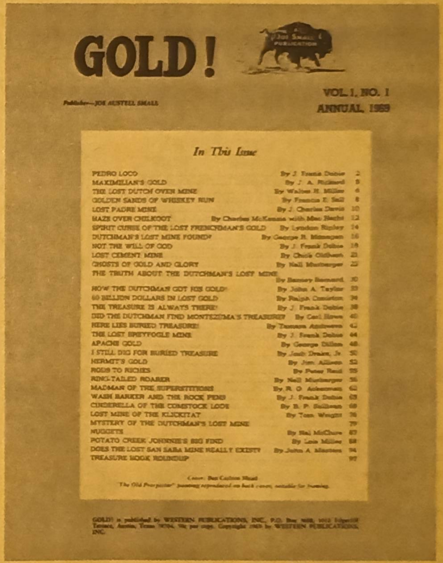

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ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 1st!

Anyway, Manager Bob Duff soon fixed me up with an outfit and I joined the string of Monida stages leaving the railroad terminal every morning for the long trip through Yellowstone. Automobile owners had finally got a law passed permitting cars in the park, and this was their first year. They were not allowed on the roads though, during stage hours. Rangebred horses wouldn't mix with automobiles. But we could all see the handwriting on the good old stage.

The last of the tourist trains rolled in on the 20th day of September, 1915, and they filled seven coaches. It was on September 25 that we pulled our teams up at the station, ending that last trip, with the sad feeling that something had just slipped out of our hands that we'd like to keep. When I walked into the office to report, Bob was there.

"Jenkins, I gave you the honor of leading the last party through Yellowstone Park with horsedrawn coaches." Bob was general manager of the biggest stage company in the world, and I was so touched by this true friendliness and the thought of never driving another stage outfit and never seeing these wonderful tourists again that I choked up and couldn't say a thing. I well knew that in a few short years the true reinsmen would be a forgotten class of men, and expert driving a lost art.

After that I never saw but two or three of the old stage drivers. Jack Sweeney, one of the greatest teamsters of the Old West, was the last man to shake hands with me at the stage barn. He died three years later. Another one, George Brandon, the most colorful driver in Yellowstone, went down into Idaho with me, then we separated. In the fall of 1949 I went to Miami, Arizona to see George but I was too late. He had died.

Today in 1969, I know of only one other living man in this forgotten class. My younger brother, Leonard. He drove stage two seasons in Yellowstone and is now in the ranching business at St. Anthony, Idaho. I doubt if more than a dozen living people realize what training it took to make a good reinsman. I mean those able to handle a wild four- or six-horse team, not the gentle exhibition teams which are still around. If there are any other stage drivers of the four-horse coaches left, I would like to hear from them. My address is Del Jenkins, Box 597, Jackson, Wyoming.

Queen Ann of Brown's Hole

(Continued from page 25)

leg, and he finally got the idea that she did not love him any more and left.

Josie later married two or three times, but all her romances went sour and she finally decided to live alone. She got to be quite a rustler herself and one of the cattlemen had her arrested after finding the hide of one of his steers buried near her cabin. When Josie came to trial she hired a lawyer from Salt Lake City to conduct the defense. The lawyer dressed her in clothes usually worn by really old women. Josie was a small person and appeared fragile, but actually she was as tough as rawhide.

At the trial her lawyer offered no defense whatever. Instead he pointed to the apparently helpless old lady and asked the jury if they could possibly believe that Josie could have butchered and skinned a big steer. The jury turned her loose without further argument. The fact was, she used to drive steers underneath a large cottonwood tree near her cabin, shoot them, hang them up with a block and tackle and butcher them, burying the branded hide. And she continued to do so when she needed meat until she was over ninety years old!

ANN BASSETT, during her teens, had been sent east to a young ladies' finishing school in Boston. The school had a French riding instructor who took the girls on genteel canters every week. One day when the girls were lined up for a trot, the riding master was called back to his office. Ann impulsively put spurs to her astonished horse, who reared up and put on a real Wild West show. But because she acted without permission she was expelled from the school, and it is said it took the influence of two senators to get her reinstated.

Ann was always very friendly with the Indians who still lived in Brown's Hole, and one day a squaw presented her with a beautifully made buckskin dress trimmed with long fringe and beads. An old man who worked for Ann's father on the ranch made a sort of leather crown for her and thereafter she was always called "Queen Ann." When she grew older a squaw made her a buckskin skirt which she said was the first genuine cowgirl costume.

When I went to Brown's Hole to gather information for my book *Outlaw Trail*, I heard many stories about Queen Ann and her exploits in earlier days, but no one informed me she was still living. After the book was published she took exception to some of the statements I made about her and at one time intended suing me for libel.

One day in 1943 my friend Frank Beckwith, editor of the newspaper in Delta, Utah, wrote me that Queen Ann was in town and asked if I wanted to see her. I replied that I certainly did want to talk to her and made a date to meet her at the editor's home. When at last I finally met the lady face to face I received the surprise of my life. I had pictured her as being like her sister Josie—rough, tough and profane. Instead I met one of the most cultured and attractive women I have ever seen. She was extremely well read, spoke quietly and intelligently, and was altogether charming. She was then about sixty-eight years old, a little plump but beautifully dressed. During the interview I asked her first about her two marriages.

"I was practically an old maid when I married my first husband, Hi Bernard, who was several years older than I," she replied. "He was foreman for Ora Haley's outfit at the time and I guess I married him mostly to get him away from Haley. He had some cattle of his own and I figured that with his ability, we could build up a profitable outfit in Brown's Hole together, but our marriage didn't work out too well. He was too old and I wasn't used to being bossed by anyone, especially a husband. After a few years we broke up.

"Ora Haley was still determined to get rid of me so he offered one of his cowboys $500 to come to Brown's Hole and get evidence enough to convict me of rustling. The cowboy refused to spy on me and came to the valley to warn me about the deal. He was soon fired, of course, and came back to the Hole to get work. I had liked him at once and very soon we were married. His name was Frank Willis. He later learned to be a mining engineer and that is why we are here, so he can study some manganese prospects for a mining company.

"In your book you told a story about me that made me pretty angry. You said I stole a whole herd of Haley's cattle and drove them out to Rock Springs to sell. I *did* drive some of his cattle, but not to sell. It happened like this: Haley was determined to get Brown's Hole for a winter range so one day he drove in 5,000 head of cattle just to see what we would do about it. He soon found out.

"When I found his cattle grazing all over the valley I got the young people together and we made a real cattle drive. We rounded them all up and pushed them across Green River onto Diamond Mountain where they either got lost or mixed in with the Mormon cattle there. Anyway, Haley never got them back. And that's how the story got started that I stole his 5,000 head. I drove them all right, but not to market. Anyway he never tried to pull that stunt again, and from that time on we had no more trouble with any of the big cattlemen."

QUEEN ANN even then still had the idea she wanted to own a cattle ranch. She had sold her herd and her land in Brown's Hole to the Snow Sheep Company, but had kept the old home. She quizzed me about a ranch in the Henry Mountains she had heard about and said she believed she could ride again as she had done as a girl and young woman. But Ann never did go back into the cattle business. A few years after this interview she and her husband moved to the old mining town of Leeds, Utah, where her husband tried to develop a uranium mine. Ann died there in 1956.

Josie lived in various locations in her later years in cabins built by herself. When she was over ninety she was still living alone, raising a vegetable garden and hunting for meat. One day in 1967 three days before Christmas she was thrown from, or fell off, a horse and broke her hip. She crawled to her cabin. Not able to get in bed, she lay on the floor without food, and drinking from a pan of water she had set out for her dog. On Christmas day her only son, Crawford McKnight, arriving to take her to his home for the holidays, found her still lying on the floor. He rushed her to a hospital in Salt Lake City. After a few days there her son took her back to his home, where she died in January 1968. Both she and her sister now lie in the Bassett cemetery near their old home in Brown's Hole.

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INDIAN RAIDS

IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KANSAS

1864 AND 1869

By Christian Bernhardt

LINCOLN, KANSAS
THE LINCOLN SENTINEL PRINT
SEPTEMBER, 1910

THE FIRST SETTLERS in Lincoln County, John L. Moffitt, Thomas Moffitt, John W. Houston and James Tyler, were murdered by Indians, August 6, 1864. The only reliable information we have regarding the settlement here of any of these young men is derived from letters written to members of their family by the Moffitt brothers. Through the courtesy of George W. Moffitt of Lawrence, Kansas, I give the following extract from a letter received by Robert Nichol Moffitt and written from Kansas by his brother John, dated May 13, 1864.

"We came here March 16, 1864. We are twenty-five or thirty miles from Salina, up the Saline River. We are now thirteen miles from the nearest house. We put up a stable thirty-five feet in length, a house twenty-two feet, of logs."

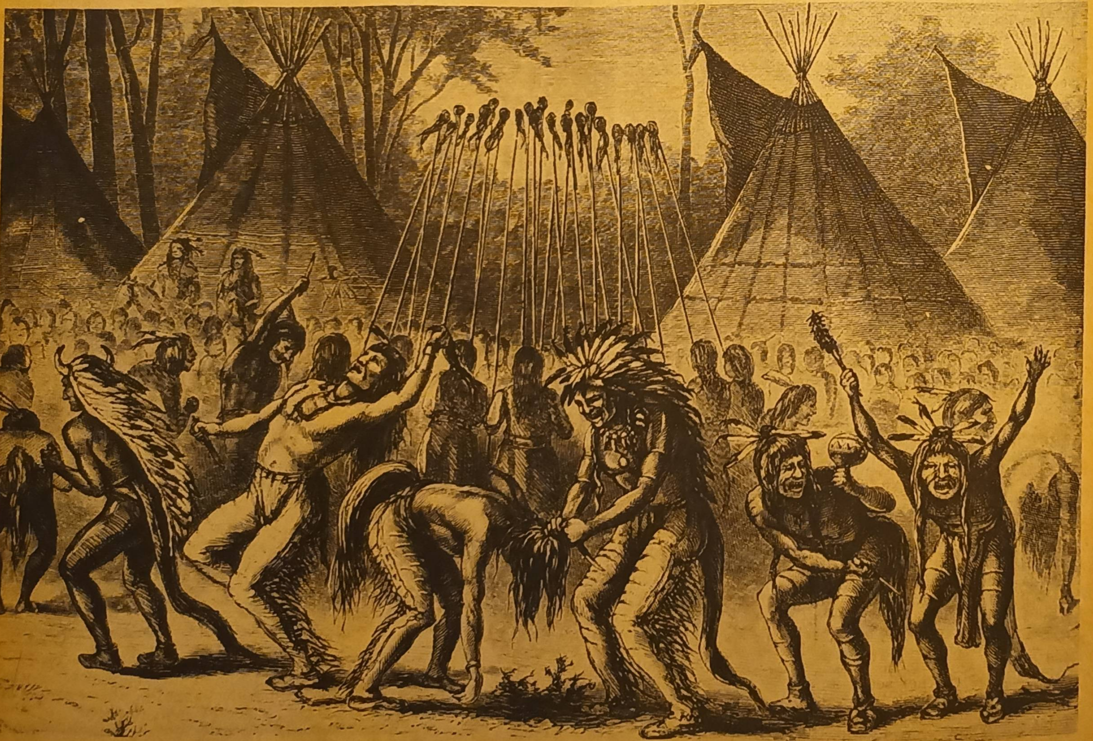
These were the first substantial buildings in Lincoln County so far as I have knowledge and were located on the southwest quarter section 10 in what is now in Elkhorn township, Lincoln County, in the bend of the Saline River just below the present site of the Rocky Hill bridge. The letter which follows was written by the younger brother, Thomas, to his sister in Philadelphia. The mother was then living in Henry County, Illinois, from whence the brothers had emigrated to Kansas.

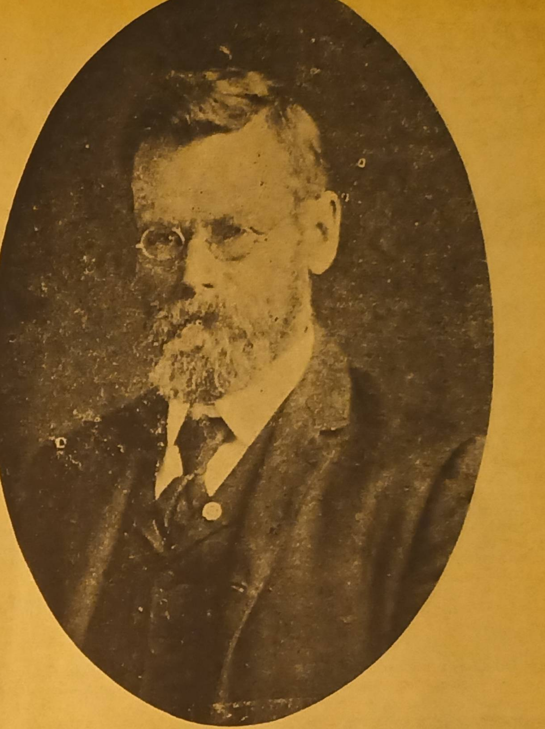
Salina, (Kansas), July 30, 1864.

"McCanless and Nancy: I suppose it is my time to write now, as I have left home. I have no chance to hear from you through any letters that you may send others. I have not had a letter from home since I came away, and I have not heard from Philadelphia for a long time; you must try and write as soon as it will be convenient, for I am dreadful anxious to hear from you.

William M. Cary's contemporary sketch of a Plains Indian scalp dance. Four native Kansas tribes—Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne and Arapaho—were nomadic hunters while others—Osage, Kansas, Pawnee and Wichita—lived in villages.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka





Christian Bernhardt about 1910 in a photo from his book.

"I left home the middle of April and came to Kansas. Although I don't like Kansas, I think I will stay for awhile. Jack and I have bought about fifty head of cows and heifers. We are going to raising stock. I think we can make a living easier raising cattle than working so hard as we used to.

"This is an excellent grazing country and is a very poor farming country—the fact is, it is too subject to drouth for farming.

"We were doing very well and would do as well now if it were not for the Indians. We would make five or six dollars a day hunting buffalo, but we have been obliged to give it up for the present. The Indians are so hostile to the hunters and settlers that we dare not go from the house.

"When we have to go, we go armed. Even when we go to the stable to take care of the horses we carry our revolvers along; rather hard lines these from what we have been used to. The government has sent out several companies of soldiers, but they can't fight the Indians as well as the settlers themselves can. Some of the folks that have families are leaving Salina for a more safe place. Some expect there will be a regular Indian war, but I don't think there will be any trouble in the settlement from the Indians.

"Jack just got back the other day in company with two other fellows, and fetched a load of hides.

"As I have nothing that is interesting to you I will fetch my letter to a close.

Thomas Moffitt.

"Direct to Salina, Saline Co., Kansas.

"Give my love to Uncle and Aunt and all my friends."

This letter from Thomas Moffitt dated July 30, 1864 was written just six days before his death. The two hunters spoken of in the letter are probably the two men killed in the battle on August 6, 1864, namely, John W. Houston and one Tyler, although one might have been Charles Case, as he was known to have been with the Moffitts at various times and became administrator of their estate after they were killed by the Indians. But it is likely that it was Houston and Tyler who were there on this 30th day of July, spoken of in the above letter.

This letter also refers to the country as an agricultural possibility, and it seems to indicate that the Moffitts' estimate and opinion of the country were not much different from that of other early pioneers, namely, that this part of Kansas was not fit for anything but buffaloes and cattle. To the everlasting honor of the pioneer, this very neighborhood has been changed from a barren wilderness to the garden spot of the state.

This letter further seems to convey the idea that there were several companies of soldiers sent out by the government for the purpose of protecting the settlers from the Indians, but from the sentiment of the letter it seems as though the settlers had but poor faith in that kind of protection.

THE TROOPS on our frontier during the Civil War were very poorly armed, as is shown in a report made by Capt. O. F. Dunlap of the 15th Kansas Cavalry, commanding Fort Riley, May, 1864, in which he says that he had "furnished such arms as were at hand to Captain Booth stationed at this post. Those arms are of various kinds, cavalry and infantry, and are unfit to issue to either except in case of emergency."

Henry Booth was captain of Company L, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, which was raised in the neighborhood of Fort Riley. In the summer of 1864 he was in command of a battalion on duty in the neighborhood of Saline and Lincoln Counties. His battalion was composed of a detachment of cavalry from Co. H, Seventh Iowa. Second Lieutenant Ellsworth in command; a detachment from Company L, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, Second Lieutenant William Booth in command; and detachments from the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Kansas State Militia, numbering in all about ninety-two men.

In a report of a scouting trip along the Smoky Hill and Arkansas in the first days of August 1864 and dated the 5th at Salina, Captain Booth mentions finding a recent campsite of from four to five hundred Indians having a lot of stock on Big Creek, probably in what is now the southeast corner of Ellis County. He concludes, "I think from present indications the Indians are upon the Saline, Solomon and Republican Rivers, as the buffaloes are plenty upon these streams and they depend entirely upon them for a living. Undoubtedly they are encamped upon one of these streams." From this it would seem that the country was overrun by Indians and that the tragedy reported in his next communication might have been expected.

Headquarters,
Salina, August 11, 1864.

"Major-General Blunt:

"Sir: I have the honor to report the following facts in regard to the killing of four men by Indians near Beaver Creek about forty miles from this place on the north bank of Saline River. Saturday evening, August 6, 1864, four men, viz: two men (brothers) named Moffitt, one Tyler and one Hueston, started from their ranch to kill a buffalo for meat, taking a two-horse team with them. Upon reaching a top of a hill about three-quarters of a mile from the house the Indians were discovered rushing down upon them. The horses were turned and run toward a ledge of rock where the men took position. They appear to have fought desperately and must have killed several Indians. Three of the men killed were scalped, but one of the scalps was left upon a rock close by. The horses were both shot through the head. This probably was done by the ranchmen to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Indians. The wagon was burned. The Indians made a descent upon the house, in which were an old man and a woman. The old man shot one of the Indians through a hole in the wall, whereupon they all fled. They judged the num-

North Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas in 1870.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

ber of Indians to be about 100. When the messenger arrived at this place a party of twelve citizens, with Sergeant Reynolds of H Company, Seventh Iowa Cavalry, proceeded to the spot. They learned the facts. The Sergeant says the Indians retreated up the Salina River (west). As all the ranchmen have left the country west of this point, the Indians will be obliged to fall upon the settlements next for plunder. It seems as if they were determined to pick up all the stock possible and kill all they can overpower. The people of Salina County met in mass-meeting this afternoon 'to devise ways and means to protect themselves and property from the ravages of the red skins.'

"I would state here, General, my urgent need of more cavalry horses to mount my company. I have as yet only eight Goverment horses, the balance (thirty) being private.

Henry Booth,

"Capt. Co. L, Eleventh Kansas Vol. Cavalry, Commanding Post."—Furnished through the courtesy of Geo. West Moffitt of Lawrence.

The scene of the awful tragedy where two of our clan were filled with arrows, scalped and left naked and dead upon the prairies was in what is now Lincoln County, Kansas, the rocky ledge upon the northeast quarter of section nine, township twelve, range seven in Elkhorn township.

The brothers belonged to a County Antrim, Ireland—Philadelphia line, being John Letch Moffitt, born January 29, 1837 at Gracehill, County Antrim, Ireland; and Thomas Moffitt, born 1841, at the same place. Both were killed August 6, 1864. Robert Nicol Moffitt, an elder brother, came from Illinois to Kansas to recover the bodies. On September 20, with an escort of soldiers with headquarters at Salina, he went up the river to his brothers' graves, disinterred the remains and removed them to Westfield, Illinois, where they rest in the family lot in the cemetery. The parents of the brothers who thus lost their lives almost without warning were David Moffitt of County Antrim, Ireland, and Elizabeth Nicol of the Island of Guernsey; both parents died in Illinois.

The woman in the log house was the daughter of the old man, the wife of one of the men killed and the sister of the other, who with two children had come on a day's visit to John and Thomas Moffitt; the buffalo hunt was organized partly for sport and partly for meat for the visitors.

THE INDIANS did not burn the Moffitt house nor did they steal any of the livestock which the Moffitts had in their possession. The Moffitts killed their team and burned their wagon so the Indians could not get possession of them. There are many old settlers who can remember the location of the house and stable. There are yet a few remnants left of both. The stable stood there for some time after the Moffitts were killed. The buildings were rather pretentious structures for that period and they were beyond a doubt the first permanent buildings erected by white men in Lincoln County.

The spot where the battle took place is on an adjoining section so the distance from their dwelling to the battleground is not much more than one-half mile in a direct line. But Beaver Creek is between the battlefield and the house and the banks are very steep in most places. They were evidently cut off by the Indians and unable to get home or into the creek, and this probably accounts for the stand which they took at the rock ledge spoken of. If they had secured this protection they would have been saved, as I have failed to find a single instance where any whites were killed in their homes or on a well protected river or creek. The Indians always tried to secure their victims in as easy a manner as possible, and the rock ledge where the Moffitts took their last stand gave the Indians an excellent opportunity to carry out their method of warfare.

The old gentleman and the woman were the father-in-law and wife respectively of Houston. Tyler was a brother of Mrs. Houston. The old man was from forty to forty-five years old; the woman about twenty-five. The child was only a few years old. These people told the following story as to how they escaped: The Indians came to the cabin after they had killed the Moffitts, Houston and Tyler, and the woman wanted her father to shoot at them, as there was only three or four of them; but the old man declined, as he was afraid to provoke them. They rode up to the house and told the occupants to come out as they were good Indians and that they had nothing to be afraid of; but they kept themselves in the house.

The next morning the Indians came again, and the woman induced her father to pull out a chunk in the wall between the logs, and he shot one of the Indians. Whereupon they turned and went back to camp. The old man and the woman and the child kept themselves barricaded in the house for about two days and then made their escape to the Tripp homestead just east of what is now Tescott. From there they went to Salina, leaving the town shortly afterward, and were not heard from again.

There is another version of the man and woman in the Moffitt house at the time of the battle. This has been furnished me by Mrs. Emma Wensink [or Wensick] of Tescott, Kansas, who is a daughter of William Tripp and a sister of Woodfield Tripp who was one of the party who helped to bury the Moffitts. Her story is as follows: The man and woman came to her father's house near Tescott, Ottawa County and stayed there for a while, and the girl (Houston's daughter) always addressed the man as "Uncle." The woman gave her name as Mrs. Houston and said that the man named Tyler who was killed was her brother; and this will fairly correspond with what has been written before, with the exception that the man in the house was not the father of the woman and Tyler, but rather their brother. The brother who was left in the house was not very bright, therefore he was left at home for company for his sister. The Tyler who was killed was referred to as James Tyler, so I am reasonably satisfied that I have given his name correct, and also the correct relationship existing between all of them.

The place where the four men were killed has been badly marred—next thing to destroyed—since the battle took place. The victims were all buried a few yards east of where they fell. Houston and Tyler still rest there in unmarked graves and the exact spot is not known. Why would it not be fitting for the citizens of Lincoln County to have a search for the bodies of those two pioneers and place them in the cemetery? The Moffitts were removed to Illinois shortly after the massacre.

The names of the parties who came up from Salina to bury the dead as furnished me by Hon. Tom Anderson of Salina is as follows: Tom Anderson, now [1910] living in Salina; Ervin Harris, dead; O. P. Hamilton, dead; Albert Brown, dead; Peter Geirsch Jr., now living near Shady Bend, Lincoln County; Hiram Mosier, dead; Thomas Boyle, dead; Charley Robinson, dead; Woodfield Tripp, dead; John Cline, now living in New Cambria; and Adam Caldwell. The last named claimed that he was there, but it is doubted by some of the parties. Those men came from Salina to Beaver Creek, a distance of about thirty-five miles, to perform the sad funeral rites and not a soldier was with them; the commanding officer had the honor to have reported the killing, yet had not followed up the Indians or offered any assistance.

The funeral party found the bodies in a very decomposed condition as they had been exposed to the hot August sun for several days. They were all wrapped in blankets and buried in one grave side by side near the spot where they were killed, and a headboard placed at each one.

After burying the Moffitts and their companions, the funeral party started on their return to Salina and got as far as the Tripp homestead east of Tescott. There they got a little to eat and were going to stay all night, but Tom Anderson had left his young wife in Salina and so he went and saddled his horse to go to Salina during the night. A Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, who were under suspicion of being cattle and horse rustlers, were staying at the Tripp homestead overnight. When Mrs. Harrington heard that Anderson wanted to leave, she seized a butcher knife and told Anderson that she would cut the heart out of any s-- of a b-- who would atempt to leave before morning. She was possibly afraid that he would go and report to an officer in Salina. This little incident shows the state of mind that prevailed at that time. The whites were afraid of the whites as well as of the Indians. Anderson left for Salina just the same, and he took his heart with him.

AFTER THE FUNERAL the party made a little tour of inspection around the battlefield. Anderson reports that there were by actual count, on the top of the hill west of the battlefield, not far from where the new Rocky Hill schoolhouse is now located, the fireplaces of fifteen Indian tepees that had been pitched a few days before the funeral took place; so there must have been fifty or more Indians in the bunch. It has been generally supposed that the Indians camped on Bullfoot Creek the night after killing the Moffitts, but the camping place on the top of that hill would indicate that they camped right there on the same quarter section where the battle took place. This would make it one mile or more between the Indian camp and the Moffitt house, so it had not been hard for the man, woman and child in the house to escape.

The funeral party found any number of marks on the sides of the rock ledges made by bullets fired by the Indians. Two of the party picked up an armful of arrows, showing that the Indians were well armed with both firearms and bows and arrows. Anderson is of the opinion that this was the hardest fought battle between whites and Indians in this part of Kansas, and a good many of the Indians were certainly killed in that battle. About two miles north from the stone ledge up the creek, a buffalo robe was found by the funeral party. This robe was to all appearances fixed up for carrying things from place to place and was bloodstained all over, showing that it certainly had been used for carrying the dead and wounded from the battlefield. This robe was found about two miles north of the battlefield on Beaver Creek. That would make the location of the place where it is thought the Indians buried their dead not far from where our present County Farm is located.

Some years ago, Ferdinand Erhardt found some skulls in a cave on Bullfoot Creek, and it was generally supposed to be the skulls of the Indians killed in the battle with the Moffitts, but that has been found since to be incorrect, as a company of Pottawatomie Indians camped or visited the cave some years later and told Erhardt that the bones in the cave were of the victims in a battle in 1863 between Pawnees and Pottawatomies. In this battle the Pawnees became hard-pressed and took refuge in the cave and were all killed there by the Pottawatomies; so the bones were not brought there from the Moffitt battle.

The buffalo robe found in an opposite direction from the Bullfoot Creek cave seems to prove that the dead Indians, if any were killed in the Moffitt battle, were carried north. J. J. Peate of Beverly claimed to have seen the place where the Indians buried their comrades who fell in that battle and says it was about three-fourths of a mile north of the battlefield, and he is sure fifteen Indians were killed. The Indians, after they broke camp, went west up the Saline River, according to all the accounts of their movements at that time.

The cave on Bullfoot referred to is located on the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirteen in what is now Indiana township, Lincoln County, Kansas and is now owned and occupied by Fred Opplinger. There had been some inscriptions made on the rocks by some fairly educated Indians. The inscriptions told of the battle and that it took place in 1863 and that nine Pawnees and two Pottawatomies were killed, eleven in all. The inscription on the rocks is said to have been very plain some years ago, but there is no trace of it now.

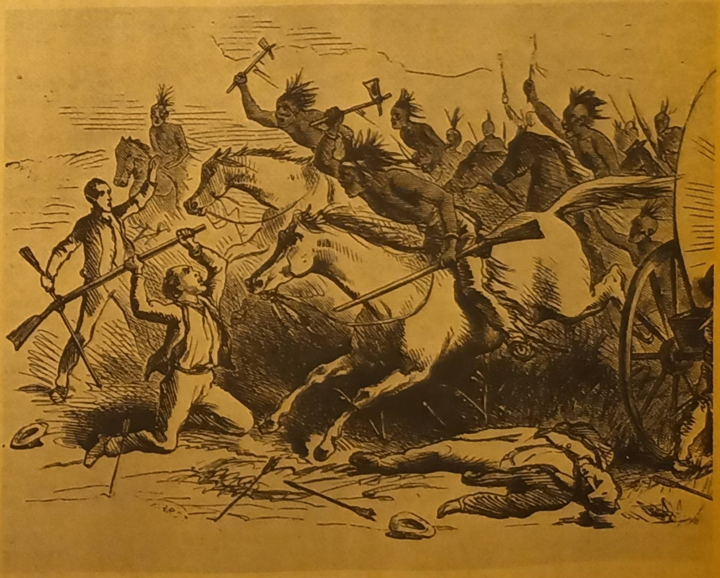
The following "Petition to remove the bodies of John and Thomas Moffitt" to the home cemetery in Illinois is found among the probate records of Saline County and is addressed to Robt. N. Moffitt, a brother of the deceased.

Kewanee, (Ill.), September 12, 1864.

"Rob:—We received your letter on last Thursday. We were glad to hear that you arrived safe to Salina. You must do your best to get the boys' bodies, if you can get enough people to go with you to

Massacre of Houston, Tyler and the Moffitt brothers in Kansas in 1864 may have inspired this drawing in a book by Edwin Eastman published 10 years later.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



get them. I have been talking to several persons here, they say there will be no difficulty in taking them if you can get enough to go with you to protect you from the Indians. Charles Miner took up his son, Bill, he had been dead four months, and was buried only six inches under ground, without any coffin. If you can get enough to go to protect you from danger, hire men to take them up and put them in coffins, if it should cost one hundred dollars apiece. If you don't get them now they will have to be got in cold weather, and that would only be double expense to do that. Mother says they will have to be brought home, if it takes all they had themselves, and half of all she has got to do it.

(Signed) "Elizabeth M. Lyle
for her mother, E. Moffitt."

In compliance with the above request, Robert secured the bodies of his brothers and made the following report of his progress to his mother:

Salina, September 30, 1864.

"Dear Mother:—I went last Tuesday and got Jack and Tommy's bodies. They were very much decayed—more than I expected, but I got them without much trouble. I had twenty soldiers and four citizens with me. We were gone three days. The Indians were back and had burned the house.

"I got back yesterday. I have made a box that will hold both coffins and packed them in sawdust. I will take them to Leavenworth that way and get the cases there. I will start from here next Monday. It will take seven days to go to Leavenworth, so it will be Sunday night before I get there. If I get the cases, which I have no doubt of, I will leave either Monday or Tuesday, the 10th or 11th of October, and will be home the 11th or 12th of October. I will send a dispatch from St. Joseph or Quincy.

"I have got some of Tom's hair, but there was no hair left on Jack's head.

"I was verv sick with diarrhea while I was after the boys, but I am getting well again. We had to drink salt water, which I think was the cause of it.

"I remain your affectionate son,
Robert."

From this letter we learn that twenty soldiers were placed at Moffitt's service to go to Beaver Creek to get the bodies. They were accompanied by four civilians, as follows: Thos. Boyle, Fred Rhoads, Adam Caldwell and Woodfield Tripp. Three of those four helped to bury the Moffitts.

THE FOLLOWING papers comprise all of the records regarding the property left by the Moffitt brothers, and were procured at the Saline County Courthouse through the courtesy of Judge Supple, now Probate Judge of Saline County. I am under obligation to Miss Grace Dawson and to Miss Lillian Lowell, both of Salina, for their kindness in copying the documents. They are all official, and the information is therefore reliable.

"12th of August, 1864,
Salina, Saline Co., Kansas.

"Application in regard to letters of administration of the estate of Thomas L. Moffitt and John Moffitt, his brother, and John W. Houston, partners who were hunting and were killed by the Indians. Case of John W. Moffitt & Co. To all whom it may concern:

"State of Kansas)
)ss
Saline County)

"Know ye, that whereas John Moffitt & Co. are now dead, having been killed by the Indians and having left property which may be lost or destroyed if speedy care not be taken of the same; to the end that said property may be collected and taken care of according to law, we do hereby appoint Chas. Case administrator of all and singular, the goods of the foregoing firm or deceased partners, to settle and dispose of their effects according to law; and to collect and dispose of all things in reference to the firm, and to perform all other such things which are or hereafter may be required of him by law. In testimony whereof, I, A. A. Morrison, clerk of the Probate Court, in and for the county and state aforesaid, have hereunto signed my name and affixed my private seal, no public seal having been provided as yet.

(Seal.) "A. A. Morrison,
Clerk and Judge of Probate Court."

"Salina, Saline Co., Kansas,
17th August, 1864.

"Application for letters in regard to the estate of John Moffitt and Thomas Moffitt, his brother, who were lately killed by the Indians up the Saline, on Beaver Creek, has been made, and Mr. Charles Case has agreed to attend to the business."

"Administrator's Oath, 17th August, 1864.

"You, Charles Case, do solemnly swear that you will make a true and perfect inventory of and appraisement of the estate of John and Thomas Moffitt, deceased, and pay all the debts as far as the assets will extend, and account for and pay all assets which shall come to your knowledge or possession according to law.

"Chas. Case"

"The within is recorded on page 63, and a partial settlement on page 60.

"Recorded this 31st December, A. D. 1864.

"A. A. Morrison, Probate Judge."

"Salina, Saline Co., Kansas,
August, 1864.

"A list of the goods of John and Thomas Moffitt, brothers, who were killed by the Indians out on Beaver Creek, up the Saline stream. Charles Case, administrator, as charged with having received the effects of the Moffitts, deceased, which is reported as follows:

Cash	$1,004.00
Other goods according to the appraisement list:	
1 Dragoon bridle bit, appraised at	50
1 three gallon keg	50
1 grindstone	1.25
1 shawl	10.00
3 coats, one vest and other clothing	15.00
1 hammer	50
1 box and a lot traps	1.00
11 bottles strychnine	3.30
6 boxes of G. D. caps	50
2 saddle trees and one pair of stirrups	5.00
1 plane and bit	1.00
1 harness leather	3.00
1 brace and bits	2.00
1 hand saw	1.00
1 brush	25
1 map of western states	25
9 books appraised at	5.00
4 boxes of caps	1.00
1 trunk and a variety of clothing	27.00
1 pair of pants	7.00
1 grass mower	150.00
3 buffalo robes	1.00
2 pitch forks	2.50
4 two year old heifers, each $14	56.00
5 cows and three calves	100.00
20 yearlings, $10 per head	200.00
1 cow and calf	25.00

"The whole amount of goods as made known to me,

"A. A. Morrison, Probate Judge."

"P. M. Brown, on his note on page 37, was allowed $10 for crying the public sale of property of the Moffitts on 15th of September, A. D. 1864.

"A. A. Morrison, Probate Judge."

"October 4th, 1864, in open court, settlement of

Moffitt's estate	$1082.55
Bills allowed to the amount of	125.51
	$ 957.04"

"Salina, September 26th, 1864.

"Received of A. A. Morrison, Probate Judge of Saline County, Kansas, the sum of twenty-five dollars out of the estate of John and Thomas Moffitt.

"Robt. N. Moffitt."

"Estate of John and Thomas Moffitt to Charles Case, Dr.: For appraisement of property and inspection of papers of the said estate, by Erwin Farris and Robert Parker, one day each, at ($3) three dollars per day, $6.00.

"Chas. Case, By J. B."

"The State of Illinois)
) ss
Henry County)

"I, Robert N. Moffitt, of said county and state, do hereby make out and state the above and foregoing list is a true copy of the appraisement list of the goods, moneys and effects of Thomas and John Moffitt, deceased. Received by Charles Case as administrator, and for which he is chargeable as furnished to me by A. A. Morrison, Probate Judge, Saline County, Kansas.

"Robert N. Moffitt."

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of December, A. D. 1865.

"J. H. Howe, Notary Public."

"Charles Case, Esquire, Administrator of the Estate of John L. Moffitt and Thomas Moffitt, deceased, Salina, Saline County, Kansas:

"Pay to Hon. Hugh Osborn the sum of nine hundred dollars ($900) assets in your hands realized by you on the settlement of the estate of John L. Moffitt and Thomas Moffitt, and this shall be your receipt for the same.

Robt. N. Moffitt,
for himself, and as attorney in fact for the other heirs.

"Kewanee, Henry Co., Ill., Nov. 9, 1866."

"Kewanee, Illinois, November 10, 1866.

"Hon. Hugh Osborn,

"Dear Sir: Your favor received informing me of the settlement of the estate of my brothers.

"Herewith find order on Case for the money. I wish you to get the money and send it to me by express or draft as you think best, deducting for your trouble. I think there ought to have been at least $1,100, but send it along. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

"Yours truly,
"Robert Moffitt."

"Kewanee, Henry Co., Ill.,
November 12th, 1866.

"Hon. Hugh Osborn,

"Dear Sir: Yours without date was received on the 9th, requesting an order on Case for the balance in his hands, or rather in Mr. Jones'. On last Saturday I attended to the matter. Gen. J. M. Howe, a lawyer of Kewanee drew the order and also wrote a letter in my name instructing you to forward the money in any way in which you could, and is practicable, which I suppose is all that is necessary. But as you may perhaps expect me out there, I deem it just to write this and let you know why I did not come at present. I am just beginning to husk my corn crop, and have no one to help me as yet. I cannot make arrangements to go at present. If you receive the money please forward it if you can; if you can't, lose no time in writing me, and I will come out myself, but if I can avoid it, it will save me both trouble and expense. It would cost me about one hundred dollars to go there, and at present the loss of time would be no small matter. I intend to go there this winter anyhow, and have the matter settled, or put in the hands of someone that would. If you will do the business, paying yourself for all necessary trouble, and forward the balance to me, I will be much obliged to you, but do not fail to let me know if anything turns up to prevent a settlement at this time. I think I will wait at present until I hear from you, which I hope to do in a few weeks. Please write immediately, and if necessary I will come out there.

"Yours truly,
(Signed) R. N. Moffitt."

"State of Kansas)
) ss
Saline County)

"To D. R. Wagstaff, Sheriff of Saline County, Greetings:

"You are hereby commanded to notify Charles H. Case, administrator of the estate of Thomas and John Moffitt, deceased, to appear before me, Charles S. Hussey, Probate Judge in and for Saline County, at my office in said County, during the April term of the Probate Court, of Saline County, Kansas, commencing on the first Monday of April, 1869, which term will continue during the said week to exhibit statement in regard to the said estate above referred to.

"You will make due return of this writ as the law directs. Given under my hand and seal this 8th day of March A. D. 1869.

(Signed) "Charles S. Hussey,
Probate Judge."

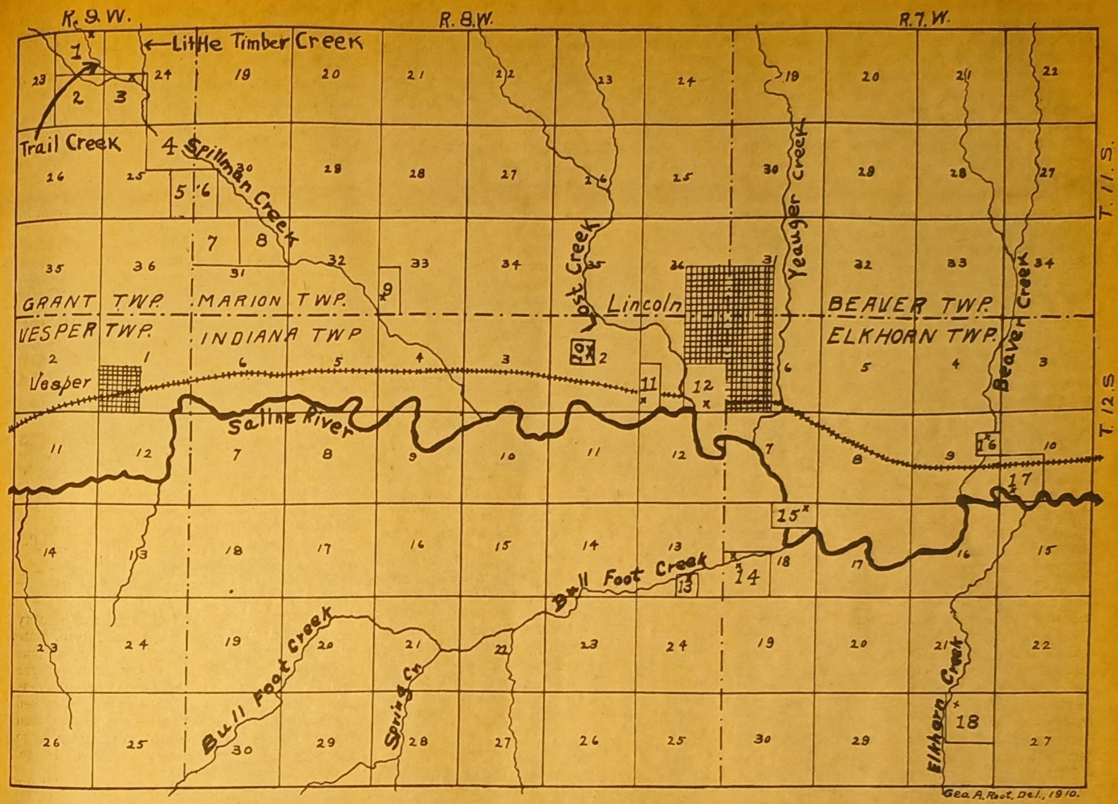
"Received March 8th, A. D. 1869, at 4 o'clock P. M., and after diligent search have been unable to find the within named Charles H. Case in my county. March 18th, 1869.

"Fees 50c.

(Signed) D. R. Wagstaff, Sheriff."

IT APPEARS from these records that John W. Houston was a partner of the Moffitt brothers, yet this is the only mention of Houston. There appears to be nothing else in the records to show that he had either heirs or a share in the estate. There is an account given of thirty-four head of cattle, which will fairly well tally with the number of cattle given in the letter that opens this book. This would seem to indicate that the Indians did not drive any cattle away and the inventory shows that nothing was taken from the house. Furthermore, the parties who did the work of burying the dead found the team killed and the wagon burned where the dead bodies were.

The record also shows that Robert Moffitt got only twenty-five dollars when he came after the bodies of his brothers. This is all that the relatives ever got



Map of Indian atrocities in Lincoln County, Kansas between 1864 and 1869 bound into Bernhardt's book. Sites run diagonally from top left to bottom right and correspond to the following key: 1—Where Ziegler and Alverson were overtaken and their horses stolen; 2—Lorentz Christiansen's farm; 3—Peter Christiansen's farm where Otto Petersen and E. Lauritzen and wife, Stine, were killed and buried; 4—Where Petersen, Lauritzen, Meigerhoff, Weichell and wives lived; 5-6—Otto Petersen's farm (he had no house); 7-8—Meigerhoff's and Weichell's farms (they had no houses); 9—Soldier's camp; 10—Where Meigerhoff and Weichell were killed and buried and Mrs. Weichell taken prisoner; 11—Where Mrs. Alderdice was taken prisoner and her children killed; 12—Soldiers' camp and Indian burial ground; 13—Stone cave and Indian camp where skulls were found; 14—Ferdinand Erhardt's farm where soldiers camped May 30, 1869; 15—Where the Strange boy was killed and the Schmutz boy wounded; 16—Where Houston, Tyler and the Moffitt brothers were killed and buried; 17—The Moffitt farm; 18—The Schermerhorn farm and store.

out of all that the boys left. The inventory of the estate is rather interesting at this time for we read that "three buffalo hides were listed at one dollar." If we had three buffalo robes now we might buy a farm with them. Right below we read, "two hay forks two dollars and one-half." The difference then and now is that buffalo hides grew here, while hay forks had to be hauled from Leavenworth.

The shawl spoken of in the inventory was not necessarily a woman's shawl, as men in the frontier camps used them very often, as they were nice to roll up in and go to sleep on the prairie when they were out on their hunting trips.

It further appears that Charles Case was appointed administrator of the estate, and from what the records show and from information that I have from the Moffitt relatives, it would appear that said Mr. Case administered the whole business into his own pocket. Anyway the relatives did not get anything. The records also show that the sheriff of Saline County was sent out on the 18th of March, 1869 to bring in the said Charles Case for a settlement, but the papers were returned as Case could not be found. He was said to be in Kentucky then, money and all. And it is reported that he afterwards appeared in Illinois and told the relatives of the Moffitt boys a very hard luck story, and no prosecution followed.

The entire settlement of the Moffitts' estate seems to have been handled in a very careless manner, not only by the clerk who acted as probate judge but also by the regular judge after Saline County became organized. The administrator was permitted to get away with the entire proceeds of the estate, and the records show that more than five years had elapsed after the administrator was appointed before an effort was made to get him to settle according to law. It will be noticed that there was no bond given for faithful performance of duty. This copy of administration is a very good criterion to go on in regard to the early days. It is worthy of a very close study, and even then we may have some difficulty in understanding what is meant by some of the documents on file in the Salina records. But there is nothing omitted here that is recorded, as I have had every item copied in full. I have done this as a matter of history, as a curiosity to the present and future generations.

It is very interesting to search the old records, as it throws light on how public business was done in those early days. In the first place I had trouble finding what I wanted in the Saline County Courthouse, owing to the fact that Book "A" could not be found in the office of the probate judge. This book was what was needed in order to get the necessary information. The clerk could not find it, and when Judge Supple came he could not find it. He then 'phoned to some parties in Salina, and the said party 'phoned back that the book was there in the courthouse and that he would be over in a few minutes and find it. The Judge then started for another hunt and found a very small book that did not look like a book of records. This book was marked "A" and everything in it is written with pen and ink, and it is neither ruled nor lettered.

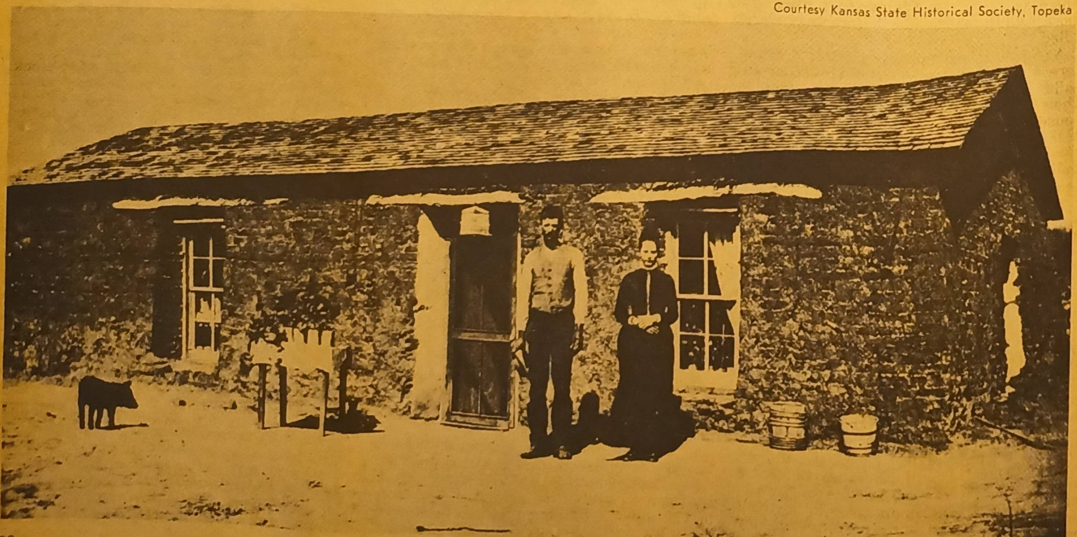
There was no probate judge in Saline County at that time. The county was organized but not fully officered. What is now Lincoln and Saline Counties was at that time attached to Ottawa County for judicial purposes, and a clerk from Ottawa County was stationed and had charge of the probate work. The office at Salina had no seal, and the clerk had to use his own private seal. All of this goes to show that Salina in the year 1864 was a very small frontier town. But there were men in it to push it ahead to a very high state of civilization.

The Book "A" referred to is about twelve by fifteen inches and about an inch thick. The record of the Moffitt administration is recorded on page 60 and when the judge discovered the records in the book, he took from the vault all of the papers pertaining to the Moffitt estate.

Before I leave the subject of the Moffitts, I desire to call attention to a few facts. The foregoing letters and documents seem to indicate that the Moffitt brothers were well fixed in life and came here with the bona fide intention of working up the wilderness so that it would resemble a garden spot and not a wild state. Second, the letter seemed to indicate that they were quite tenderhearted, and not like the hard-hearted and in some cases fugitives from justice who went to the front or a little beyond the line of civilization. The third thing that I would call attention to is the battlefield. On the northeast quarter of section nine, township twelve, range seven, in Elkhorn township, Lincoln County, Kansas is the only known battlefield in Lincoln County where whites and Indians fought a real hard battle. The place is about three miles from Lincoln Center, and for this reason it ought to be purchased—say five or ten acres fenced in and made into a public park and the rock ledge preserved as much as possible.

It must be remembered that Houston and Tyler are still buried there. This would be a fitting finish to our pioneer monument and a great help to preserve our history for future generations. And further, Tom Anderson of Salina, one of the men who helped to bury the Moffitts, informs me that there were so many arrows left at the rock ledge that they could be gathered up by the armful, which seems to indicate that this was a very hard-fought battle and therefore the spot ought to be taken care of for the future. There are a number of other historic spots in Lincoln County from that early period that ought not to be forgotten, notably the cave on the Opplinger farm on Bullfoot Creek which is large enough to accommodate about twenty persons.

Sodhouse in north-central Decatur County, Kansas.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Kansas sodhouse farm in the 1870s.

IN THE MONTH of February 1869 the following settlers came to what is now called Denmark, Lincoln County, Kansas, on the Spillman Creek: Lorentz Christiansen and wife and Peter Christiansen and wife and their three children, Helena, Christian and Hans. The Christiansens were brothers. Eskild Lauritzen and wife and one boy and Otto Petersen, a single man, were the first settlers around Denmark neighborhood. Fred Meigerhoff and George Weichell and his wife came two months later.

Lorentz Christiansen filed on the southeast quarter of section twenty-three, now owned and occupied by Martin Rasmussen. His brother Peter Christiansen filed on the southwest quarter of section twenty-three, now owned and occupied by H. P. Jensen. Eskild Lauritzen filed on the northeast quarter of section twenty-five, now owned and occupied by Peter Larsen. Otto Petersen filed on the east-half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-five, (all of this land is in what is now Grant township), and the west half of the southwest quarter of section thirty, now owned and occupied by Mrs. C. Andersen. George Weichell and Fred Meigerhoff filed on the north half of section thirty-one in Marion township. I am unable to find out which quarter was filed on by Weichell and which by Meigerhoff but they filed on those two quarters just before they were killed.

As stated before, these settlers came here in February 1869 and started to build log houses, or partly "dugouts." The Christiansen brothers had their log houses dug in the south bank in a bend of Spillman Creek. A bend in the creek runs so much to the north there that the house was very near the center of the quarter section. This house was on Peter Christiansen's land and it is certainly the first dwelling erected in that neighborhood. Lorentz and his wife lived with them.

Eskild Lauritzen had a log house on his land in the bend on the south side of Spillman, not far from where the present dwelling of Peter Larsen is now located. Otto Petersen lived with the Lauritzens. Weichell and wife and Meigerhoff, when they arrived, also lived with Lauritzen. This made a crowd of six adults in this one house. We might presume that this was a very small log house, but this was one of the hardships that the pioneer had to contend with—no place to seek shelter until some rude cramped affair could be erected. When new arrivals came to the settlement the latchstring was always found hanging out and they were given as good as the shelter had for themselves.

The first accident that might have ended fatally happened when they were cutting logs for the log house of Peter Christiansen. Lorentz had the misfortune to miss the log with his axe and cut a terrible gash in his foot. It bled profusely and there was danger of his bleeding to death and no doctor within thirty or more miles and no house to place him in. It looked bad for the small band surrounding him.

What to do was a puzzle, as none of them could speak fair English. Lorentz himself was the best in that respect, and he was out of commission. They therefore decided to send out Christian Christiansen, the oldest son of Peter Christiansen. He could speak good English, so he was dispatched down the Saline River where a few Irish had settled. Arriving there he failed to get the desired help so he returned that evening. The next day he was dispatched down the river again for help and kept going until he reached the house of John S. Strange not far from the present site of Lincoln Center. When Strange heard what had happened to one of his fellowmen he yoked up his ox team and drove up to Denmark and, loading Mr. Christiansen in the wagon, proceeded to take him home and nursed him for six weeks or until he was well again.

This incident may perhaps in a measure account for the lack of a house on the Lorentz Christiansen land. When spring opened each one got busy to get a little breaking done so as to grow at least a little to help out.

ALONG IN MARCH or the first part of April, Mr. and Mrs. George Weichell and Fred Meigerhoff, a single man, came to Spillman Creek. They had stayed some two or three weeks on Bullfoot Creek, making their home with Ferdinand Erhardt. These people have been very hard for me to trace, but enough is known about them to convey the idea that they were highly educated and well-fixed in a financial way. It is said that they had an instrument somewhat like a butter or cheese tester. They would run this instrument from three to five feet in the ground and cut and pull out a plug of the subsoil for examination. They did not buy the cat in the sack, for they picked out two as good pieces of land as you will find anywhere.

At the beginning of my work the names of Meigerhoff and Weichell were not complete. No one seemed to know their initials, and I desired to have their names correct on our pioneer monument, so I set about to find their full names and reasoned that if they had taken land they would have been obliged to have had citizen's papers and to file on the land they would have had to go to Junction City. I made a trip to this place and examined the records from January 1 to June 1, 1869 and I found there that on May 10th, 1869, George Weichell and Fred Meigerhoff took out their first citizen papers and that the two men were from Switzerland and not from Hanover, as some think. The names are now correct on the monument.

It will be noticed that they were in Junction City on May 10th, and it is certain that they took land while there. When we consider the crowds that applied for land during those days and the slow mode of traveling, it is safe to say that the two men barely had time to return from Junction City to be at home on the 30th of May.

On May 30, 1869, about two o'clock p.m., a party of about sixty Indians came down Spillman Creek committing all kinds of depredations and killed Eskild Lauritzen and his wife, Stine; and Otto Petersen. The Lauritzen boy was saved. He was over at the Christiansen home, playing with Hans Christiansen. The place where the killing occurred was on the north side of the creek and west of "Little Timber" on the southwest quarter of section twenty-four, on the north line of the Peter Christiansen farm, near the south line of the present Morgenson farm.

Otto Petersen was killed some distance from where the Lauritzens were killed, on the same side of all the creeks, and was not found till some days later after the massacre. It might be well to state here that Little Timber and Trail Creek empty into Spillman Creek on this quarter section. Some writers, including Eli Ziegler, who makes the statement very positive, say that Otto Petersen was killed and buried on the south side of the creek. Reverend Thomas Strange was one of the parties that went

Hotel and depot in Salina, Kansas in 1867.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

up on the Spillman and found and buried the dead body of Petersen. He was rolled in a blanket and buried where he was found; and Rev. Strange is positive that it was on the north side of the creek and from other sources I have the same statement. So I accept that as being the true fact.

This thirtieth day of May 1869 is said to have been one of those lovely days that only Kansas can produce at that time of the year. Being on Sunday the Lauritzens and Petersen turned out to enjoy the Sabbath day and at the same time investigate their own and the Christiansen's prospects for a crop. They had a little breaking done and a little sod corn put in. The Christiansen breaking was north of the creek and about directly north of his house, and the Lauritzen boy was at the Christiansen house; so it is easy to understand that his parents were on the way to visit the Christiansens but first went across the creek to see the Christiansen crop and that was what cost them their lives.

The Indians tried very hard to burn the Christiansen house after they had finished their fiendish act on the north side of the creek, but the brothers escaped injury and kept the Indians far enough away to prevent firing the house. If Lauritzen, his wife and Otto Petersen had gained the house, they could have been saved. During the night the Christiansen brothers with their families escaped down the river to the Schermerhorn ranch on Elkhorn Creek. They took with them the Lauritzen boy. He was afterwards sent to some relative in Chicago. If rumors are right, he is now farming in Iowa.

This will prove that they knew at the Schermerhorn ranch early next morning, from two different sources, that the Indians had done some mischief and at least three settlers had been killed. There was a detachment of soldiers there, but they did not stir to protect the settlers nor to punish the Indians. But I will come to that later on.

MR. and MRS. WEICHELL and Meigerhoff at their home evidently saw the Indians coming, heard the shooting and their war whoops and ran down the creek to the Saline River. They were certainly trying to get down to the Schermerhorn ranch. But the Indians discovered them in their flight and started in pursuit of them, and they had a running fight all the way. Weichell and Meigerhoff had as good firearms as money could buy at that time. But the ammunition gave out, so they were an easy prey for the Indians and they were overtaken on the north line of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 2, Indiana township. That makes it about one mile and one-half west of Lincoln Center. Here Meigerhoff and Weichell were killed and Mrs. Weichell taken prisoner. It was also near here that Mrs. Alderdice was taken prisoner and her two children killed and one wounded. The latter's name is Willis Daily. He was picked up and carried to Mart Hendrickson's house the next day after the battle, where the arrow that had wounded him was extracted by Washington Smith assisted by Phil Lantz. One of Mrs. Alderdice's boys who was killed was a full brother to the wounded Willis Daily, they being sons of Mrs. Alderdice by a former husband. This killing took place some time about six o'clock, on Sunday evening, May 30, 1869.

Mrs. Alderdice was taken prisoner and her children killed about a quarter of a mile southeast of where Weichell and Meigerhoff were killed, on the Nick Whalen farm, the southwest quarter of section one.

The Indians crossed the Saline River and went about due south to Bullfoot Creek, where they camped on the Opplinger farm at a stone cave before described. Here the Indians took Mrs. Alderdice's three month old baby, choked it to death and then hung it in a tree.

At one of Mrs. Weichell's visits here, she gave another version of the killing of Mrs. Alderdice's baby. She was allowed to have her baby for three days, but it was crying a good deal, which annoyed the savages so much that they wrung its head off and threw the severed parts of the body into the stream. Either version is hard for us to read about now. What heartrending agonies for the poor mother who was so utterly unable to prevent the cruel act. That made three of Mrs. Alderdice's children killed and one wounded. The wounded boy is still living in Blue Rapids, Kansas. The Indians left the next day, May 21, without hindrance from the soldiers.

I have tried to make it as clear as I can what happened to each one of the victims so as to be understood. We know how Mrs. Weichell got down to the Saline valley, but how and why Mrs. Alderdice was there is something of a mystery. Her husband, Thomas Alderdice, together with a few other citizens, was at Junction City at the U. S. land office, which was located there at that time, for the purpose of contesting a piece of land in the Saline valley which had been filed on by a minor; hence there were not many men in the neighborhood and in all probability the Indians knew that and for that reason they raided through the valley. A letter from Eli Zeigler of Salem, Oregon, a brother of Mrs. Alderdice, seems to state for a fact that he got his dinner that day with her, but he is not able to state whether it was at her own house or at some other house; but it is supposed that she went with her children to visit Mrs. Timothy Kine and they went together to Nicholas Whalen's house. Mrs. Kine was alone also with a small baby and when the Indians came she escaped to the river and the Indians failed to find her. She was saved but she got so scared at the time that she has been a mental wreck ever since and is now in an asylum. She managed however to cross the river and make her way to the farm of Ferdinand Erhardt on Bullfoot during the night or early in the morning. The child in her arms at that time is now Mrs. John Linker who resides in Lincoln Center.

It has been told quite often but has never yet been put on paper that the settlers, when they got home and heard what had happened to Mrs. Alderdice and Mrs. Kine and the children, held a council of war and decided to inflict capital punishment on Nicholas Whalen and Tom Noon for deserting the women and children in that way. Mrs. Kine, however, interferred promptly and said that there had already been too much trouble and said that Whalen and Tom Noon had done the right thing under the circumstances as they could not have protected them against so many Indians.

It seems that when the men left the settlement for Junction City, they had requested Whalen to take care of the women and children and he had promised to do so. The two women and all of the children were evidently on their way to the Whalen house as it was getting close to evening when they were overtaken and the Alderdice children were killed on the Whalen farm. Naturally Whalen could not be held responsible for what happened out on the prairie. This is the only theory that can be advanced why the two women and the five children were there at that time. They simply failed to reach the Whalen house before they were overtaken by the Indians. Mrs. Kine escaped and concealed herself and the baby in the brush in the river bed.

After the copy for this book was ready for the press I visited Mrs. Kine at Leavenworth and was able to obtain from her a very clear statement corroborating the above, except as modified by her story.

She says, "Mrs. Alderdice and I and Tom Noon and wife were visiting at Nick Whalen's house on the day the Indians came into the valley. When we heard the shooting and shouting, at the time Weichel and Meigerhoff were killed, about five p.m., Whalen left the house and went off to corral his horses and take them to a place of safety while Noon and wife mounted their horses and fled, leaving Mrs. Alderdice and myself and our five little children alone in the house. We women took our children and ran to hide ourselves. I reached the brush, but Mrs. Alderdice and her four children were overtaken."

Mrs. Alderdice and Mrs. Weichell were carried to the south fork of the Platte River in Colorado, between Julesburg and Sterling. Here they were kept captives by Tall Bull, the Sioux chief, until the eleventh day of July 1869, when during the battle Captain Cushing under General Carr found the two white women in Tall Bull's tent. Mrs. Alderdice was mortally wounded and breathed her last as the soldiers entered the tepee. Mrs. Weichell was also badly wounded but was able to sit up. The Indians evidently meant to have killed both of the women but were taken by such sudden surprise that they did not have time to complete the dastardly deed. Mrs. Alderdice was buried there, and Mrs. Weichell was taken care of and lived to tell the tale of their hardships during that one month and twelve days of their captivity. The story can perhaps be better imagined than described, so I shall not attempt to describe it. This rescue is known as the Battle of Summit Springs.

THE SAME DAY, May 30, 1869, two or three stray Indians came as far east as the north half of the northeast quarter of section eighteen, Elkhorn township, near the home of John S. Strange, and found two boys about fourteen years old. One was John Harrison Strange, a son of Reverend John S. Strange, and the other was Arthur Schmutz. The Indians professed friendship, but the boys evidently did not take it that way, as one Indian rode up and raising himself to his full height dealt young Strange a terrible blow with a club. He died without a struggle. The Schmutz boy started to run when he saw what had hapened to his playmate, whereupon he was shot with an arrow. The arrow shaft was extracted all except part of the arrowhead, and the boy was taken to Fort Harker and placed in the government hospital where he died. He was buried at Fort Harker. He had lived and suffered for ten weeks before death relieved him.

The Alderdice children were buried on their grandfather's farm (M. Zeigler), on the northwest quarter of section twenty-two, Colorado township, near where the Monroe schoolhouse now stands. The Strange boy was buried on the Schermerhorn ranch and afterward removed to the Lincoln cemetery.

When the funeral of the Strange boy took place everybody was armed as that was customary in those days. A buffalo came from the south and as the settlers were in need of a little meat they gave chase as soon as they had the body lowered in the grave. The buffalo was overtaken at the Saline River and was killed and divided. This will show that the settlers were always ready for an emergency. If it had been a party of Indians they would more than likely have given battle to them as well as to a buffalo.

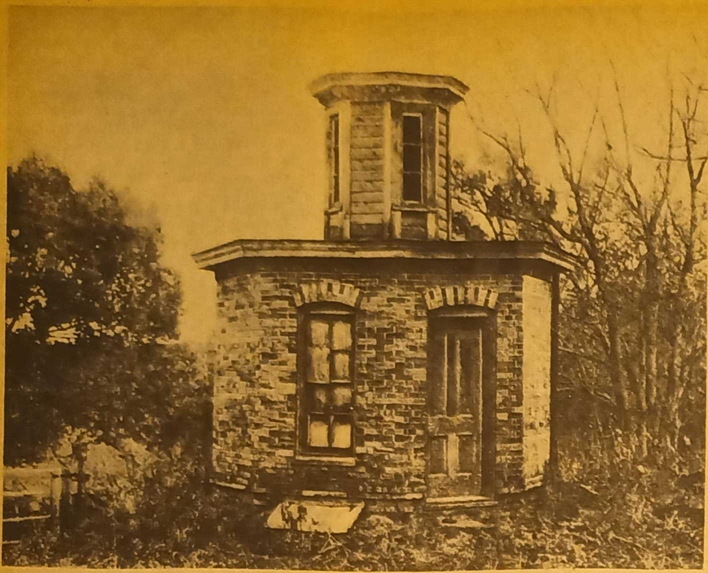
Weichell and Meigerhoff were buried about a mile and a half west of Lincoln Center just where they fell. The bodies still rest there and the exact spot is now uncertain.

From there the funeral party went up to Denmark and found Mr. and Mrs. Lauritzen and buried them. They were also buried where they were found and they still rest there as they were never moved. The civilians who buried the dead (there were no soldiers) were J. J. Peate, A. Campbell of Salina, Lon Schermerhorn, Volney Ball, Ed. Johnson, Isaac DeGraff, D. C. Skinner, R. B. Clark, William E. Thompson, George Green, Z. Ivy of Tescott and a few others. Those men came up the valley to perform the sad last rites. Otto Petersen was not found until some days later when Rev. T. M. Strange and others came up the valley and found his body, and he was buried where he was found. The three are certainly buried on or close to the southwest quarter of section 24, one half-mile south of the Lutheran church at Denmark.

Peter and Lorentz Christiansen and their wives were saved. Helena, the daughter, was working at Wilson, Ellsworth County, and Christian, the oldest son, was working at the Schermerhorn ranch at that time. So there were only the two brothers and their wives and Hans, the youngest son of Peter Christiansen, and the Lauritzen boy to move down to the Schermerhorn ranch. They arrived there early in the morning of May 31 and told what had happened on Spillman Creek the day before. A government wagon hauled the two families

First house in Dighton, Kansas built in the 1870s.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Octagonal house of Maj. L. N. Holmberg at Sveadahl, Kansas, three miles southwest of Lindsborg. Here in the 1860s Holmberg served as justice of the peace. From the tower he could oversee his farm hands and watch for Indian raids.

to Fort Harker from the ranch, but not being able to find any work there the two families went to Junction City, where the men secured work at their trade as blacksmiths. There they remained until December 1870, when they again moved back to Spillman, arriving there on the first day of January 1871.

There were quite a number to come on that day, and two or three families had come a short time before so there was more security felt among them, but it took them a long time to get over the Indian scare. When the Christiansen brothers again returned to their land they found the graves of Lauritzen and his wife. Her hoop skirt was sticking out of the ground, which was all that the Indians had left on her body except her stockings; otherwise she was nude. I often wondered why she was killed, as the Indians were seldom known to kill women, and I sometimes think that she killed herself, or that her husband killed her, rather than have her go into the hands of the Indians. They evidently knew what her fate would be if that happened.

ELI ZEIGLER, the brother of Mrs. Susanna Alderdice, has written the following account of the Spillman Creek raid, and it is here copied from the Lincoln papers of November 18, 1909.

"Salem Oregon, February 24, 1909,
"J. J. Peate, Beverly, Kansas:

"Dear Friend and Comrade—At your present request I will tell you about the Indian raid on Spillman Creek as I saw it May 30, 1869.

"It has been a long time and I have seen no one to talk with about it for years. I have seen John Anderson a few times but do not remember that we talked about those days, but will try to tell the tale without exaggeration. There were but few settlers on Bacon Creek and, hearing of an abandoned claim near Bacon and that there were eight or ten acres broken on it, I concluded to take it. I understood that the man who did this breaking, fearing Indian raid, had left the country.

"John Alverson, my brother-in-law, took his team, which we loaded with corn and oats to plant, also provisions for two weeks for ourselves and horses, expecting to be away that length of time. We started from Father's place (near where Beverly now is) Sunday, May 30, 1869, and got up to Thomas Alderdice's at noon and ate our dinner there. Thomas Alderdice, I think, was in Salina. I do not remember talking with any man in that settlement. Report said that the Indians had been on the Solomon River a few days before, but they had been driven off by a company of soldiers. My sister, Mrs. Alderdice, mentioned that and told me to keep a sharp lookout. After eating dinner with my sister, I bade her goodbye—little thinking that she would be in the hands of the Indians before sundown, her children killed or wounded, and that I would never see her again. After going a short distance I saw a man on horseback up toward the head of Lost Creek, riding fast toward the west. John thought he looked like an Indian spy, but I thought it was someone looking for cattle. We kept close watch on him to see where he was going, but he gained so rapidly on us that we could soon see him only on the highest hills. He was still riding at full speed the last we saw of him on the hill east of Trail Creek, and the course he was taking he would cross Trail Creek about where the wagon road crossed, or a little above. We kept on, going on across Trail Creek when John made the remark that he did not like the appearance of things. After we left this creek going towards Spillman Creek, as we approached the highest ground we could look up the bottom on the south of Spillman and there we saw a party of horsemen quite a way up the creek and coming down the bottom quite rapidly. We stopped a moment to look at them and John thought they were Indians and that that was their spy who went ahead of us. But I thought that they were soldiers, returning from the Solomon River.

"They deceived me the way they rode, riding like a company of soldiers in uniform line and coming at a fast gallop. The sun glistened on their guns so plain that I still thought they were soldiers, but John would not have it that way but said they were Indians, and I had about made up my mind that they were. They were getting by this time about opposite us and we tried to count them several times. As near as we could make out there were between 45 and 60 of them. At this time they were still south of Spillman Creek and a little above the Dane settlement.

"We had made up our minds that there was no way of avoiding an attack. Just then we stopped a moment; the distance between us being about one-half mile. Then they all started for us on the run, except ten or fifteen who went down the creek toward the Dane settlement. There was a knoll just north of us, and I thought best to get on that and fight them, thinking that we would have time to unhitch the horses and tie them to the wagon before they got to us. So we drove to the knoll. I jumped out to unhook the horses, but John thought it would not do to stop there, there being so many Indians he thought best for us to get to the creek.

"I jumped back into the wagon and we started toward Trail Creek, going in a northeasterly direction to the nearest point. We came to the creek about half a mile above the crossing. As we were not very well armed we talked the matter over while going to the creek. I having a needle gun and about forty rounds of cartridges and John an old muzzle loader, we concluded that I would do the shooting and John would hold the load in his gun as a reserve shot.

"When we got to the creek the Indians were close behind us. I looked across the creek and thought there was a little bank on the other side that would protect us some. So I drove across, but John misunderstood me and jumped out into the creek and I drove up the bank. John ran along under the bank on the side I was on; the Indians were coming across the creek within a few yards of us, shooting and yelling. John was calling for me to get out of the wagon. When I got to that little bank, I stopped the horses and, seeing nothing more could be done to save the team and that we must defend ourselves, I dropped the lines, grabbed my gun and jumped out on the far side of the wagon. Reaching in the box for my cartridges, I could get only the box, about 20 rounds.

"While I was getting the cartridges the Indians were close all around. One of them rode up and picked up the lines just as I had laid them down and he held the horses. I thought sure I'd put a hole through him, but before I could get my gun around he jumped off his pony down beside the wagon, still holding the horses. The Indians were shooting all this time. John was calling for me to get under the bank. Just then another Indian darted up right close to the wagon and I thought I would get him, but before I could cover him with my gun he jumped his pony on the opposite side of the wagon, so I could not get him.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Parade ground at Fort Harker, Kansas in 1867.

"John was still begging me to jump over the bank and I had about made up my mind to. As I stepped out from the wagon I looked toward the rear behind the wagon and saw three Indians standing about four rods away, having me covered with their guns. I had no time for a shot, so made a spring for the creek bank; my foot slipped and I fell just as they fired. I think they overshot me. I also think that the slip is what saved me.

"I kept going on my hands and feet over the bank. As they were pouring the shots right at us at short range we saw a log lying up the bank a little below us and ran to that, thinking it would protect us on the side. We expected a good, long, hard fight, but as we ran to the log and jumped over, getting ourselves into position, the Indians I guess saw that we were going to try to protect ourselves. They kept back on the bank out of our sight, drove the team away just after we got behind the log, and quit shooting at us. Then we could hear shooting down the creek near the Dane settlement and John said, 'My God! They are fighting down at the Dane settlement.' This firing did not last long, and we thought it was the small band that went down that way and that there would be enough of the whites there to stand them off and get in position by the time the band which had attacked us concluded to withdraw and go down and re-inforce their comrades.

"WE KEPT WAITING behind the log for some time, expecting the Indians to slip upon us in some way around the creek banks, and we were prepared for them. If John had had a good repeating gun when we were under the creek bank, he had plenty of opportunity to make a few good Indians but did not dare shoot that one load out while by himself. We lay there by the log quite a little time in readiness. I then crawled up the creek bank to take a look. Away down on the east side of Spillman Creek I saw two or three horsemen, which I thought were Indians. Concluding that the Indians had left, we decided to try and go down to the Dane settlement.

"We expected the Indians to lie in ambush for us along the creek, therefore we worked our way slowly and carefully, every little ways going up the bank to see if we could see anything of the Indians.

"Seeing no sign of foes, we could keep on going and passed the Dane settlement before sundown. We could go up the bank watching closely and listen, expecting to hear somebody or see where the Indians had been. We knew there were settlers near there but we didn't know where their house was located. Not seeing their house, we passed on. Continuing our journey along the creek slowly and cautiously, we thought that the Indians had not gone farther than the Dane settlement and that they had probably gone back, as we could not see or hear anything of them. It was now growing dark, and we thought it best to keep on the safe side close to the creek so that in case they had gone farther down and were on their way back, we would meet them in a place where we could have the advantage.

"We followed Spillman Creek down to its mouth, then down the Saline. I do not know what time of night it was, but it was several hours after dark. We had not seen or heard anything since leaving our log on Trail Creek and concluded that the Indians had not passed down Spillman Creek farther than the Dane settlement, that they had not been in the settlement on the Saline River. We were about a mile west of where the depot now stands at Lincoln when the stillness of the night was broken by a loud war song northeast of us and down the valley. John said, 'My God, Eli, they have been down to the settlement.' We heard more singing farther down and nearer the river. " 'Yes, John, I fear it is a big party and think it is a different party from the one we ran into.'

"I thought this was a larger party that had come down the Saline, probably dividing on Wolf Creek. We could tell they were moving up the Saline bottom by the noise they made, sounding like a large party or else they were scattered out. They did not seem to be coming very fast; some were singing and others talking loudly.

"We got to the bank of the river, one of the bends which points to the north. When they got opposite and close enough we were going to fire towards them—we were going to fire together and I was to keep on firing while John loaded again. If the Indians came toward us, we would cross the river, but we did not think they would attack us in the dark. By this time they were pretty well north of us, but quite a way out of the bottom. All at once they commenced hallooing and fired several shots. As the last shots were fired, we heard a woman scream one loud piercing scream, more of horror than of agony, then all was still.

"We could not imagine who had fallen into the hands of the Indians, there being no one living in the direction from which the scream came. We almost held our breath while we listened, wondering what the Indians were doing and which way they were moving, waiting and listening, and waiting for the sound of their ponies walking through the grass—a voice, a sigh, or a moan, but not a sound reached us. In a few moments which seemed like hours to us, we heard them east of us down the river. John thought it best to get down the river ahead of them, but I could not see how we could head them off if we were to follow them directly down the river. Being sure that they were now down in the settlement, we crossed the river in the direction of Bullfoot Creek. By so doing we could travel faster and get ahead of the Indians.

"Starting a little east of south, when

we got on high ground between the Saline and Bullfoot we saw several fire signal arrows shooting up into the sky, from up Bullfoot west and south of us. Thinking then that there must be three bands of Indians, one coming down the Spillman, one down the Saline, and the other down the Bullfoot, we feared that when daylight came, all we could see would be Indians, Indians everywhere.

"Wishing to get ahead of them we turned a little east, getting to the creek as soon as possible when, thinking we were below them, we hurried down the creek as fast as we could under the circumstances keeping our guns ready to fire at the first sight of a moving Indian.

"We had made up our minds that if we ran into them again we were going to shoot at the first one we saw, without waiting for a good one or a fat one. Traveling on down the creek, dawn was fast approaching and we were still hugging the creek for protection in case of need. We had not heard a sound or seen a signal light since those mentioned.

"About sun-up or a little after, we were near Fred Erhardt's place, where we found a company of United States cavalry in camp. We reported to the captain what we had seen—told him what we had heard in the night, out on the Saline River bottom and of the fire arrows we had seen just a little above on Bullfoot. I begged him to saddle up at once—to furnish me a horse and I would lead them right to the Indians' camp where I thought we could catch them if we moved at once and moved quickly. He replied, 'I cannot move any farther until I get orders to do so. The Indians were in the settlement over the river yesterday afternoon, but I do not know how much damage they have done.' He had sent a dispatch to Fort Harker for orders and would wait there until he received an answer. We were disgusted with his reply, drank a cup of coffee, ate a hard tack and started home, keeping on the south side of the river, and just before noon we got home.

"I got up my pony, intending to go back up the river, but as we had told the folks the story, they would not let me go until next day, when I went up. All the dead except one had been found, and all the wounded. My sister, Mrs. Alderdice, had been captured.

"The next day, A. M. Campbell and some others came up from Salina, with whom I went up on Spillman Creek to look the ground over and to see if we could find Petersen, the missing Dane. Finding his body, we dug his grave where he fell on the south side of the Spillman. We also saw the graves of the others whom the Indians had killed. They were buried by the party that was there May 31, 1869. We also saw where the Indians had been at the dugout, where the Danes lived. I knew now that we were wrong in thinking there were three parties or bands of Indians. There was but one band; we had followed this party around, making us think we were seeing different bands.

"The shooting on the Saline River was where the two men, T. Meigerhoff and C. Weichell, were killed and Mrs. Weichell was captured. They must have crossed the river after killing these two men near us and went over to Bullfoot and not down the river as we thought at that time, but we followed them over thinking them another party.

Yours very truly,
Eli Ziegler."

THE PLACE where Eli Ziegler and Alverson were when the Indians overtook them, according to his letter, must be just where the Denmark schoolhouse now stands. This corresponds better to his description than any other place on Trail Creek. The horses and harness were all that the Indians took, and it seems that they spoiled the harness badly by cutting the tugs, which was done very neatly. This is the place where Waldo Hancock of Beverly says they found the wagon. The Indians, after cutting the tugs, left the ends hanging on the singletree hooks and in this shape they were found a few days later when they went up to look for the wagon. This wagon did good service for the settlers during that fall. They came up to the abandoned farms to gather what had been planted by those who had been killed by the Indians. Hancock informed me that they got some extra fine potatoes off the Lauritzen farm. The potatoes grew down near the water's edge of Spillman Creek. They were obliged to go up there several times to clear the patch.

Fort Riley, Kansas in 1879 with an unidentified spectator.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

The Schermerhorn ranch has been often mentioned in connection with the history of this section of Lincoln County, but I never saw a description given of its location nor what it was composed of or was represented to be. It was located on the northeast quarter of section 28 range 7, in what is now Elkhorn township. Mr. Schermerhorn kept a general store there where the settlers could get a few of the most needed things necessary to sustain life. It was about two miles due south of the present Rocky Hill bridge, where the Moffitts had their dwelling in 1864, and about three miles east of where Ferdinand Erhardt had his home. Gen. Alfred Sully had headquarters at this place in 1868 and investigated the conditions in this part of the country.

Here is a story not exactly a part of this book, yet it has some bearing on the tragedy enacted here on May 30. On the 28th day of May the same party of Indians tore up the track and ditched the train on the railroad and had a battle with the railroad gang that built the road. Two white men were killed and four were wounded in that battle. That was the time and place where our townsman A. Roenigk received a very serious wound from an Indian's rifle. He was shot through the lungs and for several days it looked very serious for Roenigk. It seemed very much like he was on the road to the New Jerusalem, but he rallied, got well and is still hale and hearty, and has just completed a trip around the world, which included the Old Jerusalem. He, together with the others who were wounded, was taken to the government hospital at Fort Harker. Here he saw the Schmutz boy after he was brought there for treatment.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Dugout on the Solomon River, Osborne County, Kansas, northwest of Lincoln.

Early in the summer of 1868 three women by the names of Bacon, Foster and Shaw were taken prisoners on Bacon Creek about seven or eight miles northwest of Denmark. They were sadly mistreated by the Indians. Some authorities have it that they were kept prisoners for a week and then released; others say that they were let go the next day; anyway none of them was killed. When found they were more dead than alive but for the reason they were not killed, their names do not appear on the Pioneer Monument. Mrs. Alderdice was both captured and killed and Mrs. Weichell was captured and very badly wounded; therefore they are represented on the monument.

About the same time in 1868 the Indians did some killing around Beloit in Mitchell County and took two little girls prisoners and carried them over here on the Saline River. They were about five and seven years old and were worn out from hanging on the bare backs of the Indian ponies. For that reason, or perhaps for other reasons, they were dropped on the edge of the bluffs northwest of Lincoln Center. The little girls evidently thought that the Saline River was the Solomon and that they were not far from home. They went down to the river and found an abandoned log house; here they were for two days without food.

Ferdinand Erhardt and Martin Hendrickson were out on a scouting tour and happened to see one of the little girls with a red shawl on her head. They first thought that it was an Indian so they drew their revolvers and advanced, but they soon found that instead of Indians they were two little white girls. The first thing they asked for was bread as they had not had anything to eat for two days. The girls were picked up and carried to the home of Mr. Hendrickson and there were cared for until their parents in Beloit could be notified of their whereabouts. The father, Mr. Bell, came over from Beloit to Mr. Hendrickson's and took his daughters home. The soldiers did not rescue those girls; in fact the soldiers did not see them, yet the good people over in Mitchell County have it that the soldiers did the rescuing. I simply desire to correct the statement as it is seemingly incorrect.

General Sully by his presence did some good work here that summer, in preventing Indian depredations, but that is about all that the United States soldiers did here.

THERE are said to have been four stockades or camps in what is now Lincoln County, built by the federal or state governments for the protection of soldiers and settlers. One was at or near the Schermerhorn ranch; one near what in now Lincoln Center; one on Spillman Creek, located about where Fred Sheldon's house now stands. But the most prominent of these camps was the one located at the junction of Spillman and Bacon Creeks on the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 8, township 11, range 9, in what is now Grant township and is owned at the present time by Lars P. Larson.

This was built more like a fort than any of the others and consisted of a two-story log house (as near as I can find—24x24 feet), a large stockade for the horses, and a mess building of rock for cooking purposes. The remains of the mess building are still visible and can be easily traced but the stockade and the log house were burned by a prairie fire a few years after their erection. It is at this place that J. J. Peate of Beverly began his service as a government scout. It has been suggested that the place be suitably marked with a substantial stone and the author of this book is willing to donate the stone for this purpose, the only cost being for the lettering.

It is asserted that soldiers were stationed at these points at that time for the protection of the few settlers who were then there. It is further stated in Miss Barr's *History of Lincoln County* that there were no soldiers here on May 30, 1869. This seems to be a serious mistake, as Ferdinand Erhardt is positive that soldiers camped on his place between May 30 and 31, 1869, and Eli Ziegler is equally positive that he requested the captain to give him a horse so he could lead them to where the Indians were; but the officer declined to move, stating that he had sent a courier to Fort Harker to get permission from headquarters to give battle to the Indians. Furthermore that officer had information on the morning of the 31, or the next morning after the massacre, from three different parties of what had happened the day before. The three parties who brought information were Mrs. Kine, the Christiansen brothers, and Eli Ziegler. By consulting the map it will reveal the fact that the Indians and the soldiers camped less than a mile apart. It looks like the case of the lion and lamb sleeping together that night, and neither of them getting hurt. In all the documents and records that I have presented in this book, I fail to find where the soldiers did any protective work. General Custer and General Forsythe are the only ones who made the Indians come to time in this part of Kansas. The scouts in the Saline valley and the settlers were the ones who were always ready to turn out and give battle.

Ferdinand Erhardt and Martin Hendrickson were neither scouts nor soldiers, yet they were always there if anything was doing. The regular scouts from the Saline valley were J. J. Peate, Chalmers Smith and E. E. Johnson. These three may be put down as commanders of the volunteers.

D. C. Skinner, Fletcher Vilott, Lewis Farley and his son Hutchinson, Thomas Alderdice, Thomas Boyle, Eli Ziegler, George Green, John Lyden, and John Haley were all in what is now Lincoln County. George W. Culver, Frank Herrington, Howard Morton, H. H. Tucker, G. B. Clark, A. J. Eutsler, E. G. Tozier, William Stubbs, and J. E. Green were mostly from Ottawa County. These men and a score of others less conspicuous were the heroes of the Saline valley at that time. They did not do their fighting for money or glory; they fought for Betsy and the baby, and I am willing to predict that a monument will be erected here some day in memory of their bravery.

The letter that opened this book, written by Robert Moffitt to his sister in 1864, and the letter written by Eli Ziegler show positive proof that the pioneers were thrown on their own resources. If they got through with their lives they were lucky; if they were killed, they had to bury themselves; if they were taken prisoners or crippled for life, they had to get along as best they could. There was no government aid extended. If they lost all they had, they would sometimes get a little money out of it after they had gone through a lot of red tape and long delay. Therefore the Pioneer Monument on the Lincoln County Courthouse square is a fitting recognition from the present generation to future generations of the hardships the pioneers had to endure in order that we of the present time may live here in safety. What happened in Lincoln County in pioneer days has happened all over the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our country has been one great battlefield between white and Indians and whites against whites.

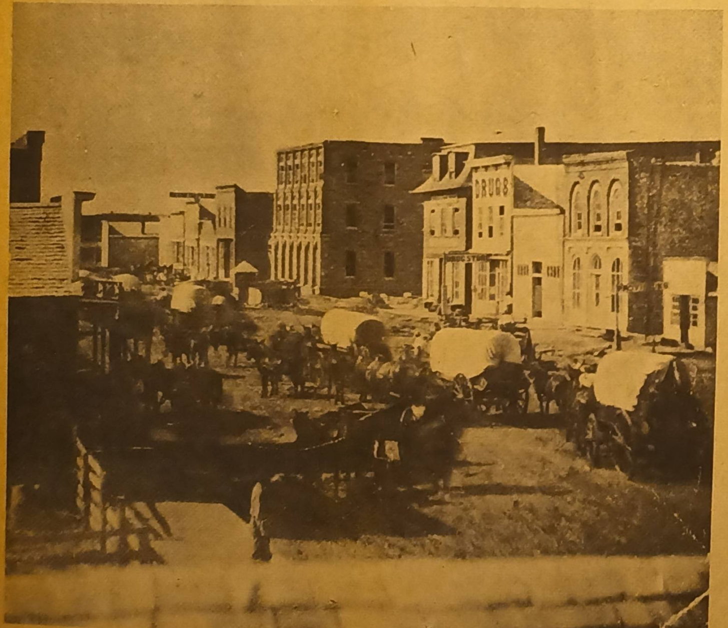
THE SETTLERS who were killed here in 1864 and 1869 were fifteen in number and mostly foreigners—hence innocent parties as far as doing harm or provoking the Indians was concerned. There were among them five children ranging in age from a few months to fourteen years. There were five foreigners who had not been here in the States more than three months to two years. Lauritzen and wife and Otto Petersen came from northern Germany, from that strip of land ceded from Denmark to Germany in 1865. They were born Danes and emigrated to escape being German soldiers. Their birthplace was in the neighborhood of Haderslev. Meigerhoff and Weichell came from Switzerland. The Moffitt brothers were born in Ireland but came to the United States as young children, so they may be classed as Americans. So we find that there were five Americans, five foreigners, and five children killed by the Indians.

As near as I can ascertain Lauritzen and his wife were farmers in the old country; Otto Petersen was a jeweler and is said to have had a good deal of small jewelry with him; the Christiansen brothers had been blacksmiths all of their lives, so it is readily understood that they were not so very well fitted to fight all of the battles incident to subduing the wilderness. Weichell and his wife were evidently of a class of people higher up in the social world of Europe. They had not only plenty of money and the finest of garments, but they had a lot of costly pictures, the like of which the common people in Europe have not. Mr. Weichell was evidently trained for agriculture or he would not have examined the subsoil so particularly as stated before.

Meigerhoff as near as I can find was here with Weichell in the capacity of a scientific farmer and servant; or perhaps in the capacity of a good friend from the old country, but he is supposed to have been rather poor financially. The old settlers never could understand why a man of wealth and refinement should go so far west. The chances are that Mr. Weichell meant to become a second Lord Scully if he had been spared. It is however a question why Mrs. Weichell, after she was cured, did not return to her native land as she had plenty to take her there. There are very many questions from that time that neither records nor traditions can clearly solve.

Ottawa, Kansas in 1867.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



The Weichells were reported to have had $1,500 in gold which was supposed to have been stolen by the Indians. The soldiers found a little over half of this amount among the Indians and turned it over to Mrs. Weichell. She was also said to be the proud possessor of twenty-four silk dresses. Mrs. Weichell has visited some of the old settlers here a few times since this trouble occurred. She again married and is supposed to live on a farm in eastern Kansas. She is at the present time negotiating with the old settlers around Salina for evidence through which to secure damages from the government for losses sustained at that time.

The letters and other reports in regard to the character of the Moffitt brothers will show that they were here to make a home and that they were industrious and of a good, gentle disposition. They have one sister now living in Philadelphia, and in her letter in my possession she says that the boys were agreeable and tenderhearted; more like girls in their choice of play, no rough and tumble play for them. The letter which opened this book seems to indicate that such was their character until they met their death. Of Houston and Tyler nothing good nor bad is known, as they were only visitors here at the time of their death. My judgment would be, however, that they were good citizens.

THERE WERE a good many funny things that happened during those days to mix up with the more serious things. While it is not the purpose of this little book to have much of anything in it except what concerns the Pioneer Monument or the victims that it represents, yet there are a good many things which the survivors did do at that time that will throw a little light on the way of living in this, at that time barren, country. Here is one as told by Waldo Hancock of Beverly. He was a member of the state militia stationed at a camp a little southwest of Lincoln on the southeast quarter of section one, near the present mill site.

Some one had planted a good-sized watermelon patch and had dug a lot of post holes. They were no doubt planning to build a fence. The militia boys went after the melons before they were ripe and got nothing out of them. Mr. Hancock saw what was going on and determined to save some of the crop if possible so he slipped off to the patch and gathered as many melons as were full grown but not ripe (there were none ripe), and put as many as he could get into each post hole and covered them with fine earth sealing them up for good. Sometime after this some of the boys expressed the desire for a good watermelon and Mr. Hancock told them that he could get for them what they wanted and he took them down to the patch. Of course there were no melons on the vines but Hancock was equal to the occasion; he dug down into one of his "cold storage" plants and produced as fine a watermelon as they had ever eaten. This was evidently the first cold storage plant in Lincoln County and Waldo Hancock of Beverly was the originator of it.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Union Pacific laying tracks west of Hays, Kansas in 1867. Bernhardt reported an Indian raid on a railroad construction gang May 28, 1869 in which two crewmen were killed and four wounded.

There is one more thing to point out that made pioneer life hard for an average of twenty-five years for anyone fortunate enough to escape being killed. They had to contend with floods and drouths, hot winds and blizzards, cyclones and windstorms, grasshoppers and chinchbugs; two or three well-developed panics also occurred during that time; when a man had money in the bank he could not get it; all of these things helped to make pioneer life the next thing to a burden and also to retard a more rapid development of the country. When a crop was good it generally brought nothing. Eggs were from three to six cents a dozen; butter five or six cents a pound; corn from eight to eleven cents per bushel; wheat not worth more than the hauling; fat hogs two and one half per pound; and cattle and horses in proportion. But this is not the worst of it all.

As late as 1876 sugar sold in Lincoln Center at eighteen cents per pound; coffee from forty to fifty; tobacco eighty cents; boot shoes and clothing were entirely in proportion to these prices, so it is next thing to a miracle that the pioneers lived through it. A good many left, as it was too much hardship for them.

In 1874 when the grasshoppers cleaned out the country and the panic cleaned out the banks, the government and the eastern people tried to aid and give us some sort of relief in our distress; the eastern people sent mostly food stuff; the government mostly clothing, which was all soldiers' discarded uniforms. In 1875 when a stranger came here he would easily have considered everybody a soldier, as all were dressed in uniforms.

When the Indians did the killing that was the period when we were bleeding; when the grasshoppers cleaned us out, that was the time when we were needing; when we erected by free gift a monument in memory of all of these hard trials, that was the time when we were leading. Hence the monument stands for bleeding, needing and leading.

I have been asked how long it would take a man to build up a fairly good comfortable home from a homestead. My answer every time is from twenty-five to thirty years; and it had to be accomplished by hard steady work and rigid economy. A very few arrived with a good deal of money, but they were not so well fixed in the long run as the fellow who was obliged to borrow a part of the money required to file on his homestead, as it required a sum of fourteen dollars, and I know of a few who did not have that much money. The rich man's trouble was that he had the cash and tried to push ahead. He would hire to get in crops which is most instances were utter failures; so he constantly spent, while the poorer man hired out to him and thus earned his living, making his own little improvements and planting his own patches with his own hands; and if he lost his crops, he was out nothing but his labor.

None of the surrounding counties has lost so many from Indian depredations as has Lincoln County, and that is what induced me to begin agitating the erection of the Pioneer Monument to place on the courthouse square. It stands there today to remind the younger and coming generations that there was not always the same security and comfort in Lincoln that we of the present day enjoy. When we consider all of the improvements and luxuries which we have created in forty-one years with nothing but the naked hands to work with, the question naturally arises what will the result be in forty-one years hence? Will the coming generation produce as big a change as the pioneers have produced? They have the advantage of a true knowledge of the country gained from the pioneers and have vast wealth to work with.

Some twelve years ago I began to talk "Pioneer Monument," especially in the Denmark settlement. My idea was to build a monument for the five who were killed in and from that settlement, and to have it erected in the Lutheran church yard there; but the settlers did not approve of the idea, so I brought the matter up before the Old Settlers' Reunion of Lincoln County and met with about the same reception there. I could not make any headway and came nearly giving up in despair. The question however was revived nearly every year until 1907 when Hon. Geo. W. Martin, secretary of the State Historical Society at Topeka, came to Lincoln to deliver an address at the Old Settlers' Reunion of that year.

It so happened that Mr. Martin and I were old acquaintances at Junction City, Kansas. We lived there together from 1869 to 1873, when he moved to Kansas City. I told him of my desire to have a monument here and requested him to help me out. He promised that he would and he did to some extent. After he was through with his address, I made a few remarks touching on the subject of a Pioneer Monument as a fitting recognition of the martyred settlers. When I concluded, Rev. H. C. Bradbury made a few remarks and made a motion to appoint a committee of five to ascertain the number killed by Indians in what is now Lincoln County and the names of each victim. That committee consisted of Rev. H. C. Bradbury, Rev. John S. Strange, Arthur J. Stanley, A. Roenigk,

The Western Dug-out.
Photo by Reed,

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Morton County, Kansas sodhouse-dugout.

and myself. The committee was instructed to report at the next annual meeting of the Old Settlers. At the meeting in October 1908 the committee reported fifteen killed by Indians in what is now Lincoln County, whereupon it was decided to appoint a committee to solicit funds and erect a monument. This committee consisted of C. Bernhardt, chairman; Rev. H. C. Bradbury and Rev. John S. Strange. Later several others were appointed, but none of them served on the committee.

I secured $13 the first day that I solicited (if I had been superstitious I would have quit then, but I am not). Reverends Bradbury and Strange did not take any part in soliciting funds, so it was all left for me to do, as was also the tracing of all kinds of clues to get the correct names of the victims and the time and place of the occurrences.

I plodded along daily and had gathered about $85 and had about $40 more on my list by December 31, 1908. On that date the monument was selected and ordered from Henry Sahlmann, the Lincoln marble dealer. Mr. Sahlmann had told me several times that if it was decided to unveil the monument on May 30, 1909, we would have to order it in December, or we could not get it in time for the anniversary. I notified the committee and invited the following gentlemen to meet on the said 21st of December: J. J. Peate as president of Old Settlers' Reunion; J. W. Meek, vice-president of the Union; and Hon. Wm. Baker, ex-Congressman for the district. We six met and selected the monument, which is somewhat the same shape as the monument erected on Beecher's Island in Colorado. It was to be of dark Quincy granite, to stand on a concrete foundation to be sunk six feet in the ground, this to be six feet square at the bottom, and five feet square at the top of the ground. The first base of granite was to be four feet square, and the complete monument to stand fourteen feet in height from the concrete foundation to the top of the spire. About five hundred letters were to be engraved on the monument, and an air-tight copper box, 5x5x7 inches, was to be provided by Mr. Sahlmann; all of which he agreed to furnish for $470. We agreed to pay him this amount, and contract was drawn in duplicate specifying the arrangement in detail. I as chairman signed the same and was now sure of the monument, but not so sure of getting the needed cash. After the order was placed and the concrete foundation put in, it was easier to get people to contribute and the result was gratifying to me.

At the regular January meeting, 1909, of the county commissioners of Lincoln County, Arthur J. Stanley, J. W. Meen and I appeared before the board and requested permission to place said pioneer monument on the southwest quarter of the Lincoln County Courthouse square. The request was granted, and it was left to the committee to select the spot where the monument was to stand.

The map has been compiled as nearly correct as possible at so late a date. This is the first time in Kansas that an attempt has been made to locate the exact sites where battles between the Indians and whites took place. It will be noticed that in our county Lincoln Center is almost in the middle of the troubled zone; therefore we thought that the courthouse square in Lincoln was the most logical location for the erection of the pioneer monument.

The parties to be given credit for the inscription and who did the dictating were J. J. Peate of Beverly, John S. Strange and myself. Rev. H. C. Bradbury was not present, but he wanted the word "subscription" changed to "free gifts." The change was ordered to be made. He also suggested that the following words be added to the inscription: "Remember the days of old," which was done, and I am inclined to think that it was a very appropriate line.

The inscription on the monument is as follows: On the south side, "Erected by free gifts in memory of those massacred or captured by Indians in what is now Lincoln County. Dedicated May 30th, A. D. 1909. Remember the days of old."

West side, "Massacred, May 30th, A.D. 1869, between Trail and Beaver creeks, E. Lauritzen, Mrs. Stine Lauritzen, O. Petersen, F. Meigherhoff, G. Weichel, F. Alderdice, 2 years; A. Alderdice, 3 months; J. Daily, 7 years; J. H. Strange, 14 years; A. Schmutz, 14 years."

North side, "Captured, May 30th, A.D. 1869, Mrs. Alderdice and Mrs. Weichell. Mrs. Alderdice killed by a Sioux chief during battle with U. S. Cavalry, July 11, 1869, on south fork of Platte River, in Colorado Territory; Mrs. Weichell wounded and rescued."

East side, "Massacred, August 6th, A. D. 1864, on Beaver creek, J. L. Moffitt, T. Moffitt, J. W. Houston, J. Tyler."

Masonic stone, northeast corner, "Laid by order of the M. W. Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M. of Kansas, May 6th, A.D. 1909, A. L. 5909," and Masonic emblem, square and compass.

I have explained before how I obtained the names of some of the victims. Those names have been incorrectly spelled heretofore, but when we were ready to have them inscribed on the monument, I set out to find the correct initials and spelling. I have succeeded in all: the last secured being the given name of Mr. James Tyler. I am in hopes that this little book will find its way into the hands of the little girl who was in the Moffitt house at the time that Tyler was killed, and if this should happen, that her memory will prove conclusively that my information was correct in this particular.

ON April 15, 1909, I closed the subscription list and I had on that day about twenty-five dollars more than the contract price of the monument. I caused to be printed 2,000 copies of the subscription list at my own expense in order to have a copy ready to place in the monument foundation. A copy of the list will be found in this book, showing exactly what I have received and what I have spent it for.

A word about soliciting for a thing of this kind. I will say that it was my first experience in that line so I may have made some mistakes, but I can think of but one. If I were to do it over again I would have one list of twenty-five cent subscribers, one for fifty cent subscribers, and one for one dollar or above. I would always show the dollar list first.

The monument was truly erected by free gifts, and if a party refused to contribute I did not go to him the second time; neither would I accept any more than five dollars from any one contributor, although several would have given ten dollars and one expressed his surprise that I did not ask twenty-five of him. I wanted to make it as near popular as possible, and my aim was to have about 500 subscribers and I came near getting them. We could easily have gotten $1,000 for that purpose if we had started for it, but I am more than satisfied with the result.

I invited the Masonic Lodge of Lincoln Center to lay the foundation stone with Masonic honors and the invitation was accepted. The Barnard and the Sylvan Masonic Lodges were invited to visit us and to participate in the ceremony and the date selected was the sixth day of May, 1909. The Barnard and Sylvan Lodges sent good-sized delegations, so we had on that day a greater number of representative men and Masons in Lincoln Center than on any previous occasion of a like nature. There were about 150 Masons present and about 2,000 spectators. This was one of the greatest historic happenings in Lincoln Center as it showed the interest in the monument by the great majority of the public as manifested by the crowd that gathered on that day.

Arthur J. Stanley was deputized Grand Master for that occasion and performed the ceremony of depositing the historical box in a manner that was a credit to him and to Lincoln Lodge and a pleasure to the visiting lodges.

May 30th, 1909 was the fortieth anniversary of the last Indian massacre in Lincoln County, so that date was decided upon as an appropriate occasion for the unveiling of the monument. This date falling on Sunday, the actual unveiling was held on Monday, May 31, 1909. This being our national Memorial Day, it was arranged with the local G.A.R. Post to divide the time with them in the afternoon of that day, but after three different agreements with the Post, the Old Settlers' committee was finally allowed thirty minutes for the unveiling ceremonies.

The program for the unveiling ceremonies on May 31, 1909 was published in the Lincoln *Republican* on May 27 as part of the proceedings for Memorial Day as arranged by the Grand Army and is given below:

"At 1:30 o'clock p.m., the Post and Corps will re-assemble at Post Hall and march to the Court House square where the ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the monument erected to the memories of those who were murdered by the Indians in the pioneer days of this county will be held, which ceremonies will be under the direction and management of the Pioneer Monument Committee with Chris Bernhardt presiding.

"Music by Lincoln Military Band.

"Prayer by Rev. H. C. Bradbury.

"Songs by the Chorus Society.

"Address by Rev. S. Strange during the delivery of which the monument will be unveiled by Mrs. Mary Edwards."

The following extracts are made from the local newspapers regarding the unveiling ceremonies:

"The new monument erected on the courthouse square in memory of those killed by the Indians was unveiled with simple and appropriate ceremonies at 1:30 p.m. last Monday afternoon. Mrs. Mary Edwards of Sylvan Grove, Cadron township, Lincoln County, and a niece of Mrs. Alderdice, one of the captives and killed, unveiled it. Rev. John S. Strange, who had a son killed, delivered the address. . . .

"Rev. T. M. Strange offered the opening prayer at the unveiling as Rev. H. C. Bradbury was unable to reach Lincoln because of a railroad accident. Rev. Sarah Strange closed the services with prayer."

The Salina *Journal* of June 1 remarked that "there were perhaps more people in Lincoln yesterday in attendance at the memorial exercises than there has ever been in the history of Lincoln. They came from every direction for miles around and there were probably 5,000 people in town the greater part of the day."

I have in my possession all the printed programs and the local and foreign newspaper notices in regard to our transactions and progress during the monument period and shall insert two here just for samples of the work required in securing the data for the inscription.

Extract from the Salina *Journal* of March 18, 1909:

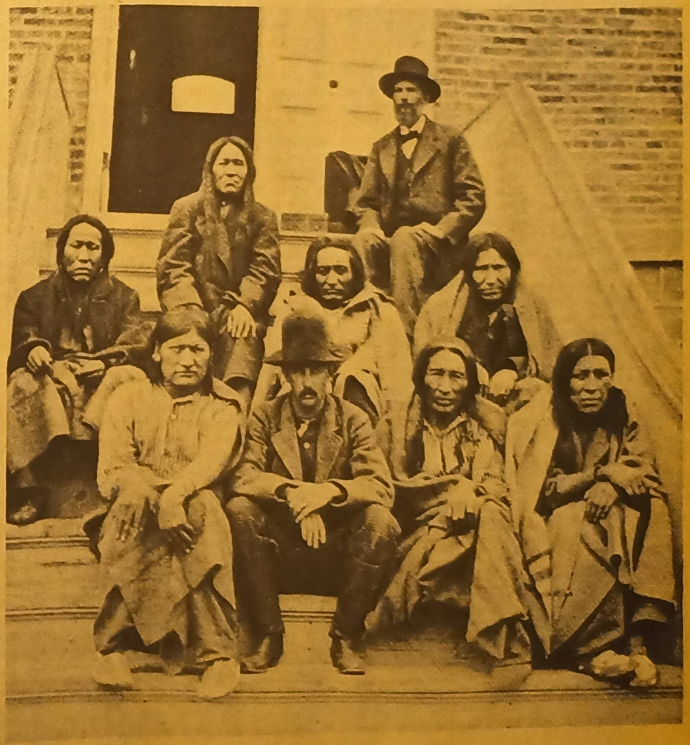
"Christian Bernhardt of Lincoln, a brother of H. P. Bernhardt and an uncle of Prof. Bernhardt of this city, is in Salina today hunting for information about two men supposed to be early residents of Salina.

"One of the men's name is Tyler. The other's name is either Hughes or Hueston. What Mr. Bernhardt wants is to get the first names or initials of those two men that they may be inscribed on the monument which is being erected at Lincoln to the fifteen settlers in Lincoln County who were killed by the Indians in the early days.

"Tyler and Hughes, or Hueston, were killed but thus far it has been impossible

Dull Knife's Northern Cheyennes deserted their Oklahoma reservation in September 1878 to make what was to become the last Indian raid in Kansas. Prisoners taken in that raid were photographed above in Dodge City on April 30, 1879 while awaiting trial for murder. With the Indians are George Reynolds, interpreter, and in back, Franklin G. Adams, first secretary of Kansas Historical Society.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



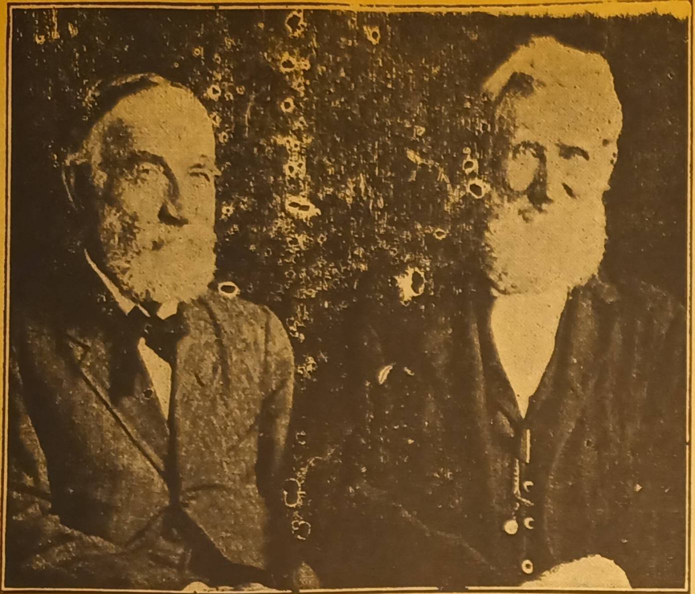


Photo From the Book

The Revs. H. C. Bradbury and John S. Strange, members of the Pioneer Monument Committee, about 1910. Strange's 14-year-old son was a victim of the May 30, 1869 Indian raid.

to ascertain the first names of the two men.

"Mr. Bernhardt is hunting up all the old settlers of Salina today in an effort to trace the identity of the men. Anyone who can give any information on the subject should communicate with the *Journal* or with Mr. Bernhardt.

"Tyler and Hughes are supposed to have come up from Salina to visit with the Moffitt brothers near Lincoln. The two Moffitts, Tyler and Hughes all went out together on a buffalo hunt. While they were out they were surrounded by Indians and killed. . . ."

Extract from the Lincoln *Republican:* "C. Bernhardt who has done most of the rustling of funds and data for the Old Settlers Monument at Lincoln has been in Salina looking for the full names of some of the early settlers killed. The following from the Salina *Semi-Weekly Union* shows what he accomplished. C. Bernhardt is a happy man.

"As mentioned in the *Union* Thursday he had the names all complete for the Lincoln monument but those of Hueston and Tyler. It certainly looked blue for getting any of those. Late Thursday afternoon he succeeded in getting the full name of Hueston. His name was John W. Houston.

"'A thought struck me that the records ought to be right here in Salina, right in your own courthouse,' said Mr. Bernhardt to a reporter. 'I went down there, and I must say you have gentlemanly people at the courthouse here. They are accommodating.

"'I was shown records of the early days and allowed to go through them. I was given a mighty pleasant surprise when I found the record of John W. Houston, killed by the Indians August 6, 1864.

"'I have the history and records of all now but Tyler. It looks impossible to get anything of him for no trace at all can be found and there is no clue. But I still have hopes.'"

THE MONUMENT is not so large as to look boastful nor too small to show off well and is composed of the best granite that money can buy. It will always be our pride. Strangers will look at our inhabitants with a great deal more respect and the purpose for which it stands will live when we are all gone.

To the good people who so willingly and generously contributed to the monument and made it a success, I extend my sincere thanks. To those who did not contribute, I extend my thanks, as this class made me work so much harder to accomplish results.

To Henry Sahlmann, now deceased, belongs the greatest honor as builder of the monument. This was his next to last piece of work on earth. He erected that monument for practically pure love, as he did not make anything on the job and seemingly was greatly disturbed at times when the work was criticized. He came to me once and suggested that he would like to throw up the job on that account but I persuaded him to stay with it. Mr. Sahlmann would have had me for a friend forever as I never did business with any man who was so kind, gentle and obliging. He did more than he had contracted for and charged nothing extra. Men of this class will live forever in the memories of those who knew them.

As stated before, the cost of the monument was $470; of the stone walk around the monument, $32; of the three settees, $25. Other small expenses connected with the unveiling, for lumber, nails, hauling and hired labor, for monument pictures for the newspapers and the State Historical Society, were $14.50; making the total cost of the monument and all pertaining to its erection $541.50. The total collections to date are $531.55; leaving a balance due me of $9.95. Every item was paid for promptly when delivered, so there is nothing against the monument. It is now ready to turn over to the people as a permanent property of the county.

Since the foregoing was written I have learned of the death of James R. Mead of Wichita at the age of seventy-five years. He made a speech here on October 1, 1908 at the Old Settlers Reunion. To him belongs the honor of placing the first five-dollar note in my hand for the pioneer monument fund. He gave me the money a few hours before the monument committee was appointed, showing his good faith that the citizens of Lincoln County would furnish the remainder to complete the work. Mr. Mead was an active life member of the Kansas State Historical Society and had been instrumental in preserving a great deal of the early history of this and surrounding counties.

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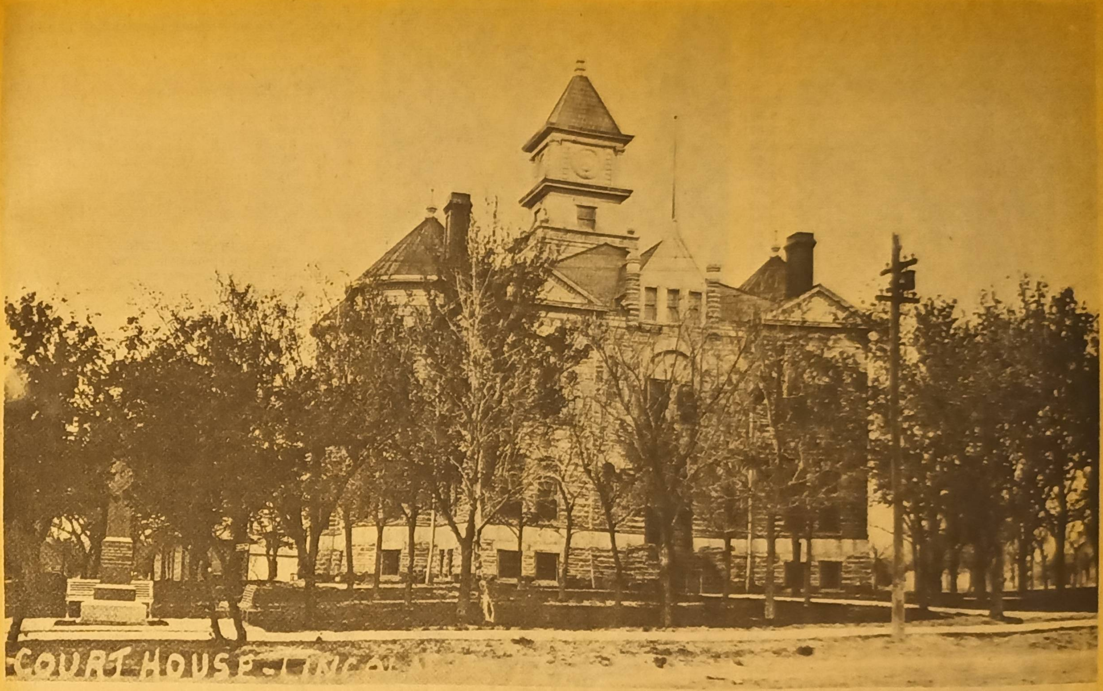

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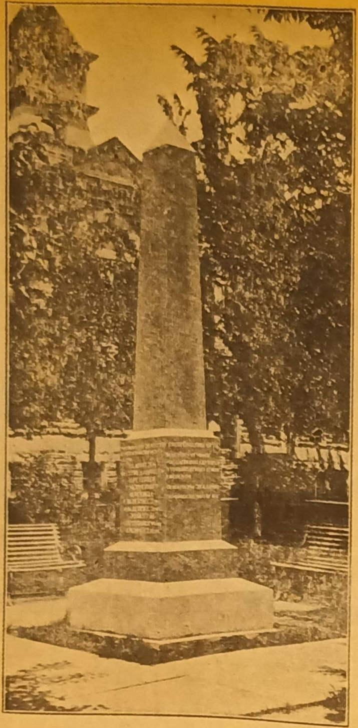

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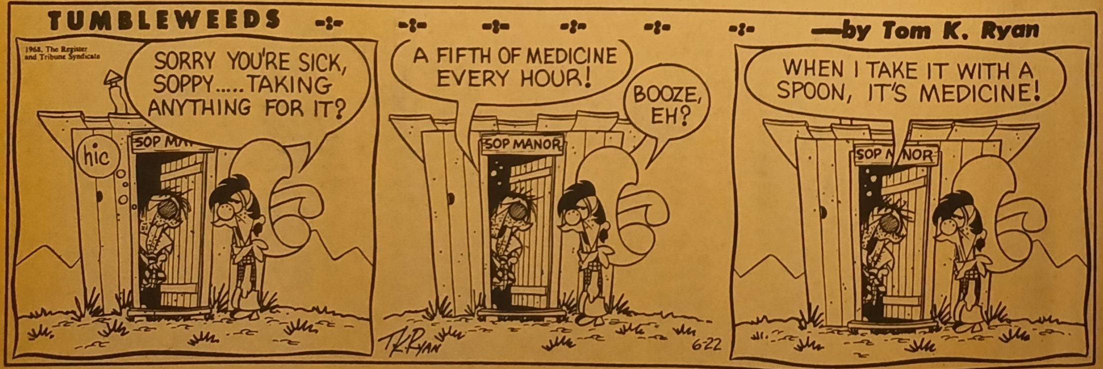
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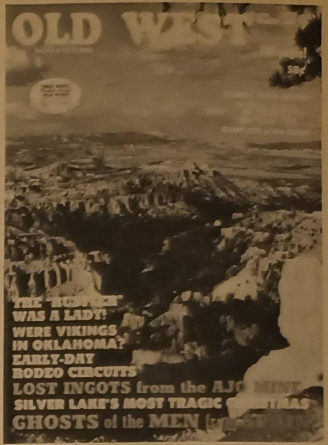
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